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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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15 JAN 1936
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

You gave a rose long years ago
In days I can't forget;
The promise that you made is dead,
But I remember yet.

The Rose

I pluck a bloom in memory
For every year that goes,
And dream again "what might have been"...
My heart is in the rose. —P. Duncan-Brown

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MODERN *Classics* AS *Free* NOVELS

EDGAR WALLACE

URSULA BLOOM

AGATHA CHRISTIE

PAMELA FRANKAU

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

Women's Weekly Offers for 1936—

"San Michele" Next Week——New P. C. Wren Serial and Edgar Wallace

The greatest short stories of Australia, England, and America; the best and most exclusive serials by writers of world renown; controversial and greatly-discussed novels (such as Beverley Nichols' "Evensong"), issued as free supplements. All these, as well as general fiction and articles setting a new standard in Australian journalism, have been provided in the past by The Australian Women's Weekly.

The plans for 1936 are even more enterprising and include the publication of masterpieces of modern fiction as free novel supplements, while at the same time setting an even higher standard than hitherto for serials and short stories.

PREVIOUSLY the great books, the modern classics, have been beyond the price compass of the everyday purchaser of books. In the libraries the waiting-lists are still long, and many have given up the idea of reading these works—for years, at any rate.

It was here that The Australian Women's Weekly was able to execute a move unequalled in Australian journalism by the decision to bring these classics before its readers as free novel supplements. Think of it! Great works, hitherto unavailable owing to price, offered free with The Australian Women's Weekly.

IN next week's issue the first of these modern classics, "The Story of San Michele," by Dr. Axel Munthe, will be published. "Michele," as it is affectionately called by thousands, is one of the books of this century destined to live. It is a classic inasmuch as it is living, pulsating reality, a story of the everyday things of life, of its beauties and terrors, its happiness and sorrow, and its triumphs and disasters.

A book with something in it for everyone that reads. A novel to be remembered and treasured. And it is free to our readers!

Seeing that most of Australia reads The Australian Women's Weekly, variety has not been lost sight of in the free novels. "The Thin Man," by Dashiell Hammett, hailed as the greatest detective story of the century, will be another early publication.

It is a different sort of detective yarn. The dialogue has the sparkle of a Lonsdale stage play, and the tempo is light and gay, masking the serious and cleverly-contrived business of elucidating a series of murder mysteries.

Peter B. Kyne is represented by his brilliant novel, "Jim the Conqueror," a clever compound of love and adventure.

"Quiet Flows the Don"

PERHAPS no living Russian writer has achieved such popularity in English-speaking countries as Mikhail Sholokhov, author of that masterpiece, "And Quiet Flows the Don."

Here is no stodgy volume written in the dreary discursive Russian manner of the past, but a vivid and beautiful narrative of modern Russia, and those amazing soldiers, farmers, musicians, and philosophers—the Don Cossacks.

Its publication as a free novel, thus bringing it before hundreds of thousands of Australian readers, is an event of real cultural and literary significance that will make journalistic history.

Other famous stories will appear, including the novels of such popular writers as I. A. R. Wylie, Temple Bailey, Jane England, Ursula Bloom, Pamela Frankau, Agatha Christie, Monica Ewer, Faith Baldwin, May Edginton, as well as stories by Australian authors.

"Spanish Maine"

CONCURRENT with the publication of the modern classics as free novels will appear the world's best serial stories. Ever since the publication in The Australian Women's Weekly of "Beggars' Horses," by Major P. C. Wren, there has been a clamor for another novel by this great writer.

The answer to popular demand will be found in next week's issue, which, besides presenting "Michele" as a free novel, will carry the opening instalments of P. C. Wren's latest novel, "Spanish Maine."

It is a book full of gusto, and the joy of adventure and high courage. As a story it will be equally acceptable to women and men.

Just as Wren has excelled himself with "Spanish Maine," so that great English novelist, Warwick Deeping, has given us a moving and poignant story of mother love in "Sackcloth into Silk," which will appear serially in The Australian Women's Weekly after "Spanish Maine" is concluded.

Short Stories

EDGAR WALLACE wrote nothing better than "The Three Just Men" series, now appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly, and these tales will be continued as a feature of the specially-selected short stories appearing every week.

The Edgar Wallace stories alone would be an outstanding literary event in themselves, but when it is realised that such world writers as Rex Beach, Olive Wadsley, Agatha Christie, Ethel Mannin, Cosmo Hamilton, to mention but a few, are also among the writers whose works are appearing in The Australian Women's Weekly, the fact emerges clearly that the world has been combed for high-class fiction for our readers.

WARWICK DEEPING, famous novelist, whose latest best-seller, "Sackcloth into Silk," will shortly commence as a serial in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Australian Works

THE free novel has given local writers a golden opportunity to go before a public numerically greater than that provided by any other Australian medium. Last week's issue carried an Australian free novel, "The Plague Ship," by F. Coleman, and flattering comment has been noted on Joyce West's novel, "Sheep Kings," a local story, which appeared in our issue of January 4.

Australian writers will be fully represented in the free novel plans for 1936, thus adding needed impetus to the formation of our own national school of literature.

FILM *Supplement Starts* Next Week

News, Fashions, Reviews

Everybody is interested in the screen—one of the greatest entertainment mediums of modern times.

Realising this, The Australian Women's Weekly is providing a new super-feature for its readers—an eight-page Film Supplement devoted to the motion-picture world: the films that come from it, the stars who grace it, and intimate news of the industry from Hollywood, England, the Continent, and our own Australian studios.

This great feature will commence next week. It will be something that will raise enthusiasm in every section of our hundreds of thousands of readers.

NO effort or expense has been spared to produce a supplement that will be ahead of any film section published in Australia. Special cable services from the film centres of the world have been organised, correspondents appointed who are in touch with the executives and artists of the greatest studios.

From this preliminary work will come a news series that will be weeks ahead of any other film news in Australia.

Illustrations will be lavish. Apart from special studies, either drawn or photographic, of your favorite stars, there will be an abundance of other pictures, all chosen for their news interest or artistic value.

Another feature will be the "Weekly Film Guide," an elaboration of the "Private Views" already current on the film page of The Australian Women's Weekly. Mr. Stewart Howard will continue to comment on every film release, bringing to bear on them a standard of criticism which demands not artistic values only, but, above all, entertainment values.

Film stars set the world's fashions nowadays. The Australian well-dressed woman will be able to keep abreast of oversea fashions by following the weekly Film Fashion Page, which will be incorporated in the supplement. Arrangements have been made by us with various studios abroad for advance pictures of the latest styles affected by leading artists.

Another popular section will be the Film Service Bureau. The purpose of this is to answer any questions asked by readers regarding the age, nationality, real name, or any other phase of a screen artist's life and character which may be ascertainable.

Country readers, and those who prefer to see their pictures in the local shows, will find very helpful the column devoted to a summary of the previous month's gradings by our film-reviewer.

This splendid eight-page Film Supplement will be something that has been long awaited. Newsy and interesting, honestly critical, and, above all, bright and entertaining, it will be another of those features which, in the past, have gained The Australian Women's Weekly the support that has made it Australia's most widely-read newspaper.

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LET'S Talk About—

—Rembrandt portrait.

ORGANISING S.A. CENTENARY.

MR. VICTOR H. RYAN, O.B.E., J.P., who was appointed State organising director for the South Australian Centenary about 12 months ago, and has been occupied with it ever since, is also secretary for most of the special committees connected with the Centenary. He has had plenty of experience in organising, and was prominent on committees arranging the various Royal tours of recent years.

From his position as a railway officer, he was transferred to the South Australian Government Tourist Bureau, and has been its chief executive officer since its inception.

Mr. Ryan has the faculty of making his talks on South Australia most interesting as well as to the point. But, with an hour or two to spare, he loves nothing better than to spend them at home with a book, or working in his garden.

—Monte Luke photo.

LONG RECORD

PROFESSOR D. A. Welsh, who has retired from the Chair of Pathology at Sydney University after 33 years' tenure, is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and was appointed to the Chair of Pathology at Sydney in 1902. The Senate recorded its appreciation of Professor Welsh's work, and conferred on him the title of Emeritus Professor of Pathology, in recognition of his valuable services to the Faculty of Medicine.

Professor Welsh was Dean of the Faculty of Medicine between 1927 and 1929, and he has been closely associated with the work of the Cancer Research Committee.

BOLIVAR OF THE FAR EAST

MANUEL QUEZON, who has been made the first President of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, has spent the greater part of his life working for Philippine autonomy. With a stroke of a pen, President Roosevelt recently created the new Commonwealth of the Philippines, and, in so doing, made the United States probably the first nation in history to free another nation voluntarily. In reality, freedom for the Philippines is only nominal. As a Commonwealth the islands are going on probation for 10 years under American sovereignty. Then, as they prove themselves capable of self-government, the Stars and Stripes will be hauled down and a republic set up. If that should materialise, eventually most of the 12,509,369 Filipinos believe chief honor should go to Manuel Quezon.

Quezon is sharp-witted and quick-tempered, but, by way of balance, possesses a keen sense of humor.

LADYBIRD, LADYBIRD, *Roaming on* HIGH!

Women Play Successful Part in Organisation of World's Airways

Ladybird, Ladybird, roaming the sky,
You seek fame and fortune away up on high,
You've achieved in this sphere a romantic career
As pilot, instructor, hostess, engineer.

THIS version of the old nursery rhyme aptly epitomises the growing influence of women in aviation. No longer do they sit calmly at the foot of the rainbow waiting for that crock of gold. Now they fly in search of it, and write their achievements in big letters across the sky.

Lady Kingsford Smith's decision to take an active part in the management of Trans-Tasman Air Development Co. Ltd., by accepting the position on the board which was occupied by her husband, emphasises the growing influence of women in this new field of commerce.

Other Australian women have already taken advantage of the opportunities that commercial aviation offers, either as active pilots or in some related sphere.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

NANCY BIRD, who is now engaged in flying work outback, takes a last look round, before hopping off.

AUSTRALIAN girls looking for a career in 1936 are likely to find greater opportunities with the expansion of air travel here.

In America 408 women pilots have secured their licences and of this number approximately one-fifth are professional pilots.

Seven of the air lines of the U.S.A. employ in all 197 girls as air hostesses. American air lines require the air hostesses to be registered nurses and some of the companies insist that they must speak at least one foreign language.

Three women pilots in America have recently been appointed as air-marking pilots by the Bureau of Air Commerce for the purpose of travelling through U.S.A. to assist the various cities in arranging for the marking of roof tops so as to aid airmen in their flights. Each of these girls holds a transport pilot's rating.

A new aeronautical association has also been founded in America to assist the authorities in grave emergencies such as floods. The organisation is built on military lines, and includes a women's detachment. Nothing of this kind has yet been attempted here, but who can tell what the future will bring?

Dr. Emma Klittredge, examining physician of the Aeronautical Bureau of the Department of Commerce in California, is entrusted with the special duty of assisting women pilots. She has made a special study of the effect of flying on the physical and nervous system of women.

WOMEN'S detachment included in a new aeronautical association in America. Its object is to assist the authorities in grave emergencies, such as floods.

LADY KINGSFORD SMITH, who is putting her resources behind the Trans-Tasman Air Development Co. Ltd.

MISS EVELYN FOLLETT, one of the first Australian girls to secure an "A" pilot's licence, is now co-director of an air travel centre.

Aviation has drawn women from a multiplicity of unconnected interests.

Jacqueline Cochrane, an entrant in the England-Australia race in 1934, dispensed beauty under Antoine, of Saks, Fifth Avenue. Laura Ingalls, another famous airwoman, was a dancer and musician until she gave up art to become an excellent pilot. The American skyways have also claimed a champion golfer, a hat designer, several actresses, and a woman lawyer.

Air-Travel Bureau

THE Trans-Tasman Air Development Co. Ltd., with which Lady Kingsford Smith is now associated, proposes to go ahead with Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's complete plan which provides for an air service twice weekly between Australia and New Zealand.

The company's plans include the employment of air hostesses as part of the crew on the planes that will be used. Many applications for the positions are anticipated.

Two young Australians who have realised the possibilities that aviation offers are Misses Evelyn and Beatrice Follett, who some months ago opened an air centre in Sydney. Miss Evelyn Follett was one of the first Australian girls to secure an "A" pilot's licence.

The business of this air centre is to book passages for flights by air in Australia and overseas, to give all information regarding aviation, and in particular to assist beginners anxious to take up aviation either as a hobby or a profession.

A comprehensive library on all matters connected with aviation, both mechanical and historical, is attached to the centre.

The enterprise of these young women is shown by their recent act in donating a scholarship known as the Air Centre Flying Scholarship, with a cash prize of £20, or an alternative of a course of flying instruction or mechanical engineering. Four lady members of the library have entered the competition.

Miss Nancy Bird, well-known Australian airwoman, of Manly, recently accepted an appointment in the far west to pilot nurses on the long distance flights that are often necessary in cases of emergency in those sparsely-populated areas. Miss Bird is probably the only airwoman in Australia who is actively engaged in commercial flights.

Mrs. Bonney, Queensland's famous airwoman, owns her own plane, and uses it frequently as a means of transport from one city to another. She was in Sydney recently, having flown down to buy another plane.

Miss Bradford, another girl flier, who is the holder of a "D" licence, is now employed in the engineering work of New England Airways at Mascot.

Freda Thompson, well-known Victorian flying girl, who flew from England to Australia, is the only woman in Australia to take out an instructor's licence.

Air Hostesses

RECENTLY the K.L.M. (Royal Dutch Airline) appointed three qualified young women to positions as air hostesses on the airliners flying between Amsterdam and Milan. The Swiss Air Company also has women in these positions.

The Dutch company demanded quite a host of qualifications for the post—secondary school education, perfect physical fitness, and the ability to speak English, French, German, and Italian. Their duties are to give all sorts of information, look after the refreshments, the travelling library, and the general comfort of the passengers. They have also to possess some knowledge of nursing and first aid.

What Did She Do to Win Him?

How a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost overnight into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her men acquaintances suddenly became a centre of attraction, and within a few weeks the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received to-day. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new revolutionary book dealing with sex and with psychology.

This remarkable FREE Book, "Fascinating Womanhood," shows how any woman who understands certain peculiarities about man's psychology can attract and win the love of practically any man she chooses.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
192 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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Address .....

.....

THE TRUTH THAT WAS DAMNED

Man dared become masterful and independent! Centuries ago he began to probe the mysteries of the universe, to disclose the hidden truths of nature. Astounding results were achieved—miracles, some declared them. The conditions which enslaved men and women—misfortune, disease and despair—were conquered. This wealth of knowledge was accumulated in vast temples and seats of learning available to all who sought it. This growing power and knowledge of the masses was a challenge to selfish and corrupt rulers. Alexandria was ordered burned, Tripoli destroyed. The rare knowledge was damned, seized, and burned.

THIS FREE BOOK

Startling is the revelation that these strange laws of life, nature, and personal power have not entirely vanished from the earth. Secret Brotherhoods were formed to conceal copies of the ancient manuscripts, or rescue them from beneath crumbling temple walls. The "Yogi," one of these ancient brotherhoods (not a religion), have preserved this knowledge that makes possible PERSONAL POWER and HAPPINESS. Write for the FREE SEALED BOOK. It tells how you may procure these age-old secret methods.

Address: SCRIBE J.W.L., Box 1809H, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

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CANADIAN *Beauty Looks Over* AUSTRALIA

Grace Pattullo Tells Her Fascinating Story to Australian Women's Weekly

Trip that Started when She was Four Years Old

Little did four-and-a-half-year-old Grace Pattullo dream, when she commenced collecting pretty pictures to fill scrapbooks, that this childish hobby would be the means of securing for her a cross-the-world tour as the guest of seven Governments. Yet from the habit of collecting pictures of all things Australian grew the desire to make the Commonwealth her special study.

When last year the prize of a three months' tour of Australia, as guest of the Commonwealth and State Governments, for the best 2500-word essay was offered, Grace found herself singularly well equipped. Over 9000 essays from High School pupils all over Canada were submitted to seven judges, and eighteen-year-old Grace Pattullo, of Edmonton, Alberta, northernmost city in Canada, was declared the winner.

POISE is certainly part of the make-up of Miss Grace Pattullo, Canada's attractive 18-year-old ambassador to Australia. Here our High School visitor, who won her trip with an essay on the Commonwealth, is shown enjoying herself at Taronga Park.

SO eager has she been to see and do things that life since her arrival in Australia has been one hurried dash from place to place. To-day she is a very tired, but still enthusiastic, young lady. A Special Commissioner of The Australian Women's Weekly was introduced to her at the Pymble home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. M. Searby last week-end.

The young Canadian had been spending Saturday touring the Moss Vale district and returning via the scenic coast road from Nowra. The main trophy of her chase was a wonderful collection of mushrooms.

Grace was found transcribing into a diary from a rough notebook containing a compiete record of every day's happenings since the tour started.

The scrapbook habit of childhood, which led her to collect pictures of things Australian to interest patients in the Red Cross hospital in Edmonton has developed into diary entries which she hopes will interest all Canada.

Said Grace: "I have to thank three Australian women for my good fortune. First of all, an Australian, Matron Crooks, of the Red Cross hospital in Edmonton, encouraged me as a small girl to make scrapbooks of Australian subjects. She told me a lot about Australia, and helped me to collect suitable pictures for my scrapbooks. It was the unusual birds, animals and flowers which first attracted my childish interest.

"She Thrilled Me"

"THEN, about four and a half years ago, I met the second Australian who deserves my special thanks. She was a Miss Johns who visited Edmonton on a lecturing tour. A vocalist and mimic as well as lecturer, Miss Johns thrilled with the stories she told of her native land, and charmed with Australian songs and imitations of the calls of wild birds, including the kookaburra.

"After the lecture, my mother invited Miss Johns to our home, and I told of my keen interest in Australia. She gave me the address of Marian Johns, her niece, who lived in Broken Hill at that time. Marian and I have corresponded ever since, and to her must be accorded greatest thanks for this lovely trip.

"I decided to enter the competition primarily to express in a practical way my appreciation of the pains Marian had taken to tell me of her native country, and in providing me with much information I could not otherwise have obtained. What I knew of the beautiful Sturt desert pea and other flowers, of emus, kookaburras, wallabies, opposums and kangaroos I owed to Marian, as well as particulars of Australian history, geography and industrial developments.

"Conditions of the competition provided that the essay must be written in school-hours, but it was indicated that originality in presentation would be taken into consideration.

"With wonderful pictures of Australian flora and fauna in my possession I decided to write the essay on paper decorated with drawings of these flowers, birds and animals, and prepared the sheets at home. My teachers were very impressed with the finished work, but I was the most surprised girl in Canada when word of my success was received.

Beyond Dreams

"THIS trip has shown me that Australia is far more wonderful than I ever dreamed, and I am treating this tour as one long lecture with practical demonstrations. I note roughly in pencil everything I see, and spend my evenings in extending those notes and transcribing them in my diary. Sometimes I am so tired in the evenings that I can hardly get brain and pen to work in harmony, but after two months travelling, during which I have seen the real outback, many entrancing examples of scenic beauty, the flowers, birds and animals in their native state and Australia at work, I am pleased to say that my diary entries have never been allowed to get into arrears."

EVERY NICE GIRL loves a koala. And Miss Pattullo is no exception. She went into raptures over the fascinating little Australian natives at Taronga Park.

Grace Pattullo this week is travelling to Queensland, visiting Newcastle and its industrial undertakings en route, spending a little time with Dr. Earle Page on his North Coast farm. Her itinerary covers every hour till departure on January 30, homeward bound.

"It would need very little inducement for me to remain in Australia," she said, "but I must go back home to my father and mother and 20-year-old sister to tell them, and Canada, what a wonderful place I have found Australia to be."

Grace will continue her studies on returning to Alberta with the object of becoming a Home Missionary, and will enter a Baptist Bible College. While in Australia she delivered a sermon of her own preparation, and numbers the occasion among one of her most interesting experiences.

WORLD'S YOUNGEST PARSON

(From our Hollywood Correspondent.)

LOS ANGELES claims the youngest parson in the world, Charles Jaynes, aged 5 years, and properly ordained for the saving of souls at Aimee Semple Macpherson's Four-Square Gospel organisation.

The child is said to have "soul appeal," and his nurse appears with him in the pulpit. The tabernacle was crowded to the doors for his first sermon which was directed against alcohol, dancing and smoking which, he said, were traps set by "that sly old fox, the devil."

'ASPRO' First Aid INFORMATION

HEADACHE

Take 2 to 3 tablets after meals and 1 tablet every hour afterwards, until headache disappears. 'ASPRO' not only relieves headaches, but it is safe and there are no dangerous after effects.

SLEEPLESSNESS

For sleeplessness take 2 to 3 'ASPRO' tablets after a light supper before retiring. 'ASPRO' ensures a good night's sleep and you will wake up refreshed.

NEURALGIA

Take 2 to 3 'ASPRO' tablets after meals, and one every hour afterwards until all pain disappears. Always make certain that you take 'ASPRO' according to the directions in the packet.

RHEUMATISM

The quantity of 'ASPRO' for this complaint must naturally depend upon the acuteness and stubbornness of the malady. From 2 to 4 tablets can be taken after meals with perfect safety and beneficial results.

SORE THROATS

Make a gargle by crushing and dissolving 2 or 3 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water. Stir well before using. Repeat gargle every 2 or 3 hours as required, but make a fresh mixture each time. Do not let it stand over night.

COLDS AND INFLUENZA

Take 3 'ASPRO' tablets immediately first symptoms appear and 2 tablets every 3 hours afterwards until you are completely well. Take a hot lemon drink with the last dose before retiring. Keep the body warmly clad to prevent chill.

NEURITIS

When you suspect the first symptoms of Neuritis which may only amount to a twinge of pain, take 2 to 3 tablets immediately, and 1 tablet every hour afterwards until pain disappears. It is advisable also to drink plenty of milk.

SCIATICA

For Sciatica take doses similar to those mentioned previously for Rheumatism. It must be remembered that 'ASPRO,' after ingestion in the systemic is a solvent of Uric Acid.

ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

For these distressing complaints take 2 to 3 tablets twice a day, and a similar dose before retiring to bed. 'ASPRO' being an anti-pyretic will reduce the temperature, thus helping you to feel comfortable.

GOUT AND LUMBAGO

Take 2 to 3 tablets 3 times a day after meals and 2 to 3 at bedtime. Always take 'ASPRO' according to directions.

FEVERISHNESS and Temperature

For any fever 'ASPRO' tablets are a boon. They are far more effective than Quinine. Take 2 to 3 tablets every 3 hours until normal. 'ASPRO' reduces temperature in 15 minutes.

NERVES AND IRRITABILITY

For any nerve shock 'ASPRO' is invaluable. It calms and soothes the nerves as nothing else can. Take 2 to 3 tablets after meals as required.

TOOTHACHE AND EARACHE

For Toothache and Earache take 2 to 3 tablets immediately, and 1 every hour afterwards until pain ceases. 'ASPRO' not only gives quick relief, but its action is sure and certain, and it does not harm the heart or stomach.

Pains & Physical Depression

For pains and depression brought about by physical condition take 2 to 3 tablets 3 times a day after meals. 'ASPRO' is women's best friend, and should always be carried in the handbag.

DENGUE AND MALARIA

For these distressing fevers take 2 to 3 tablets every 2 hours until fever abates. 'ASPRO' is invaluable because of its anti-pyretic efficacy.

42Pb/35.

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The REBUS

A story of the Three Just Men by EDGAR WALLACE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY is pleased to announce that it has secured the Australian rights for a series of short stories by Edgar Wallace, whose fame as a "thriller"-writer is world renowned.

"The Rebus" is the first of this series, which will be published as a complete story each week. The stories deal with the exploits of the "Three Just Men," a band of adventurers to whom crime detection is a hobby. The "Just Men" series is one of the most successful of Edgar Wallace's works.

AS the "Megaphone" once said, in its most pessimistic and wandering mood, recording rather than condemning the strangeness of the time!

"Even The Four Just Men have become a respectable institution. Not more than fifteen years ago we spoke of them as 'a criminal organisation'; rewards were offered for their arrest . . . to-day you may turn into Curzon Street and find a silver triangle affixed to the sedate door which marks their professional headquarters . . . . The hunted and reviled have become a most exclusive detective agency . . . We can only hope that their somewhat drastic methods of other times have been considerably modified."

IT is sometimes a dangerous thing to watch a possible watcher.

"What is Mr. Lewis Lethersohn afraid of?" asked Manfred, as he cracked an egg at breakfast. His handsome, clean-shaven face was tanned a teak-brown, for he was newly back from the sun and snows of Switzerland.

Leon Gonsalez sat opposite, absorbed in "The Times;" at the end of the table was Raymond Poiccart, heavy-featured and saturnine. Other pens than mine have described his qualities and his passion for growing vegetables.

He raised his eyes to Gonsalez.

"Is he the gentleman who has had this house watched for the past month?" he asked.

A smile quivered on the delicate lips of Leon as he folded the newspaper neatly.

"He is the gentleman—I am interviewing him this morning," he said. "In the meantime, the sleuth hounds have been withdrawn—they were employed by the Otlis Detective Agency."

"If he is watching us he has a bad conscience," said Poiccart, nodding slowly. "I shall be interested to hear all about this."

Mr. Lewis Lethersohn lived in Lower Berkeley Street—a very large and expensive house. The footman who opened the door to Leon was arrayed in a uniform common enough in musical comedy but rather out of the picture in Lower Berkeley Street. Mulberry and gold and knee breeches. . . . Leon gazed at him with awe.

"Mr. Lethersohn will see you in the library," said the servant—he seemed, thought Leon, rather conscious of his own magnificence.

A gorgeous house this, with costly furnishings and lavish decorations. As he mounted the wide stairs he had a glimpse of a beautiful woman passing across the landing. One disdainful glance she threw in his direction and passed, leaving behind her the faint fragrance of some exotic perfume.

The room into which he was shown might have been mistaken for a boudoir, with its bric-a-brac and its beauty of appointments.

Mr. Lethersohn rose from behind the Empire writing table and offered a white hand. He was thin, rather bald, and there was a suggestion of the scholar in his lined face.

"Mr. Gonsalez?" His voice was thin and not particularly pleasant. "Won't you sit down? I had your inquiry—there seems to be some mistake."

He had resumed his own seat. Though he might endeavor to cover up his uneasiness by this cold attitude of his, he could not quite hide his perturbation.

"I know you, of course—but it is ridiculous that I should set men to watch your house. Why?"

Gonsalez was absorbing him with those eager eyes of his.

"That is what I have come to learn," he said, "and I think it would be fairest to tell you that there is no question that you are watching us. We know the agency you employed—we know the fees you have paid and the instructions you have given. The only question is, why?"

Mr. Lethersohn moved uncomfortably and smiled.

"Really . . . I suppose there is no wisdom in denying that I did employ detectives. The truth is, the Four Just Men is rather a formidable organisation——and——er——well, I am a rich man. . . . "

He was at a loss how to go on.

The interview ended lamely with polite assurances on either side. Leon Gonsalez went back to Curzon Street a very thoughtful man.

"He's afraid of somebody consulting us, and the detective people have been employed to head off that somebody. Now who?"

The next evening brought the answer.

It was a grey April night, chill and moist. The woman who walked slowly down Curzon Street, examining the numbers on the doors, was an object of suspicion to the policeman standing on Claridge's corner. She was in the region of thirty, rather slim under the worn and soddened coat. Her face was faded and a little pinched. "Pretty once," mused Leon Gonsalez, observing her from behind the gauze curtain that covered the window. "A working woman without a thought beyond keeping her body and soul together."

HE had time enough to observe her, since she stood for a long time by the kerb, looking up and down the street hopelessly.

"Notice the absence of any kind of luring finery—and this is the hour when even the poorest find a fichu or a pair of gloves."

Manfred rose from the table where he had been taking his frugal meal and joined the keen-faced observer.

"Provincial, I think," said Leon thoughtfully. "Obviously a stranger to the West End—she's coming here!"

As he was speaking, the woman had turned, made a brief scrutiny of the front door . . . they heard the bell ring.

"I was mistaken—she hadn't lost her way; she was plucking up courage to ring—and if she isn't Lethersohn's bete noire I am a Dutchman!"

He heard Poiccart's heavy tread in the passage—Poiccart played butler quite naturally. Presently he came in and closed the door behind him.

"You will be surprised," he said in his grave way. That was peculiarly Poiccart—to say mysterious things gravely.

"About the lady? I refuse to be surprised." Leon was vehement. "She has lost something—a husband, a watch, something. She has the 'lost' look—an atmosphere of vague helplessness surrounds her. The symptoms are unmistakable!"

"Ask her to come in," said Manfred, and Poiccart retired.

A second later Alma Stamford was ushered into the room.

That was her name. She came from Edgeware and she was a widow. . . . Long before she came to the end of preliminaries Poiccart's promised surprise had been sprung, for this woman, wearing clothes that a charwoman might have despised, was a lady; her voice was soft and educated, her vocabulary extensive. She spoke of conditions which could only be familiar to one who had lived in the surroundings of refinement.

She was the widow of a man who (they gathered) had not been in his lifetime the best of husbands. Rich beyond the ordinary meaning of the term, with estates in Yorkshire and Somerset, a fearless rider to hounds, he had met his death in the hunting field.

"My husband had a peculiar upbringing," she said. "His parents died when he was very young and he was brought up by his uncle. He was a terrible old man who drank heavily, was coarse to the last degree, and was jealous of outside interference. Practically Mark saw nobody until, in the last year of the old man's life, he brought in a Mr. Lethersohn, a young man a little older than Mark, to act as tutor—for Mark's education was terribly backward. My husband was twenty-one when his uncle died, but he retained a gentleman to act for him as companion and secretary."

"Mr. Lewis Lethersohn," said Leon promptly, and she gasped.

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As he mounted the wide stairs he had a glimpse of a beautiful woman passing across the landing, leaving behind her the faint fragrance of some exotic perfume.

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

"Three People"

We who have called ourselves
Sister and brother
Turned for companionship
One to another,
Found in our company
Light-hearted youthfulness,
Laughter and sympathy,
Friendship and truthfulness—
This be a toast to you!
Sister and brother
May we forever be
Proud of each other!

—Yvonne Webb.

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A Complete Short Story

— By —

George Kibbe TURNER

Illustrated by FISCHER

The TIME LOCK

A young lawyer sitting alone in his office one rainy night answers a telephone call. And that is the beginning of a very strange case.

"I'm terribly afraid," said his unusually attractive visitor. "My father may do something rash — even may be killing himself to-night."

ON that rainy night, some years ago, young Mr. Pettibone, as he was then, stood in the window of the second story law offices of Punderford and Maddox, staring out. It is quite a time to recall so keenly, as he still does, the tune he hummed, the suit he wore, and the coolness of the rain-streaked window glass upon his finger-tips. And yet not unnatural, either. For this was to be the night of his first law case. The matter of the dark young lady and the time lock.

It was nine o'clock, or thereabouts. Outside the recent rain was shining on the jet black pavement of Malcolm's Main Street. The fixed stare of vacant-eyed street lights fell upon the still more vacant-eyed windows of the damp, yellow brick blocks across the deserted street. He stared out as absently as they; a fair-haired, still-faced young man, slowly etching the figure of a duck with his forefinger on the cool, damp window-pane.

Dull deathly dull. Nothing doing in the deadly place. For him. Or ever would be.

"Hello. What's this?" he said, turning.

It was the telephone; an evident mistake. He let it ring.

"Punderford and Maddox," he said, deciding finally to stop it. The voice of a woman answered; a young woman's, it seemed. High, excited, and, he thought, frightened.

"Thank God!"

"At your service," said young Mr. Pettibone. Suddenly alert, brightening, listening closely.

"Is this a member of the firm speaking?—May I come down to see you? Now? On something of great importance. That must be taken care of now—to-night—at once." the clear, eager voice upon the telephone asked, with stammering haste.

"With pleasure, Madame."

"Wait, please. I shall be there at once."

HE sat, with still face, and studious care, marking upon the pad before him at the desk the effigy of a primitive duck, which so often had accompanied his more serious thinking since a child in primary school. And so he waited for the approaching client. Above him, as serious as himself, rose the steel engraving of Lincoln's Cabinet in session. Around him the worn and shiny dark furniture; the general respectability of the old-fashioned waiting-room of the most prosperous of New York suburbs' most prosperous and established law firms. That so much needed new blood—like his own. A fact as yet unseen by anyone but himself. Canvassing carefully, once more, whether opportunity might not this very night be knocking finally for the young law clerk with the arrival of this untimely and excited seeker for advice. He rose with keen expectance at the sound of light feet upon the worn stairs of the old hallway beyond the ground-glass door, suddenly and at once quite decided, as to taking the case.

The client was a dark young woman, black-haired, black-eyed, intense. A type which he feels sometimes, has now practically become extinct—with the change in the current styles of dress and manners and women. In a time when it is far worse form to own a genuine positive emotion than a sin. Her cheeks were red; her voice high and clear; her bright eyes fixed and worried. She was something vivid and alive in the world yet; frightened, but resisting still with every fibre that she had.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. You are the firm, are you not, who represent so many of the stockholders of the First National Bank?"

He watched her; the neat gloves and shoes she wore; the small dark hat, carefully and gallantly put on at just the angle that was right for his taste; romantic, but not sentimental.

"We are, oh yes," said Pettibone, still studying her with his customary aplomb.

"Yes. So father said, and so I came direct to you. To-night. In hopes . . . in hopes our interests might be the same. In hopes that when the stockholders understood—that they might want—might help me save my father, and their bank, too."

"Yes?" he encouraged her.

"For I'm terribly afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Won't you go on, please?"

The Cabinet of Lincoln and himself stared straight ahead, giving the client time to collect herself.

"It is a little hard," she said, "to tell a stranger."

Leaning forward, he laid his hand upon hers at the other side of the flat desk, pressing it confidentially.

"My dear young person," he told her. "I am not a stranger. I am an attorney—your attorney, if you wish to have me."

"I know—of course."

He still held her hand with his; her eyes with his eyes.

"And the first advice I must give you in our new relation is: Trust your attorney. Tell him everything . . . Quite frankly . . . Or what's the use?"

"I know. Of course."

RELEASING her hand, he sat back to hear her story; drawing more and more thoughtfully on his pad, as it developed; yet showing neither in his face nor voice the genuine surprise which struck him at hearing it. Nor afterward when he recapitulated it himself:

"You claim, I understand, that the First National Bank is to be robbed some time to-night by its president, Mr. Wilberforce Jones."

"I do."

"To cover up irregularities of his own in its operation."

"Yes."

"And you further claim that after doing this—as part of his scheme—he plans to charge to the bank examiner to-morrow morning that your father,

Bank Robbery at Midnight

"I'm terribly afraid that if you don't my father may do something rash; even may be killing himself to-night."

"You can't mean that."

"To-night. When I get home. If you don't help me. Soon. Right away. For he's desperate. It was all I could do to get him to let me come here to see you."

the bank's cashier, robbed the bank instead of him."

His client answered with her decisive nod; her eyes not once leaving his. Looking back as steadily, as he proceeded with his summary and her cross-examination.

"Now then, you know all this, you claim, positively, from the president's use of the time lock in the bank's vault. Interrupt me, if you will, please, if I do not get this right."

"I will."

"Your father, Mr. Newell, as I understand you, just before the closing of business this afternoon, hearing that the bank examiner was expected to be there the next morning, went into the office of Mr. Jones, the president of the bank, to expostulate with him for having replaced genuine bonds with forged ones of identical numbers, in the vaults of the bank, and warning him that at any time this might be discovered. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"THEY two were alone in the bank. No one but themselves heard the quarrel that developed, when Jones learned for the first time that his cashier, your father, the only other person but himself who had access to the vault, knew what Jones had done. Then suddenly, and unexpectedly, Jones charged that for some time he had been suspecting your father of having robbed the bank. And now the time had come to prove it with a showdown. Then telling your father to remain where he was, he went into the vault room, saying he was putting the time lock on the safe, setting it for nine o'clock to-morrow. At which time they two would open the safe to make good their conflicting statements in the presence of the bank examiner."

"That is right."

"But—instead of this—you claim that Jones, the president, did not actually put on the time lock at all. A fact which your father saw by means of a mirror in the president's office and Jones did this, you claim, with the idea of going to the safe to-night. And not only taking the forged bonds out to prove your father's charges wrong, but robbing the bank; and fixing the securities, so as to fit a theory of your father's having robbed the bank, which he will give the bank examiner in event of the three opening the safe together."

"After Jones—Mr. Jones has fixed the safe and put the time lock on afterward," said the client.

"Yes—and your father has no idea of what the charges, what this frame-up, are going to be."

"That's the worst of it, the most terrible part."

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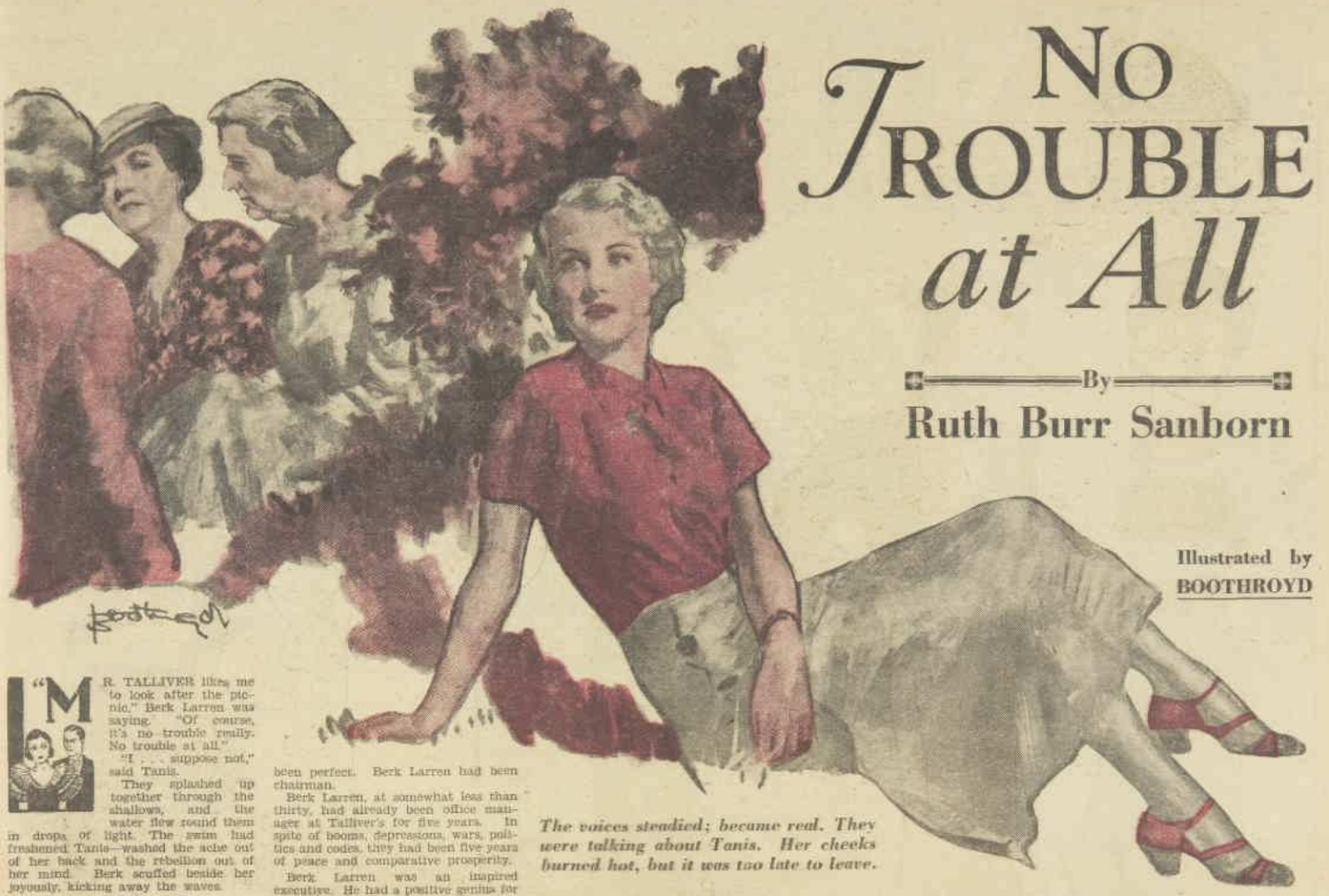

No Trouble at All

By

Ruth Burr Sanborn

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD

The voices steadied; became real. They were talking about Tanis. Her cheeks burned hot, but it was too late to leave.

A Long Complete Story

"MR. TALLIVER likes me to look after the picnic," Berk Larren was saying. "Of course, it's no trouble really. No trouble at all."

"I . . . suppose not," said Tanis.

They splashed up together through the shallows, and the water flew round them in drops of light. The swim had freshened Tanis—washed the ache out of her back and the rebellion out of her mind. Berk scuffed beside her joyously, kicking away the waves.

The sand was hot under Tanis' warm brown heels, but her brown eyes were cool and grave. "The worst thing about you, Berk," she said thoughtfully, "is that you're such a darn good executive."

"Well, that's something, isn't it?" he said hopefully.

"It's too much," said Tanis. "Nobody wants to be executed all over the place."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You wouldn't," said Tanis. She drew her hand away. Berk was hurting her thumb. The salt water made it smart where she had hacked it on the bread knife. "We'd better jump into some clothes before the whole crowd gets here. And then you might dig out those ten thousand sandwiches you made me knock together at the last minute."

"It was corking good of you to do it," Berk said gratefully. "I knew I could count on you. Some of the girls can get them out when they come. I wouldn't have thought of asking you, only it was too late to find anybody else. Mr. Talliver decided to ask employees' families. He usually hasn't. But he wanted to do something special to celebrate the picking-up in business. That meant about four hundred extra. Extra food. More dishes. Everything. I got Miss Pevick to look after the children. She has the children's playroom at the store, so she'll do a good job; they won't be any trouble . . ."

"It won't be much of a picnic for Miss Pevick, though, will it?"

"She can get a committee to help her," Berk said easily. "I'd better light the fire. Where are those matches?"

"In the car," said Tanis. "You'll have to gather driftwood, won't you?"

"Jo Allen did it last night. He's got a big pile, and the fire laid. He lives about five miles from here, so it wasn't any trouble."

"Oh," said Tanis slowly. She put up her hands to unfasten the halter of cotton rope that held her blue bathing suit. The crook of her elbows hid her face.

IT was the night of the annual Talliver picnic at Rocky Point—the personal gift of P. G. Talliver to the employees of P. G. Talliver's Department Store. Possibly no one enjoyed his picnics quite so much as Mr. Talliver himself; he liked to speak of his store as one big happy family, and of the picnics as big happy family parties. But there was no blinking the fact that recent picnics had flowed without hitch or accident—food, games, swimming, music—to triumphant and hilarious close. Even the weather had been perfect. Berk Larren had been chairman.

Berk Larren, at somewhat less than thirty, had already been office manager at Talliver's for five years. In spite of booms, depressions, wars, politics and codes, they had been five years of peace and comparative prosperity.

Berk Larren was an inspired executive. He had a positive genius for picking the right person for the right job, so that the right things got done at the right times. People liked him, too. Berk was notoriously good-natured. There was nothing that was too much trouble for him to do. Nothing, that is, that was too much trouble for him to have done.

"The thing about you," Tanis said once, "is that you don't know how to say 'no'."

"You do, though," said Berk ruefully.

TANIS had been saying "no" ever since. Sometimes she was rather afraid she . . . loved him. Sometimes . . .

Tanis was just coming out of her private dressing-bush when the first carload drove up. She had on a yellow linen shirt and shorts, and she was snuggling a yellow linen skirt round her slim hips, buttoning it to the waistband, buttoning it all down the front with big brown wooden buttons. People were beginning to pile out. Tanis dragged a comb through wet bright curls and bound them down tight. She ran up when Berk called. She was flushed with haste and exercise. She looked merry and healthy and pug-nosed and . . . delicious.

"Hello," she said to Lorry Burns. He was one of the office mail boys; following Berk like an adoring terrier. His freckled face grew crimson with embarrassment and pride at being recognised by Mr. Larren's girl . . . She was being introduced to about a hundred others all at once.

In the midst of all the confusion, Berk Larren moved like light—a flash of brown skin and white ducks and big, white-toothed grin. Completely easy, unharassed, he put everyone at ease. A word of flattery here, of cajolery there. A joke. A touch. Orders . . . orders. Difficulties smoothed away; chaos righted itself. Tanis, watching, felt a warm little glow of pride.

"Ice-cream this way. Dan's got more ice . . . Who's going to peel these tomatoes? I hear you're handy with a knife, Lou—cut 'em down in rows. Why don't you do it? . . . All those who want to swim, swim now, before supper. Come on, Miss Ryerson, be a sport; you're not fat. Lewis here will look after you. He used to be a lifeguard. (That will do for you, Lewis. What were you a life-saver for, if you didn't expect to save any lives?) . . . You say the cornet's got asthma? Hey there, George; didn't you tell me your cousin played the cornet? Take Dan's car, why don't you, and go and get him? What? Well, tell him to put it off. Bring him, George, if you have to handcuff him. That's a good feller . . . Thanks a lot, Mrs. Poore. I knew you wouldn't get the strawberries too sweet. I hope it wasn't much trouble . . ."

A big car came to a stop, and Mr. Talliver, followed by several department heads, climbed weightily out. Berk Larren welcomed him. "Yes, thanks. Everything's fine. Not a bit of it. No trouble at all having extra people. Right this way now, Mr. Talliver. We've got a place for you . . ." There was a green-and-gold deck-chair overlooking the smooth strip of beach where the games were to be; a striped canopy. Mr. Talliver beamed. He settled himself regally, his department heads, on camp stools, gathered round him like a court.

"Tanis," said Berk urgently. "What do you know about tomatoes? I don't believe Lou Whalen ever saw one outside a tin. She's got the whole place looking like a slaughter house."

"You dip them in hot water," said Tanis, "and the skin slips right off."

"I wonder," said Berk, "if you'd mind coming over and just showing her how . . ."

Tanis knelt on the red-dyed sand and dipped a thousand tomatoes in a pan of hot water and slipped the skins off. Her fingers puckered with the acid juice, and the steam from the boiling water rose in her face and beaded her lip and curled the fair hair tighter at the temples. Redness stained her hands; there was a smear on her nose and on her elbow and on the front of her dress; it settled under her nails in gory puddles. Her back ached from stooping. Her thumb smarted. It was hot and noisy. The smell of too many tomatoes made her faintly sick.

"Tanis," said Berk beside her. "Mr. Talliver wants to meet you."

"Oh, Berk! I'm a mess."

"Powerful nice mess then," Berk said. He put down a big hand and drew her to her feet. He grinned. For the life of her Tanis could not help feeling less messy when Berk grinned at her like that.

Tanis went down to the sea and washed her hands. She hoped that Mr. Talliver would think tomato red the newest thing in finger-nail polish. She scrubbed the smudge off her nose, and folded her hands demurely over the smudge on her yellow linen stomach.

Mr. Talliver's hand clasp was soft and cushiony. His smile was a generous cleft in the full cream cheese of his face.

Mr. Talliver pinched her cheek in the paternal manner he affected. "And where did you get those roses?"

"From the tomatoes," said Tanis.

Mr. Talliver laughed heartily, under the impression that Tanis had made a joke. "And are you having a good time?" he asked her.

"There has been," said Tanis carefully, "something going on every minute."

"That's it," said Mr. Talliver, delighted. "Always something doing where that young man of yours is." Behind her Tanis was aware of Mrs. Punderson whispering to Mrs. Myron Poore.

BERK rushed up again as Tanis moved away. "I wonder if you'd mind coming down and talking to poor Miss Wall?" he said. "She looks lonesome. She's always getting left out at parties."

"Why, of course," said Tanis.

Poor Miss Wall was sitting by herself on a smooth, empty piece of beach, apart from the noise and gaiety about her; her face looked as empty as the sand. "The sky," she said, "is full of mushroom clouds."

"I wanted you two to know each other," Berk was saying. "Miss Wall raises mushrooms, Tanis." He dashed away to gather recruits for the potato race.

"And are you interested in mushrooms, too?" Miss Wall asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes," said Tanis. "It's always interesting, don't you think, to find out whether you've eaten a mushroom or a toadstool?"

"Oh, I don't mean that," Miss Wall protested, shocked. "I wouldn't eat one myself. They're such trusting little things, somehow. It would be like eating a chicken that you'd raised or one of your own children."

One by one poor Miss Wall brought the mushrooms from her cellar and introduced them to Tanis. Her voice rose and fell, reaching a crest with each new mushroom, breaking with intensity, flowing on . . . as endless and monotonous as the sea. Tanis smiled and nodded. Over Miss Wall's pale fungus head she was watching Berk passing the prizes to Mr. Talliver for presentation, whispering the names of winners.

Miss Wall turned finally, following the direction of Tanis' gaze; a faint, unexpected pink sprang in her cheeks. "It was just like Mr. Larren, wasn't it," she said with sudden emotion, "to bring us together?"

"Exactly like him," agreed Tanis.

Berk came hurrying towards them as soon as the last prize was out of his hands. "Tanis," he said. "Isn't there some way to cut angel cake without mashing it all up?"

"You sort of saw it off," Tanis told him, "with a very sharp knife. You mustn't press down hard." She forestalled the question on his lips. "Want me to do it?"

"If you would," Berk said gratefully. "Just show them . . ."

"Oh, couldn't I help?" cried Miss Wall, scrambling up with awkward eagerness. "Couldn't I?"

"That would be fine," Berk said.

Miss Wall helped by holding one of the very sharp knives at arm's length, and waving it to emphasise her words.

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Childishness

I AM glad I find such joy in little things—
Round cakes of soap that make much bubble-froth,
The rainbow lights on Christmas beetles' wings,
Green salads and a starched white damask cloth,
Dawn-misted loveliness of hosiery,
The pink and clinging smooth of underwear;
Cascades of foamy lace, a firm, white throat,
The glinting, burnished bronze of auburn hair.

Then in the tinted light of fading day,
I like to see the profile of your face;
Your pipe, the rakish angle of your hat,
Your strong young jaw outlined in fearless grace.

Such little things to fill my hours with bliss,
Such childishness for one who is so tall,
It saddens me to feel within my heart
That all these loves of mine are very small!

—YVONNE WEBB.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Toning-up Fagged Summer Frocks

● *BLACK dress trimmed with red velveteen or taffeta. The belt passes through slots and buttons at back. The scarf comes out through a slot in the bodice.*

● *A DRESS of pale-pink crepe is altered by adding a brown crepe quilted jacket and brown crepe belt. The latest thing in hats is of pink summer felt lined with brown.*

● *A VEST of white pique with a large collar gives a summery look to this navy frock. The little detachable basque is split up the centre-back; it is joined to the belt.*

● *THIS was once an all-white dress and jacket. A printed crepe bodice has been substituted and the jacket lined with the same crepe, achieving a most effective transformation.*

● *A BLACK crepe dress is brightened by a wide belt of bright yellow and matching gloves. Collar and sleeves are very full, and colored gloves are a most cheering accessory.*

Clever Touches ... and the Last Clothes of Summer are Blooming Again

If you are tired of any of your summer clothes, there are many ways in which you can renovate them, giving them a new appearance in the eyes of yourself and your friends.

With very little expenditure plain dresses, print dresses, and suits can be refurbished by adding unusual jackets, belts, scarves, and other trimmings.

THE obvious change for a suit is, of course, another blouse. Have one in an entirely different color to your old ones, and match it with two large pique flowers on the left lapel.

The lapels of the jacket could be faced with a printed crepe, then have a print blouse, too. If your suit is dark nothing is smarter than white pique lapels; these can be just tacked on inside; have them rather wide.

With suits that consist of a plain dress and short jacket in one color you can:

Add a contrasting belt and scarf to the dress. Line the jacket with a print and wear a printed sash with the frock.

Discard the jacket and have a new one in a print or in a contrasting shade.

Wear the jacket over another print frock.

Cut the top off the dress, and replace it with printed crepe or a color.

Add a collar to the dress and cuffs to the jacket.

Keep the jacket, and to the top of the dress join on a contrasting skirt.

With a printed dress and jacket you can:

Replace the jacket with a plain one. Leave the jacket and bodice and add a plain skirt.

Dye the whole outfit black or navy and wear white or colored belt, collar or scarf.

Following are some suggestions for altering dress-and-jacket suits or dress-and-coat ensembles:

When the outfit is made of pale blue or pale pink crepe, wear dark brown wide suede belt and gloves, and a brown hat, navy taffeta scarf tucked inside the neck, and a navy taffeta sash tying in a bow with short fringed ends.

With a brown or navy ensemble a wide tailored belt of bright yellow velveteen or crepe and matching flowers. A belt of pale blue or lime-green and a scarf.

With a black ensemble line the jacket with a black-and-white or black, red, yellow, and green printed crepe—see that the lapels are faced with the print, wear a long sash of matching print on the dress, tying at one side with long ends.

Replace the jacket by one of printed linen or floral crepe—a white ground with black flowers, or a black ground with colored flowers or spots. Have a pastel or white pique jacket.

Cut the bodice of the dress above the waistline and add a new one in a print or of pink, turquoise, white, yellow or emerald-green crepe—still wear the black jacket, or have one to match the new bodice.

An all-white ensemble you can treat the same way, using, of course, different colors.

With a white linen outfit, replace the jacket by one of red-and-white spotted linen.

Dye the white jacket navy-blue, yellow or brown, and wear a brown belt on the dress.

COLORED gloves will be worn with the new wool frocks. If you can buy them, use them to brighten up a dark summer dress. With a black or navy dress, yellow gloves and belt; with a green dress, tan gloves and belt.

With a white crepe ensemble wear a black-and-white print sash and jacket, or put a floral top on the dress.

With a white or pastel cotton dress-and-jacket try adding striped seersucker or spotted pique collar and cuffs.

With dresses of plain material you should have no difficulty in making them appear different apart from the obvious methods of altering necklines, cutting sleeves short, and adding white lingerie accents to the dark frocks.

The best disguise is a print jacket, very tailored and nipped in at the waist, quilted on to a firm lining or made of a good, heavy fabric. With dark frocks keep to light backgrounds with some of the print matching the dress; with pastel frocks either the same color ground with a dark pattern, or a dark ground with the pastel flowers. Contrasting jackets are good—brown, navy, and black with a pink or pale blue dress; white or yellow with navy or black frocks; red, yellow, brown, or navy with white.

Colored tops can be added to plain skirts. Allow the old skirt to come well up above the waist in front, possibly in a point and either to the waist or a little higher in the back. Put bright or pastel tops on dark skirts, and dark tops on pastel skirts. Keep the dress all one kind of fabric either all cotton or all silk.

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FASHIONS from NEW YORK

Smartly Tailored Designs for Autumn

SIMPLICITY itself is this Schiaparelli model. Made of hand-crocheted cream wool, it has a thick, fringed wool rouleau around the crown to give it piquancy.

A FILMY frock of marquisette (above) forms a perfect foil for blondes. The model shown is cut on the bias and has a split back and high front neckline. Long, full sleeves are gathered into a tiny cuff at wrist.

VERY CHIC is the close-fitting, cream gabardine coat and skirt seen above. The suit shown is worn with a smart dubonnet blouse, and the Pied Piper hat in summer-weight cream felt is trimmed with a feather with red, cream, and black markings.

A FLIGHT of diamente swallows trim the severely-cut gown of black satin-backed crepe shown at centre. A triangular motif in front of the corsage forms into a wide sash, which loops at the back.

THIS MANNISH tailleur from New York is composed of a short coat of steel-grey tweed and a skirt striped in light and dark grey. A white satin shirt-blouse and tasselled grey felt hat complete the smart ensemble.

MISS LILIAN PERTKA, blonde star from America, who will play the lead in the J. C. Williamson production of "Anything Goes," kindly consented to pose for this series of photographs for The Australian Women's Weekly in her own New York creations.
—Photos by The Australian Women's Weekly fashion photographer.

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An Editorial

JANUARY 18, 1936

SPORTSWOMEN

WITHIN the next few days teams of young Australian girls will be moving on Adelaide by train, car, boat, and some even by plane, all seeking championship honors at the National Games or the Lawn Tennis carnival.

Some of them will be journeying up to 2000 miles: the greater number of them will have to travel at least 500 miles. Australia has seen no greater example of the spirit of amateur sportsmanship. And not simply in the sense that in every case they must bear practically the whole of their expenses, but that their motive is transcendently playing the game for the game's sake.

In every event there can be but one winner, and the most of these girls will give of their time and their money, knowing full well that they personally will have scant hope of success. But, more importantly, they know that it is not the individual that counts, but the game and the team.

The National Games mark the opening of the Centenary celebrations of South Australia, and for the first time in history a woman, Miss Clare Dennis, will make the traditional declaration of amateurism.

A well-merited tribute this, the position girls and women of this latter-day generation have gained for themselves in the realm of sport. It is those born in the 'nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds who appreciate this development most. In the space of one generation they have seen their womenfolk pass from the stage where a gentle game of hit-and-giggle tennis was the mark of a very modern girl to the point where women the world over are challenging even the sporting achievements of man at his best.

Nor is this cult of strenuous sport confined to the girls and younger women. One of the most interesting developments of recent years is the growth of sport among women in their late thirties and in their forties. In Victoria and New South Wales they are well organised bodies in themselves. Indeed, a very moderate estimate of the number of women engaged actively and regularly in sport all over Australia at the moment would be 80,000!

If a community is to be judged by its health-wealth, our womenfolk are contributing to the national exchequer on equal terms with their menfolk.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Penalty of Fame

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown; but uneasier still lies the head that wears a sporting crown.

A current pertinent case is that of Jack Crawford, still the biggest figure in the tennis world of Australia. Recently he has suffered a lapse of form which may be accounted for, chiefly as a result of years of continuing and exhausting service to his country in the field of sport. Nor is that a service to be despised. In actual accomplishment it goes far beyond political delegations in the way of advertising the Commonwealth. But because of a very understandable temporary falling below his own high standards, Crawford has become the victim of every professional and amateur critic.

It is typical of the man that he should insist on carrying on under such an extraordinary mental strain. Crawford has and always will play the game. Instead of a "failure" his detractors should find in him a model for themselves.

Aren't We All!

TO cure "anti-social" evils, the Bremen (German) authorities contemplate sending whole families to a concentration camp for a year, giving them privileges in camp, according to their behaviour. If such families show signs of redemption, they will be released; but otherwise they will be regarded as "socially unfit by heredity," and treated accordingly.

Nature, in the guise of economic necessity, thought of this long before Hitler. But we're not going over there to tell him so.

What's in a Name?

WHEN the Victorian Ladies' Amateur Swimming League decided to have somebody accompany the State team to the carnivals at Adelaide and Perth, there was great difficulty in choosing her a title.

"Chaperon" was objected to as being out of date. "Matron" was rejected just as "manageress" was. Eventually it was decided to call her the "Lady-in-Charge."

Men never have any difficulty in finding a name for the man in the equivalent job. He's just an excrescence—when they're feeling polite.

Balanced Diet

YOUNG women who drink cocktails without following them with a meal will have "the skin of an old woman before they are thirty," says Dr. Charles F. Pabst, an American dermatologist.

"If appetisers are used," he says, "they should be followed by a meal within thirty minutes, otherwise the proper effect is lost and the stomach is merely irritated instead of coaxed."

The objection to this by many young women we have seen, is that all this eating will take away the appetite for another cocktail, or two or three.

Lyric of Life

Glamor

It was a dumb, sweet ecstasy we knew,
A trembling silence down the ways of night;
Two godly beings who in the daytime's light
Are just a man and woman, I and you.
Two quiet folk who see their labors through
Living the common round from day to day,
And yet—a night ago we passed the way
Of leafy lanes with moonlight creeping through,
And in the solitude's complete content
We learned, we quiet folk, what glamor meant.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

The Body Beautiful

LADY GOWRIE, wife of the Governor-General, is an enthusiastic admirer of the Women's League of Health and Beauty.

Members stretch and swing their way to slimness to music, clad in white blouses, black knickers and socks, or bare feet. They have been giving exhibitions on the Sydney beaches.

Her Excellency will doubtless encourage and inculcate the principles of the league in Canberra. Any similar exhibitions along the banks of the Molonglo, however, should be beyond sight of the committee of the Royal Canberra Golf Club. A distinguished lady resident of the capital once wore shorts on the links and thereafter sackcloth and ashes.

MARRIED BY PROXY after not having seen each other for ten years. Signor and Signora Raymond Balestrin, one of the dozens of young Italian couples united last week when the bride-ship Viminale reached Australia.

Isn't It?

ALL-METAL material for women's frocks will be a feature of the forthcoming Lancashire textile industries fair.

It will glisten with all the tints of the rainbow, and will cost £2/5/- a yard or £2/4/11½ at sale-time.

Everything seems right about this new stuff except that it will be everlasting. Worse than having nothing to wear out is having something that won't wear out.

Brains and the Boy

THE too-early death of Lord Reading recalls a life of service to the British Empire greater in amplitude and significance even than that of Disraeli, the other great Jew who had the imperial vision on the grand scale.

But it recalls also that this magnificent intellect and scholar was at school reckoned a dullard. His sole claim to distinction in the classroom was a prize for memory, which, after all, is a commonplace traditional capacity for one of his faith.

This is not to suggest that if John Henry fails in his "Inter" or his "Leaving" he is bound to become Viceroy of India; but it does knock another chip off the examination fetish.

Proxy Brides Meet Their Proxy Husbands

Australians are becoming intrigued by the number of Italian brides who continue to arrive in every State of the Commonwealth to join their lives with those of the husbands to whom they have been married by proxy.

THE marriage by proxy is an interesting ceremony. At the same time that the bride is being wedded in her traditional white satin gown in far-away Italy, the bridegroom goes through the ceremony in Australia.

Each has a proxy. Then come the anxious, exciting weeks of travel for the bride who sets out to join the groom in Australia.

Amongst the arrivals on the Italian vessel Viminale, besides the Italian women who carried their luggage in true peasant style on their heads, was Signorina Angelina Bragagnola, who is now Signora Raymond Balestrin. Married in August in Italy to her husband in Australia, Signora Balestrin met her husband for the first time after ten years of constant correspondence.

The Italian wedding ceremony, which took place in a town 25 miles from the romantic town of Venice, was the usual marriage service, and the Signorina, who is a true Venetian blonde, was all in white. Two men represented the absent bridegroom at this wedding.

In Australia Signor Balestrin was married also, two men again standing in the place of his Italian bride. The papers were sent to Italy, and soon the bride left for her new home. The friendly welcome she received and the cheers of her fellow-countrymen must have reassured her after the weeks of anticipation and quite understandable nervousness. After receiving a blessing from the Church here the young wife starts, as many others are doing all over Australia, upon a new life.

It must be reassuring to find that one can acquire the Australian "Cheerio"—said, it is true, with a quaint Italian accent—in only two days, and, after this, the language does not seem so difficult.

The medley of presents, some wrapped in colored paper or tied in calico bags, which are included in the traveller's luggage, delight everybody, and the happenings of ten or more years provide ample conversation for the first few days of getting used to everything.

From Farms

THE number of marriages—especially among Italians—by proxy, is increasing. The war between Italy and Abyssinia suggests immediately that the sweethearts who have been seeking fame and fortune in Australia had been worried about the subjects of their affection, and sent home for them, yet most of the brides come from the farms in Northern Italy, away from the centre of military activity.

The advantages of a good job in Australia, with prospects of bettering themselves, would seem to be the real reason for so many young naturalised Italians sending home for their brides.

Amongst the crowd on the wharves on the arrival of vessels from Italy are farmers who have taken time off from their work, and wharf laborers and gardeners who are looking particularly neat and excited. The husbands, waiting for their young wives, are perhaps the most excited.

Queensland is to be the home of most of the brides on whom interest centres, but Sydney, Melbourne, Perth and Adelaide are not to be disappointed.

Forms of Marriage

AN "inquisition for lovers" has been published in the German Official Gazette as part of the detailed provisions of the marriage health laws passed in October.

It consists of a reproduction of the forms which must be filled in on behalf of the prospective bride and bridegroom by the doctor who conducts the examination necessary before they are allowed to obtain a permit of "marriage worthiness." Without this certificate, marriage is not allowed. With it, the couple may marry, provided that the marriage does not contravene the "Aryan protection laws."

A point in favor of the system is that it gives either party ample time for him or her to change his or her mind.

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WHY WORRY *About Traffic* PROBLEMS?

Here Are a Few Simple Ideas Guaranteed to Solve Anything!

By L. W. LOWER *Australia's Foremost Humorist* — *Illustrated by* WEP

L. W. Lower catches the 5.15 drain.

I have become deeply interested in the traffic problem. I am only an ordinary pedestrian myself, but I frequently have conversations in the street with motorists. The conversations go something like this:

"Hey! Why the ——— don't you look where you're flamin' well going!"

"Do you want all the road, you cow?"

"... wandering all over the street in a trance. Fellers like you ought to be put in a home."

"Why don't you toot your horn, anyhow? Don't you know where it is? By the way you drive, it's a surprise to me that you can find the gear-lever." "Ah, go to ——!" "Same to you with chromium-plated handles."

HAVING concluded this little chat, I walk indignantly past him, and there is a terrific grinding and screeching of brakes, and I find to my great surprise that I am an inch away from a tram, with all the passengers picking themselves out of each other's laps and the driver frothing slightly at the mouth and muttering unintelligible noises.

So you can see that I know what I'm talking about when I mention traffic problems. And I intend to submit a few suggestions to the Minister for Transport.

One is for the construction of overhead subways for pedestrians, and another is for revolving streets. If you wish to cross the road you simply press a button, the street revolves, and there you are on the other side of the road!

Of course, you are still on the same side of the road, but you are opposite yourself, if you see what I mean. It would save the poor traffic cops from doing Swedish exercises in the middle of the street and confusing all the traffic.

Then there's the matter of parking. They tell me there are some pretty good parking places on the Nullabor Plains. I believe there are a good many gibbers there, but still it is better to be a gibber than a receiver.

At present, it seems to be the practice to go about eight miles out of town and park the car, then take the tram to wherever you want to go. When the long day is o'er you return to find that the thing has been pinched.

A far better scheme would be to have all the telegraph poles in town fitted with a winch attachment. The car owner could then attach his car to the rope and haul it up out of the way. This would be especially handy if the wife was waiting in it and you wanted to go places and do things without being interrupted.

Genius On the Job

I WAS always in favor of enthusiasm towards work. I remember the first job I went to.

"You'll find that you'll get on well here," said the boss. "We're just one big, happy family. All I want is loyalty, conscientiousness, zeal, speed, accuracy, economy, rapidity, service, and enthusiasm."

By the end of the day I'd run out of all those things and was just like an ordinary member of the staff.

But to get back to traffic problems. I have long thought that the city drainage system could be used by pedestrians. Supposing you wanted to go a couple of blocks without being plastered all over the roadway. You simply take the lid off the nearest drain, descend and crawl to whatever drain is nearest to your destination, and there you are. On wet days collapsible canoes could be carried.

It's a grate idea. If you got home a bit late you could say, "Sorry, dear, but I missed the drain."

And look how handy it would be for communication purposes, too. You might be ordered out on a message by the wife and forget something. You merely retrace your footsteps until you are approximately under the kitchen sink, and yell, "Yoo-hoo! Did you say a pound and a half of butter, or half a pound?"

Of course, there's always a danger of having the tap turned on you, but these trivial objections are outweighed by the advantages of the scheme.

I explained these schemes of mine to the Traffic Superintendent, and he looked at me with the light of wonder in his eye.

"Lower!" he said, "you're a genius! I'll see that this goes to the proper quarters, and that you are suitably rewarded. Why, man, you might even get a knighthood!"

"I never wear them!" I replied. "I think they look sissy. Pyjamas will do me."

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I will speak to the Minister for Tram Sports about you to see if we can get you transported!"

"That's very kind of you!" I replied.

"Not at all!" he said. "Now, get out!" I have not heard from him since.

Now, please, may I cross to the other side of the road?

How does she keep so Slim and HEALTHY

SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and enjoys every minute of her life—all because she takes her nightly dose of Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

So if you want to look and feel your best be sure and take Bile Beans regularly every night.

"My husband says I am a picture of good health and I certainly feel younger, happier and have far more energy since taking Bile Beans nightly. They have brought me better health than I have had for five years and have checked that tendency to put on weight."—Mrs. E. Levesley.

* * *

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans every night I have lost 8 pounds. I used to be breathless after the least exertion. But, now I'm energetic and alert and my general health is 100 per cent. better."—Miss A. L. Telling.

BILE BEANS

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The Perfect Summer Drink is 'Ovaltine'—served Cold. Deliciously creamy and refreshing, it is unequalled for creating and maintaining abundant energy and vitality.

'OVALTINE'

COLD or Hot

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing.

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Our Claims have been more than justified!

Thousands of sufferers from rheumatic, uric acid, kidney and bladder complaints have testified as to the benefits they have obtained by taking Junipah. Now a German Specialist has adopted Junipah for the treatment of rheumatoid-arthritis. This remarkable discovery casts doubts on the oft-repeated statements that rheumatoid-arthritis is an incurable disease.

CLEARS UP CONSTIPATION

Junipah Mineral Spring Salts will definitely relieve constipation and clear up kidney and bladder troubles. Its efficacy is found in the inclusion of the genuine oil of the Juniper Berry—the finest diuretic known to medical science.

Grosvenor Laboratories, Ltd.,
Sydney, Australia.
Gentlemen:
I have the honor to bring to your notice the case of one of my patients, Herr Enrich Gemeinhardt. This gentleman recently visited your city on a world tour and while there secured a supply of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. I have to report that the beneficial results which he obtained from the Salts have assisted greatly in his cure from rheumatoid-arthritis.
I specialise in the treatment of uric acid complaints and particularly rheumatic diseases. Upon the return of Herr Gemeinhardt I made an inspection and was particularly pleased with his condition.
I secured a small supply of Junipah Salts from Herr Gemeinhardt and have found them so beneficial on cases which have not responded to spa and other recognised treatments, that I wish to try further experiments.
Would you do me the honor of sending me ample supplies by air mail, for which I enclose bank draft. I will take pleasure in reporting to you any further experiences with Junipah treatments in the near future.
May I wish you every success with your preparations,
I am, gentlemen,
Yours truly,
Berlin, Ludwig Schmidt.
December 10, 1935.

Dissolves Uric Acid

Sciatica, Gout, Rheumatism and similar ailments, which are directly caused by excess uric acid, will give way to Junipah, for it is a solvent of uric acid and will clear it out of the system.

JUNIPAH FREE INSURANCE

So sure are the proprietors of Junipah that it will do all that is claimed for it, that they are prepared to protect you against the payment of doctors' bills.

If, after a three months' course of Junipah, you suffer from any of the above ailments, with the exception of rheumatoid-arthritis, the proprietors of Junipah will PAY YOUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

In order to participate in this free insurance scheme fill in the coupon and post it to-day.

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2UW—Sunday, 7.30, and Thursday, 8.00 p.m.
(to follow on 2KO, 2WL)
3AW—Tuesdays and Thursdays, 8.00 p.m.
5DN—Mondays and Wednesdays, 7.45 p.m.
"FLASH" (SPEED) GORDON"
3AK—Mondays and Wednesdays, 12.30 a.m.
(to follow on 3HS, 3SH, 3GL, 4TO, 4AY, 4MK, 4RO, 4MB and 4GR)
"WITCH'S TALES."
3GL, 3HA, 3HS, 3BA, 2SH, 3MA (to follow on 6PR, 7HO, 7UV, 7BU).
"HONOUR THE LAW."
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Please send me application form for free insurance against medical expenses arising from uric acid complaints or constipation without obligation. I enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage.

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NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Lesley Storm's Fine Novel of Dockland London

In these days of literary realism, where "everything goes" that can pass the censor, it is refreshing to discover a writer who can make excursions into this field and yet remember that restraint is one of the graces of the writing art.

In "Strange Man's House," Miss Lesley Storm gives us a moving and poignant story of London slum life. All the rawness of poverty and heartbreak are in the theme, but only as background to the story she has to tell.

THERE is a strange feeling of frustration in the lives of the people she has picked from the river of life which flows around the docklands of London, but there is not one line of over-emphasis, which somehow makes the story all the more tragic in the telling.

Character drawing and portraiture are sure and unerring and Miss Storm probes with great insight into the minds and motives of the press of humanity who live on the outer edge of old Father Thames.

Her story is of the Driscolls—stubbornly Irish in a strange land, to which they came following the sugar industry factories. The portrait of Ellen, the mother, is a splendid piece of work. Shiftless, drunken, evil-tempered, and ineffectual as she is, still there is something pathetic in her sudden moments of pathos in a world in which she has plumbed the depths of ugliness, but never found the clue of existence or a reason for it all.

The tragic figure of Hannah-Maria, the daughter, has an inevitability about it which is reminiscent of Hardy's "Tess." Passed from one to another in the dreary sequence of her living the final pages of the book presage happiness for her at last.

The appealing quality of the book is its humanness. There is neither praise nor blame, but just the sober setting out of incident which sweeps the human driftwood along as careless as the river beside which in fog-wreathed byways they work out their destiny.

Well-drawn Character

IT is difficult to remember a more accurately-drawn male character than the amorous, middle-aged Coleman, the canteen cook, with the leaven of a sudden sentimentality in the dough of his otherwise undistinguished personality. There is a different quality in Simon, brother to Hannah, who seeks to pull himself out of the rut by the only means in his power—his skill as a boxer; but the Driscoll curse works for him, too, when West End comes East in the person of a young woman artist and ends in tragedy for both the boy and girl.

If there is fault to find with this book it may be in the consistently sombre note. Perhaps some lighter pattern may have been shown on the surface without loss of faithfulness to the design for living the author presents.

Nevertheless, it is a wholly satisfying book which should find a host of women readers who are not thick and thin devotees of the rose-pink romance school of fiction, and who like a little of the sharp salt of life with their literary fare. (Hutchinson. 7/6. All booksellers).

RICHARD ALDINGTON, whose latest contribution to our literary fare is "Artifex," an interesting collection of "sketches and ideas."

"THE Collected Ghost Stories of Oliver Onions." Twenty of the best of this author's stories, written at intervals during the last 25 years, and including some of recent date. It's a Marathon book, with over 200,000 words, but it's a gem of its class. The author's "Credo," which is its preface, is not the least interesting chapter. Ghosts to Oliver Onions are not merely the popular fantasies that inspire fear. There is something very vital about them and, indeed, he claims that "they are there all the time, and it is we who cannot see them." After having read the stories one returns again to the "Credo," and is in agreement with the author when he writes, "Who are the Real People?" (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 8/6).

SHORT REVIEWS

"CLIMB TO THE STARS." Denise Robins. Two girls in love with the same man suggests difficulties, but when the three are together continually on a motor tour to Tangier the situation offers boundless possibilities. Denise Robins is one of England's most popular writers of light romance, and in "Climb to the Stars," she has given her readers something that is sure to please. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 2/6).

* * *

"PETER PUPPY AT PLAY." C. B. Poultney. For many years "Peter Puppy" has been a feature of the well-known London paper the "Daily Sketch" and last year appeared in book form for the first time. Now he is with us again in a book that will delight readers of all ages. So will the clever illustrations by Will Farrow. (Methuen. 2/6).

* * *

"THE VIENNESE HAT." Cecilie Leslie. A modern romance, frank, and sometimes amusing. The principal characters are employed on a London newspaper, and the author gives some illuminating peeps behind the scene, which will appeal to those whose conception of newspaper production is inspired by the "go-getter" methods favored by films. (Methuen. 7/6.)

* * *

"THE SINGING GARDEN." C. J. Dennis. The author of the "Sentimental Bloke," inspired by the bird life in the vicinity of his valley home in the Gippsland Ranges, has produced something rare and beautiful in "The Singing Garden." Forty or more different birds sing through the book, and their songs have a sweet note, revealing the understanding as well as the imagination of their author. (Angus & Robertson. 6/-.)

* * *

"LADY SYSONBY'S COOK BOOK." When one notes that Osbert Sitwell has written the introduction and Oliver Messel is responsible for the decorations, one realises that this "Cook Book" is worth investigating. It will appeal to the hostess who wants something different, without something necessarily expensive, and its recipes include dishes for large parties, informal lunches, as well as cocktails, well-known and otherwise. (Putnam. 7/6.)

* * *

"THE GREAT HOTEL MURDER." Vincent Starrett. Motive is usually the first thing sought for in the unravelment of a crime, but one could not easily be found in the case of the New York banker who was found dead in a Chicago hotel. The search for one, however, kept the detectives busy, and keeps the reader intrigued. An exciting story, if one is not too critical of its weak places. (Nicholson and Watson. 7/6.)

* * *

"ARTIFEX." Sketches and Ideas. Richard Aldington. An interesting collection of writings, diverse and provocative, and revealing independence of thought. A pointer to the ideas of the author is found in the first chapter, in which he writes on the nature of the artist:

"There isn't any paradise, either here or hereafter; there isn't any solution of 'the problem of life,' because it isn't a problem. The only thing to do with life is to live it, put up with the tough breaks, and enjoy the alleviations. To me the arts are among the highest of the alleviations—they are more than that, an indefinite prolonging and intensifying of life here and now."

To achieve the aloof and complete disinterestedness of the artist, Mr. Aldington apparently believes that one must rid oneself of many cross-cutting beliefs, not the least among them the influence of "evolutionary scientists."

In addition to articles which contain much moralising there are studies of interesting character types. (Chatto and Windus. 7/6.)

CHOOSE THIS ASPIRIN FOR SAFETY.

Great benefit of taking the Original Aspirin.

You can always relieve that ache or pain harmlessly with Bayer Aspirin tablets. Even those deep-seated pains that make a man's very bones ache. Even the systemic pains so many women suffer. They will yield to these tablets! Genuine Bayer Aspirin has many important uses. Read the proven directions in every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin, and don't endure any needless pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism.

Keep a bottle of these tablets in the house; carry the handy pocket box if subject to unexpected headaches, sudden colds. Quick relief, without any harmful effects; Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.

All Chemists sell boxes of 12 Bayer Aspirin tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than the uncertain imitations and loudly advertised substitutes, which physicians would not think of prescribing. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.

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For over 40 years Eucrasy has won unbroken success as a complete remedy for the drink crave. May be given secretly or taken willingly. Guaranteed harmless. Not costly. Hundreds of voluntary testimonials proving Eucrasy is absolutely dependable. Do not continue suffering. Call or write today for Free Sample, Booklet, Testimonials. Only Address: Dept. B.,

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CORPOREAL CAPSULES
A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks', 10/-; at all Chemists, or post free, from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S., (Syd. Uni.), Chemist, 347 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L1112

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Announces that she has opened a Salon for Chiropody and Pedicure, in addition to her Beauty Salon already established in Her Majesty's Arcade.

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FROM NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF CHIROPODY, LONDON.
MODERN METHODS—ALMOST ALL FOOT TROUBLES CAN BE CORRECTED AND PAINLESSLY TREATED.

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A Young Australian Makes and Buys History!

LAVAL PLANS—

—SPEAKS

—COMMUNES

AND LAUGHS—but is it the last laugh?

FOUR SPECIAL glimpses of Laval, the French President, whose leadership is threatened because of his handling of the Abyssinian situation. He has survived one challenge.

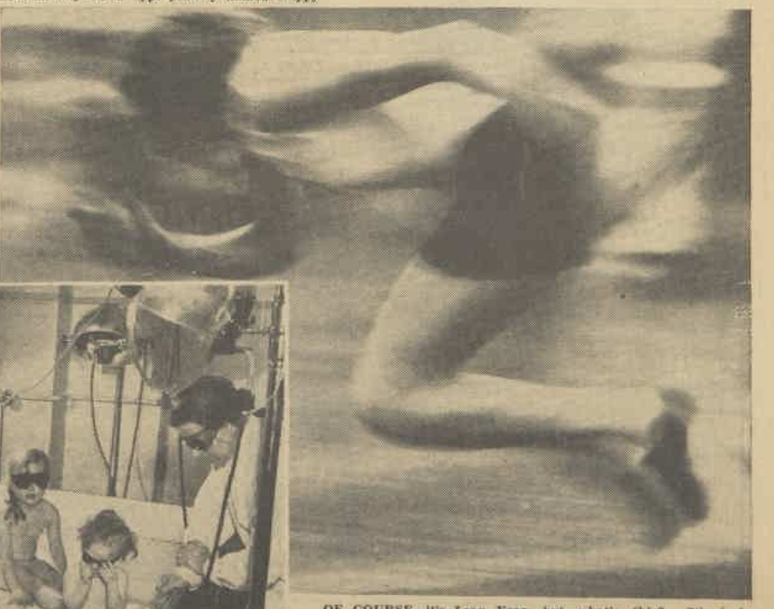
NEW WORLD LINKS UP WITH THE OLD. Norman Haire, now of Harley St., London, is England's most publicised exponent of the rejuvenation treatment. Sydney born, he passed from Fort St. to the University, graduating from there to practise, first in Newcastle, then in Sydney, and finally in London, where he specialised in what was then the most recent and sensational development of medicine—Voronoff's rejuvenation by gland injections. This is Nettleden Lodge, Herts, a property Dr. Haire acquired recently. It dates back to Henry VIII.

AUSTRALIA HAS NO parallel for Hongkong's beautifully-situated sports arena, which can simultaneously stage racing, football, cricket, tennis, golf, hockey, baseball, and bowls. This show-place is appropriately named Happy Valley, and is one of the attractions in store for the winner of the romantic China Seas holiday contest now running in The Australian Women's Weekly.

MRS. ARTHUR HOLLIS TIMLECK is after the £100,000 prize offered to the Toronto mother giving birth to the greatest number of children in ten years. She is shown with six of her sixteen children, only nine of whom can be considered in the contest. Seven were born prior to the start of the competition, which is now in its final year.

BREAKER of all State swimming records for her age, Judy Joy Davies, aged 9, of Victoria, has been swimming for only 18 months. She plays tennis, is an expert canoeist, was top of her form at Firbank, winning prizes for first in the form, first honors, first in dancing, first in tennis, drawing, and Scripture. Her marks for arithmetic were 100 per cent., and she won high marks for needlework.

THERE'S no winter-bath bogy for the modern child nowadays. In Germany, man-made apparatus makes possible a sunbath all the year round, and the group below are enjoying it, with smoked glasses to keep off the glare, if you please.



OF COURSE, it's Leap Year, but what's this? It's just Eileen Wearne, the young 1932 Olympian, doing a 20-miles-an-hour sprint past the camera at the Sydney championships, when she clocked 11 3-10 seconds for 100 yards. If you think that's easy, try it some morning.

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To the world's most pleasant aid to health

—and the most economical

In millions of homes all over the world this is how the day starts. A glass of water with a "dash" of Eno for everyone. The morning glass of Eno is certainly the best way, and the pleasantest way, too, of keeping fit that has ever been discovered. Eno suits all the family, even the children, for it contains nothing to harm their delicate systems. Yet Eno is sure in its action—gently clearing the poisons and impurities from the system. But don't be misled into thinking you can buy something "just as good." There is nothing like Eno's "Fruit Salt" to ensure internal cleanliness, for pleasant taste, and economy. Get a bottle of Eno to-day, test it, and you will certainly become a regular Eno user.

REGULAR (HANDY) SIZE COSTS ONLY **2/3** and double quantity 3/9

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The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks. As 676
Sales Agents: The British Harold F. Ritchie Co., Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.

CORNS

CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SORE TOES

VANISH LIKE MAGIC

Don't experiment! Use this safe, sure, quick treatment — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads quickly end pain; stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters and sore toes; keep you free from corns. Used with the separate Medicated Disks, included in each box, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads safely and painlessly loosen and remove the most stubborn corns and callouses.

A SAFE TREATMENT

Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pad is the world-famous remedy for corns, callouses, bunions, soft corns. It is the safe and sure way to instant relief from these painful foot troubles. No longer risk the danger which is attached to the methods so many use, such as cutting the corns or burning them with caustic liquids. The risk of blood poisoning is always too great. Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads are made in four special shapes and sizes—for corns, callouses, bunions and corns between the toes. Each packet contains Medicated Disks for loosening and eventually removing old, hard, stubborn corns and callouses, and soothing and relieving painful bunions.

Always keep a packet of these pads in the house.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

Obtainable from chemists, shoe shops, stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Depots. If you are unable to obtain a supply please write Dr. Scholl's,

Michaelis Hallenstein & Co. Pty. Ltd., 441 Lonsdale St., Melbourne, C.1.

Till Friday

A TEN-MINUTE STORY BY—
E. D. Ward

THE suburban train, every compartment filled with the usual crowd of homeward-bound business men, drew slowly away from the brightly lit platform of Central Station and passed into the gathering darkness. It was a fast train, stopping only at a few intermediate stations between Sydney and Penrith, and was therefore deservedly popular with those who could afford to live far afield.

The second-class smoker nearest the engine held the full complement of men, the majority of whom were known to each other, but the two left-hand corners of the compartment were occupied by casual travellers, apparently not city men.

One, a small, dark, shifty-looking man of middle age, made anxious inquiries as to whether the train would stop at Parramatta, and settled down only on being assured that it would.

The other, a pleasant-faced boy of about 20, appeared to be going to Penrith for a stay of some duration, to judge by the bulging suitcase on the rack above him.

After about ten minutes the shifty-looking man began to fidget, and presently asked in a general way if he might open the window nearest him.

A chorus of uninterested grunts was apparently taken to indicate consent.

Suddenly the train lurched over some points, and simultaneously the door against which he was leaning flew open. With a convulsive effort he grasped the jamb of the door and saved himself from pitching headlong out.

In a flash the young man in the opposite corner seized him round the waist, drew him back to safety, and then retrieved and closed the swinging door.

The seeker after fresh air sank back into his corner, pale and trembling, an object of interest to the now thoroughly roused occupants of the compartment.

"You saved my life!" he gasped out to his somewhat embarrassed saviour. "Another second, and I should have been through."

The young fellow blushed more than ever. "Oh, that's all right," he replied awkwardly. "You were holding on in any case."

"Not a bit of it," insisted the other. "My grip was slipping, and I should have pitched out if you had not caught hold of me."

"Oh, well," was the answer, "there was very little risk for me—we will forget all about it."

The older man shook his head. "We will do nothing of the sort," he declared impressively. "I am not the man to forget a gallant deed of that nature.

"I remain in your debt, and if ever I can be of assistance to you, you have only to let me know. My name is Bolton. Here is my card."

HE felt in his breast pocket, and a look of dismay slowly spread over his face.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "My note case! It must have been jerked out of my pocket when I nearly went through the door."

"Was there much in it?" asked the young man, apparently only too glad to change the subject.

"Only about ten pounds," replied Bolton, "but I wanted it to-night, as I have some urgent business.

"I say!" he added suddenly, leaning over confidentially. "You did not tell me your name.

"My name is Hughes. I travel on this train every week-end."

"Would it be possible," asked Bolton diffidently, "for you to lend me five pounds until next Friday? I shall be travelling down by this train again then and will make for this compartment where I can find you and repay you. I really do need the money badly, and my cheque book and cards were all in that notecase."

"It will not leave me very much for the week-end," muttered Hughes unwillingly. "I suppose I must though, as you are up against it. Here you are."

He slowly counted out five one-pound notes while Bolton poured out protestations of gratitude and good faith.

During the transaction the train pulled into a station, and Bolton shook hands warmly, renewed his promises, and vanished down the platform.

The train started again. "Have you so much money that you can afford to waste it like that?" grimly inquired a pompous-looking man at the other end of the opposite seat.

"Waste it! What do you mean?" asked Hughes in a startled tone.

The pompous man smiled in a superior way.

"That whole business was a fake. Your friend Bolton opened the door himself, and was never for a moment in any danger of falling through it—and, what is more, I do not suppose he ever had a notecase. You will travel on this train a good many times before you see him or your five pounds again."

Hughes leaned back in his corner, crushed and with tears in his eyes, but he pulled himself together with a jerk.

"I won't believe it!" he cried hotly. "I saved his life, and no man would be such a cad as to swindle under such circumstances. I'll bet you five pounds," he added defiantly, "that I get my money back next Friday evening."

"Youth has to buy experience," said the other dryly. "Since you appear to have fivers to throw away, I accept your bet."

"Oh, come now, Jackson," put in one of the other men. "Leave him alone. It's not fair to take him at his word like that. You did not mean it seriously, did you?" he asked kindly, turning to Hughes.

"Of course I did!" Hughes broke out passionately. "And, what is more, I will bet another five pounds with anyone else. I won't believe——" His voice choked on a sob.

It was to the credit of the other occupants of the compartment that only one of them, besides Jackson, took up the reckless challenge. It was finally agreed that all the interested parties should meet in the same compartment on the following Friday evening.

HUGHES was the first to arrive the following Friday. He was soon followed by one or two of the other men who had been present the previous week, and they greeted him with sympathetic grins of amusement.

Finally, Jackson, with his friend who had also taken the bet, arrived a few minutes before the train started.

"Well, young man," said Jackson jocularly, "I see no signs of your friend yet. Have you brought your money?"

"Yes," replied Hughes valiantly. "Have you?" A roar of laughter greeted his remark, and at that moment the train began to move out of the station.

"It does not matter whether I have or not," answered Jackson curtly. "I evidently shall not need it."

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Bolton tumbled into the compartment. He looked round hurriedly, before sinking into a seat, until he saw Hughes.

"By jove! old man," he cried, breathlessly. "I thought I was going to miss the train, and then you might have fancied that fiver of yours lost for good. Here it is and again ever so many thanks for the loan of it. I do not know what I should have done without it." He handed over the money and wiped his forehead.

There was a long silence, and no one knew quite what to do. Speech was impossible among the other men without revealing to Bolton the doubts that had been cast upon his character.

Bolton broke out again. "I say, Hughes, old man, we ought to get better acquainted, since you appear to be my guardian angel.

"I am staying at Parramatta this week-end. I wish you would get out with me there and have some dinner. You can easily get on to your destination by a later train."

"Thanks very much," replied Hughes, "I should like to."

Jackson could say nothing—his tongue was tied by the presence of Bolton.

Taking an envelope from his pocket, he slipped in five pounds unobtrusively, and passed the envelope across to his friend who had also taken the bet. The friend added his five pounds and passed the envelope to Hughes. Bolton was engrossed in a paper and saw nothing.

The train stopped at Parramatta, and Bolton looked up.

"Ah! Here we are," he remarked. "Come on, Hughes. We will go and get some dinner."

Hughes laughed softly as they walked together down the station approach.

Bolton smiled. "It was certainly an easily earned ten quid, and so long as I don't really fall through the door one of these evenings we ought to be able to play the trick many a time yet, provided we change our pitch often enough. Here's a decent-looking hotel. What'll you have?"

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REMARKABLE NEW GLAND TONIC

Producing Surprising Results

German Scientist gives men and women a wonderful treatment for Nerve and Brain Fag, Loss of Energy and Vitality and Premature Old Age.

Actually produced in Germany, now offered for the first time in Australia.

10 DAYS' TRIAL OFFERED OUR READERS

This great new discovery made possible by the scientific research and experiments of scientists like Professor Brown-Sequard, of Paris, and Dr. Steinach, of Vienna, with glandular extracts is one of the most wonderful that scientific research has offered the world. In fact, Dr. Gozzit, of the Paris faculty, goes further in stating that gland treatment is a source of life more powerful in effect than the interchange of blood or any other remedy now in use to fight against age, illness and its sad results.

This new Gland Tonic provides the proper nourishment for the cells and tissues of the body. The glands are stimulated with renewed life, and the failing brain and all its mental faculties are renewed. It stimulates the internal secretions, and thereby enriches the blood. A purified blood stream is the surest preventative against disease and illness. It can be taken without any inconvenience and without fear of injury, enslavement of habit, or reaction in after years. Its effect upon the system is wonderful, a marked improvement being noticed in a few days.

If any of our readers, either men or women, lack energy and vitality, if they are depressed, are unable to concentrate, or if they are suffering the effects of premature old age, they will find in this remarkable new Gland Tonic a **real rejuvenator.** It restores nerves, promotes energy and vitality, and gives new life, strength and vigor. Sufferers will be well advised to investigate this treatment, and if they will send a 2d. stamp to cover postage to the Australian agents, A. O. Baldwin & Co., 84 Pitt St., Sydney, complete information will be sent under plain sealed cover. The agents will also tell you how you can test this truly remarkable treatment in your own home for 10 days without it costing you one penny. They are anxious to make it more widely known throughout Australia, and all they ask in return from those who benefit by same is that they recommend it to their friends.

"We tried all the different kinds of food on the market and went to no end of expense, but nothing seemed to do any good until I decided to give Neave's Food a trial, which I am pleased to state was a complete success. It is the best and absolutely the cheapest food obtainable."

Extract from a mother's letter.

On sale everywhere.

Neave's Food

INSTANT WRIGHT'S RELIEF

INDIGESTION HAS BEEN THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF MANY SERIOUS ILLNESSES.

DON'T gamble with even the slightest attack of Indigestion, take Wright's Instant Relief and be rid of the pain within five minutes.

Wright's Instant Relief cannot be equalled for Constipation, Ferment in the Stomach, Sparks, Heartburn, &c.

Price, 2/; or by post 2/6 direct

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores. If any difficulty in obtaining write to

TWENTIETH CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO. PTY. LTD.,
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MOSQUITOES *Inject poison*

● While you sleep, tormenting mosquitoes inject poison into the blood stream. Protect yourself—Kill them and all other insects with genuine Fly-Tox. No other is as effective.

FLY-TOX

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by . . . . .
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Mind, you can only talk to your wife for five minutes."
"By jove, sister, you are a sport!"

WEDDING GUEST: Isn't this your fourth daughter getting married?
SCOTS FATHER: Aye—and our rice is getting a wee bit dirty.

"You want three lawn-mowers, sir. You must have a big estate."
"No, not very. You see, I've two neighbors."

SINGER: Do you think I could use my voice in public?
TUTOR: You might cheer when the Governor passes.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TEACHER: Teddy, are you sure your Daddy didn't do these sums?
Teddy: Oh, yes, sir. Dad did have a go, but got them wrong, so Grandpa had to do them.

STUDENT: This is my first case. This child has been eating candle-ends.
Doctor: What have you done?
Student: Recommended a change of diet.

POLICEMAN: Do you think you could identify him?
Victim: Yes. By his nose.
Policeman: By his nose? What do you mean, man?
Victim: Well, he could smoke a cigarette in the rain.

RECRUITING-SERGEANT (to weedy-looking specimen who wishes to join the army): Sorry, but you don't look the type that could do much fighting.
Recruit: What do you mean, fighting? What's the League of Nations for?

"GOING out to-night, Johnny?"
"No, I'm going to help Dad with my homework."

FIREMAN: Jump into the blanket.
Man: No, you might drop it. Put it on the ground first.

SHE asked the minister if he would offer a prayer for her floating kidney.
"It might sound odd," protested the reverend gentleman.
"Well," returned she, "You prayed last Sunday for loose-livers."

DO YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET?
—If So, You Need
Zam-Buk

IF you want to get through your daily work in comfort and enjoy your recreation to the full, you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, painful feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. Do this every night before retiring and you will be surprised at the immediate relief. As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is readily absorbed into the skin

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns and bunions are softened, and joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Zam-Buk also keeps the tissues sound, the muscle pads flexible, and is soothing to the nerves. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 1/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

"My feet became sore, tender, and painful, and were soon tired. Applying Zam-Buk after soaking them with Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap brought great comfort and made my feet fine and healthy."
Mrs. D. Hughes.

"I was troubled with hard skin, bunions, and a corn which I had to have cutting. Applying Zam-Buk every night cured these troubles, and my feet are again quite sound." *Mr. T. Evans.*

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged.

We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 378 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Horderns.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist
Hotel Australia Building, Martin Place,
(5 Doors from Commonwealth Bank)

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist
378 PITT STREET
(Opp. Anthony Horderns)

And at NEWCASTLE

The
RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

• Fixed deposits accepted at the following rates:

1 per cent per annum for 3 months
1½ " " " " 6 "
2½ " " " " 12 "
2¾ " " " " 24 "

Interest paid half yearly

THE TIME LOCK

Continued from Page 6

"I KNOW—I understand," said the young attorney, taking the next step tactfully. "But is there anything, any hook, any weakness of your father's record in the bank, which Jones can use in confirming or establishing charges? You will excuse me. But I must know this. You must tell me freely as your attorney."

The client gazed back at him with her usual steadiness. "He can' say plenty. That's the trouble. He can say my father drinks at times. That he has speculated, and lost money. His personal money; not the bank's. And once in 1929 he overdrew his personal account a thousand dollars or so—for about a day—covering a call for more margin from his broker."

"But that is all; the worst that can be said about your father?"

"Absolutely yes. Except that since that time he has personally been desperately poor and extended to keep going at all. And frightfully worried all the time for fear of what Jones may do to him."

"Framing him, with all the cards stacked exactly right."

"Yes. Exactly. Yes."

"And knowing that Jones' personal affairs will force him to do what he's going to do."

"Yes. Exactly. Now what should I do?"

SILENCE fell upon the dark furniture of the waiting-room; the still-faced likenesses of Lincoln and Seward gazed far away, while young Mr. Pettibone worked carefully at the pad upon his desk; looked up at last, starting to give his first personal client his first advice.

"You are aware, of course, that your statement of facts is a very unusual one?"

"You do not doubt it then?" she came back quickly.

"I do not. No," said young Mr. Pettibone, looking up more slowly, but with a glance not less direct than hers. "But it is only fair, on the other hand, that I should ask you and your father to show us, and after us the world, his good faith and honesty in this matter. Are you willing to do this?"

"I am."

"Then there is simply one thing to do."

"What is that?"

"Your father—and yourself—must rob the bank of every security there. Before Jones does."

She was on her feet now, tense.

"If he does not do this—to prove his case, to have an actual showdown with Jones, before the stockholders or ourselves, if he does not show his good faith, by robbing and demonstrating what is in the bank, we shall not feel that we can take the case."

"But he will do it. He will rob the bank," she cried impulsively.

"I am glad of that," he said, rising.

"But what shall we do," she asked, puzzled, "after that; after we have robbed the bank?"

HE gazed at her with his usual calm. He placed his hand upon her shoulder. "My dear Miss Newell," he said. "Frankly, it is your next move. We should not fancy—as counsel for the stockholders—to be your counsel also—if you are guilty. But the moment your father shows his honesty by robbing the safe and demonstrating the actual condition of its contents; why, then, we can undertake his case gladly."

"But what—after we have done this?"—she began, stammering.

"Yes?"

"What shall we do then?"

He pressed his hand upon her shoulder in a calm, professional manner.

"Simply trust your attorney to protect all interests—in a rather complicated case. Simply rob the bank, taking your first step. Trusting your attorney to notify you of the second in due time. Is that clear?"

"But I do not see yet."

"You will."

"Very well. I will."

"Good. Then hurry. Lose no time. Get there first."

He pressed his hand upon her shoulder once again. Saw her to the door. "Don't worry. It's going to be all right. Simply trust your attorney."

Going back, he gave more attention to his artistic pencil work. He had taken a chance, yes—upon an utter stranger's looks. And yet he was not sorry or alarmed. The prize was great; perhaps a double prize—well worth gambling for. Of all women that he had known to date, in none had he felt more confidence, more charm, more certainty in his personal judgment than in this first client. Looking down, he saw the new motif appear from his subconscious in his pencil work. Side by side with the primitive unconscious duck of childhood appeared the Spencerian freeman's dove. Far back in childhood his father had taught it to him, having learned it himself in a single term in business college. It had been a prized accomplishment of childhood writing notes; in his correspondence with the gentler sex in grammar school. Surviving still, as early habits will, in the subconscious.

HE roused himself, having finished the outline of his first case, stretched out his hand, making his first move, the arrangement for the proper supervision of his bank robbery. If Punderford and Maddox had handled the case themselves, their course of action would, without doubt, have been different. He saw that clearly. But then they would not have approached it from so many angles. So many hopes.

"Give me Malcolm 701." After a time he got his mail.

"Listen, boy. Stop arguing. And get on your clothes. And come running. Each minute over ten you take getting here may cost you 5000dol. per."

Once more alone on the deserted main street Miss Anne Newell, turned on the switch, pushed down the grinding starter, startled the echoes from the brick-walled silence with the explosion of the noisy motor of the old-style family car. Herself more or less uneasy.

Robbing the largest bank in town of everything it contained, for the benefit of its stockholders, had seemed unusual even when advised by the lawyer for the stockholders in the dark, serious office with its old, conservative, steel engravings. Now out here in the dark alone it seemed really radical. Did this young attorney, this young-appearing partner in Punderford and Maddox know exactly the law in the case? He was very young. Yet he seemed smart, well-dressed, positive. Everything you would expect a lawyer to be. And he had nice eyes. She adjusted her hat and drove on.

The weather, bad enough before her trip to his office, had changed; and not at all for the better. It had rained again quite heavily. Low, darkish clouds like tangled, matted hair passed threateningly across lighter openings in the higher clouds. The patent-leather pavements looked shinier and more sinister. She caught, with a sudden, unaccustomed jumping at the throat, the added gleam of the rubber-coated policeman; the one guardian of the law upon his lonely beat.

"But we'll do it. We'll do just what he said," she told the darkness, turning now from Main into Prince Street from damp, glistening blocks, to dark, shiny, maple trees.

"It will be all right. All right. Father will understand," she told herself again—turning the corner into Elm Street—and went into a skid on her smooth, old tyres which landed her practically at her front walk.

The house was still dark; she stole into it.

"Father!"

"Yes."

So far, so good; he was there, waiting in the dark.

"What did he say about it, Anne?" His voice was just a little thick.

She told him, in the dark, a grey figure still and slouched in his chair.

"That's what he said, eh?"

"Yes. Is it all right?"

"Sure. I've been waiting for twenty-five years for a show-down with that old devil, Jones."

THAT was all she could get out of him. Whether it was judgment or hate behind the decision to go, she did not know. He had been drinking, too, since she left, but how much she could not tell.

"Come on. Let's go."

They started back, she driving, he sitting behind, silent, with his two suitcases for the papers. It was already ten o'clock. Now that they were going through with it the one thing was to get there to the bank before Jones.

She drove down the slippery streets as fast as possible on her slippery tyres; slowed down carefully opposite the alley behind the bank.

"Everything all clear?"

She looked around. "Yes."

Her father moved quickly, with his two suitcases back into the darkness of the alley and back door of the bank. She closed the car door softly and sat there watching, waiting.

Please turn to Page 32

BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks . . .

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, she'd guard against ugly Cosmetic Skin.

LIKE Jane, many another girl takes chances with her beauty. She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she leaves stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them. Soon she discovers the distressing signals of ugly Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care.

When you use this method you protect your skin—keep it beautiful. Begin to-day!

KAY FRANCIS

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS 'THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER'

4.200.11

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

GIFT OF PRAISE

IT is a somewhat regrettable fact that sincere praise is more often regarded as a means of gratifying and encouraging the fortunate recipient than conferring any benefit on the donor.

An all-round self-culture is universally urged on all who would possess a healthy, happy temperament. Would it not materially assist us in the attainment of that ideal if we could effect the wider cultivation of approbation of the things that are worthy of our honest praise?

Besides giving honor where honor is due, our eagerness to experience a thrill of real pleasure in the creditable performances of those whose superior accomplishments we normally resent would operate in our minds like a fresh breeze circulating through a stuffy, germ-laden room.

It would produce in our lives an utterly unselfish joy, and would sweeten our relationships with one another.

£1 for this letter to Mr. F. Timberlake, Caltowie, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

LOSING ONE'S HEAD

WE often hear it said that a person "lost his head" and said things he did not mean. Is it not the reverse which occurs?

So long as we are even-tempered and keep our heads we try not to hurt people's feelings, but immediately we lose our tempers we cease to cover up our thoughts, and say what we really think.

Isn't this so?

Mrs. F. R. Drake, Pyrmont, D'Alton St., Stawell, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

TOO MANY POCKETS

MEN have more pockets in their suits than are necessary. I have repeatedly seen a man look through about 12 pockets to find a little thing such as cigarette papers. You see them fishing through their coats, waistcoats, pullovers, and trousers, whereas if they had only one or two pockets they would save a lot of confusion, especially when they are looking for a railway ticket.

They must be fond of hide and seek, as they very seldom put the same thing back in the same pocket, and thus the next time it is required the search begins again. Have any other readers noticed this peculiarity in men?

S. A. Bragg, 18 Botany St., Carlton, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

BOYS SHOULD BOARD

I HAVE always been in favor of boarding-school for my boy, but there are many who condemn my attitude, because they consider parents lacking in affection who do not keep their children always strictly under their own observation.

I contend, however, that the wholesome influence of a good school, where a boy may feel he is more or less an independent citizen and yet at the same time be subjected to discipline, is the best background for a boy who will later have to take up exactly that position in a big world. Here his battles with life must be fought on neutral ground, unbiased by parental favoritism or opinion.

And there is always such a reverence for the school spirit and good sportsmanship in a good school that it becomes part of a boy's existence. How much greater therefore is a boy's punishment when it comes from the scorn of his schoolfellows. After all, is it not every parent's duty to teach their children that one day they must stand alone?

Mrs. C. Adkin, 106 Powell St., Grafton, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

DAYLIGHT-SAVING

WHY is it that Australians don't take up the daylight-saving idea? It would not affect country people perhaps, but it should benefit city and suburban residents. Certainly there is nothing to prevent one from rising an hour earlier, but who thinks to go to bed early to make up for it? That extra hour's daylight would be a boon to most of us, I believe.

Mrs. A. Maskell, sen., Murray St., Wilston, Brisbane.

Here are Readers' Best Loved Screen Stars!

RE Miss M. C. Floyd's letter (28/12/'35), asking for film favorites:

I preferred Will Rogers to any other actor on the screen, and thought it very sad when he was killed, as he brightened up many people with his ever-ready joke and smile. He was always witty and clever in his pictures. I liked nothing better than to see him acting with Janet Gaynor, who is sweet and girlish. Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler are very good together.

Mrs. M. E. Anderson, Ingham, N.Q.

Stars and Their Pictures

THE following stars are my favorites. I give the pictures I liked them in best: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the Bishop, in "Les Miserables"; Leslie Howard, in "Smilin' Thru," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; Charles Laughton, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and "Les Miserables"; Greta Garbo in "Romance," and "Queen Christina"; Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Thru" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

I would like to say before I close that no film star has impressed me so much as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in "Les Miserables."

Ailsa Dunn, 61 Viola St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

A Wonderful Woman

MISS FLOYD (28/12/'35), has certainly chosen some very fine actors and actresses for her favorites.

To the actors I add Warner Baxter and Clive Brook as my favorites, but no other actress appeals to me more than beautiful Irene Dunne. Gifted with beauty, talent, and a glorious singing voice, Miss Dunne will certainly provide a good night's entertainment, and you'll never forget the picture you have seen.

Who could ever forget Irene in "Back Street," "Ann Vickers," "The Age of Innocence," and finally "Roberta." Hats off to Miss Irene Dunne, who is so very lovely to look at.

V. Briggs, 11 Bates St., East Malvern, SE5, Vic.

Admires Good Acting

MISS FLOYD is asking for our film favorites. While not in any way a film enthusiast, I always make a point of seeing any of George Arliss's pictures. He is, to my mind, the screen's greatest actor, as he has nothing in the way of looks or physique to commend him, and yet by his sheer acting ability he can hold his audiences spellbound.

Next in line is the late Will Rogers. He, too, was a splendid actor, and the finest humorist the screen ever saw. He was so droll and subtle in his humor, and his death was a severe loss to the talkie world.

I have three actresses whom I like—Kay Francis first, and then Ann Harding and Norma Shearer.

Mrs. W. R. Spence, Hazel Glen, Scott St., Sandgate, Qld.

British Fan

IF I were asked to choose my favorite film actors and actresses, I would chose (and not just through loyalty), eight players from the British studios.

For comedy, give me Jack and Claude Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge and Gracie Fields. None can surpass these as laughter-makers.

For drama you can find none better than Leslie Banks and Conrad Veidt, and for sheer power and beauty of acting, George Arliss, of course, is unsurpassable. I include also in my list Charles Laughton, that amazingly versatile screen personality, without whom no list of celebrities would be complete.

I. Donald, 45 Tunstall Av., South Kensington, Sydney, N.S.W.

TALK LESS... LISTEN MORE!

MISUNDERSTANDINGS would seldom arise if people would only listen. It is the half-truths, the things that we don't trouble to hear correctly that cause a lot of unpleasantness in our lives.

A good listener, too, is always the most popular. If we just listen while others go rambling on, we will never have that feeling (which is decidedly unpleasant) of having said too much. Do readers agree with me?

Miss Kath Dudfield, 195 Cowper Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

Starting a Hatless Vogue for Women

I DON'T at all agree with Miss M. Read (28/12/'35), who says women ought not to wear hats. Some women look stunning in bewitching hats, and quite ordinary without them. A woman without a hat is like a picture without a frame.

And, as for no hats on the modern coiffures, surely the little cheeky hats are simply made for them! They show up waves and curls. The nicest dressed hair, without some form of ornament looks unfinished to me.

Besides helping trade, and saving our eyesight, there is nothing like a becoming hat for keeping us in good humor. I say "Hats on forever!"

Miss D. M. Wright, Glenbrook, Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

HAS ANYONE A CURE FOR THE BLUES?

WHAT does one do for that inexplicable feeling called "the blues" which attacks most people every so often?

I have tried reading, walking, thinking, writing, cooking and crying without obtaining any relief. The best cure in my experience is to have a good row with the nearest person, but one feels so uncomfortable on becoming normal again that it is not at all satisfactory. Perhaps some reader could help me!

Miss Erin McGahan, Emu Vale, Killarney Line, Qld.

Too Smart to Leave Off

MISS READ wants to know why women do not take kindly to the idea of going hatless (28/12/'35).

Well, no doubt there are many reasons, but the principal one is that the chapeau is an essential part of a woman's costume—the finishing touch to a smart turn-out—which no daughter of Eve would willingly waive.

A chic hat can make an inexpensive frock look 100 per cent. dearer, and simply by changing hats an entirely fresh appearance can be created. Then again it is so easy to alter a hat. A puff here and there, a touch of ribbon, a new ornament, and, hey presto! a completely new hat and a new personality are evolved.

And when did a woman ever consider whether a thing was sensible or hygienic if it suited her to wear it?

Mrs. Frew, 80 Addison Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

Bad for the Eyes

I DO not agree with Miss M. Read. Has she never observed the stern and puckered brow that both sexes adopt when out of doors, with no shield for the eyes? Then in very little time comes the corrugated forehead, and wrinkles under the eyes, which become permanent, and which no amount of creams can erase. The strain must also harm the eyes, and may eventually lead to wearing glasses. 'Tis better to protect the face out of doors, and have a smooth, lineless face, and well-groomed hair.

Mrs. Green, 10 St. George's Terrace, Hobart, Tas.

She Goes About Hatless

I QUITE agree with Miss M. Read (28/12/'35) re girls and women going about hatless. I have gone hatless to both business and pleasure for the past three years, and have found it most comfortable and pleasing.

I can never understand other girls not doing the same. I am sure they would find it a pleasure, after a hot and depressing day at the shop or office, to be free from foolish hats. Men go hatless, and look well-dressed, so why not women?

Miss S. Wagner, 47 Henrietta St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Wedding Ceremony is Best in the Evening

WHILE Mrs. A. Wathen is evidently conversant with daytime weddings in England (28/12/'35), I do not think she can have attended an evening wedding in Australia.

I think the greatest factor in favor of our evening weddings is that our business friends and relations may be present.

A wedding arranged for 6 or 7 p.m. allows time for business guests to arrive at the church, and also allows ample time for the wedding gown to be duly seen and admired at the reception.

Marjorie Jones, c/o Livingstone, Lower Portland, via Windsor, N.S.W.

Not Long-drawn-out!

I DO not agree with Mrs. A. Wathen (28/12/'35) that weddings should be long-drawn-out affairs. Such weddings are quite out of date, and are also unsuitable these days because friends and relatives cannot always get a whole day off from work to attend a wedding. Besides, I think most people would rather be at work than attend a wedding which would last a whole day.

Miss M. Jones, Winchester St., Hamilton, Brisbane.

One Late Wedding

RE Mrs. A. Wathen's letter re daytime marriages. I was married at 4.30. Then followed the visit to the photographer, which always extends over a period of at least an hour, then back to the reception hall for the breakfast, speeches, dancing, etc., which lasted (for us) till about 10 p.m. What better opportunity of showing off your "wedding finery" than that time between 4.30 and 10? Surely ample! Then the thrill of being whisked away late to some pleasure resort so that everyone else is already there, and there is no everyday bustle to shatter illusion.

Mrs. L. Goodsir, Debonair, 34 Cornwall Street, West Moreland N12, Melbourne.

Haven't the Time

IT is not easy to have a whole day away from household duties, especially when there is no maid with whom to leave the children.

Most business men, too, cannot spare too long away, and cannot give up a whole day for a wedding.

The "5 o'clock or after" wedding seems to please everybody, and then the men (most indispensable on these occasions!) are free to leave their daily toil.

Mrs. Roy Duncan, 234 Albert Road, Albert Park SC5, Vic.

TACTLESS REMARKS

HOW many people are tactful when greeting a friend who has been ill? They invariably say, "How thin you have got!" or some such similar remark. Surely a little thought would make them realise that this sort of thing is very worrying to the convalescent, and has a tendency to make them feel despondent. I have a friend recovering from a nervous breakdown, and she has often complained to me about these tactless remarks. She now dreads meeting people, as a discouraging word immediately worries her.

Even if you think the reverse, isn't it just as easy to say, "You are looking much better," or something similar?

Miss H. Bolle, 87 Lewis St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

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GIVE HER A CHANCE

FATHERS and mothers, rich or poor, if you have daughters, let them each and all have some one thing that they can concentrate their energies upon, and perfect themselves in so that they may fall back upon it in time of need.

Every girl has some special bent, if not talent. Find it out in each of your girls, cultivate it as far as you can so that she has it at her finger-ends. She may never need it, so much the better for her. But she will be richer for the knowledge that she is an independent being who can support herself if necessary.

Mrs. M. Barnard, 258 Prospect Rd., Prospect, S.A.

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SHOW AFFECTION MORE

IT is not always a good thing to be calm and self-controlled. There are many occasions in life when a little spontaneous affection will work miracles. Many people never trouble to meet guests or to speed them on their way when they leave. I think there is nothing so depressing as arriving somewhere or departing for somewhere without someone to wave a welcome or a farewell.

I know that these little attentions and signs of affection are sometimes inconvenient, but it is so very well worth while to strain a point to leave a happy impression on one's friends. Most of us, unless we are strange beings, love a little demonstration of affection. I believe that because it is sometimes lacking in one's home trouble starts, and, if it is not given by those who belong, unconsciously it is looked for elsewhere.

Mrs. H. A. Beasley, Upper Melbourne St., Launceston, Tas.

THIS SIMPLE HINT gave me NEW HEALTH

"Constipation was undermining my health. Harsh laxatives gave me relief—but it was only temporary. In a day or two headaches, a coated tongue, and a depressing constant tiredness would tell me that constipation was at work again. What a difference since I was told about Figsen. Almost at once normal bowel action was restored. Constipation disappeared."

There are times with everybody, when nature needs firm but gentle assistance in clearing out "waste matter". When bowel action lags and constipation clogs the system and poisons the blood. These are times when you need Figsen. Figsen is used in preference to other laxatives, because it does its work so gently and naturally. It is a wholesome combination of safe natural laxatives. That is the reason why Figsen works so easily. It clears up a blotchy skin. Figsen corrects indigestion and biliousness, because it removes their cause — constipation. Pleasant to take, good for children and adults. *Sold by all chemists.*

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MORE

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE FOR YOUR MONEY

in new larger tubes at no increase in price!

In 67 different countries over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year people have gladly bought Pepsodent rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh gritty tooth paste. What more convincing evidence could there be that Pepsodent really does REMOVE FILM SAFELY?

And now a way has been found to give you new economy with the old proved effectiveness. New processes have cut costs. The new large size Pepsodent tube contains 10% more toothpaste than formerly. It sells for the same prices yet the formula is identically the same. In every way Pepsodent is the same scientific product that has won world-wide fame as the special film-removing toothpaste. Take advantage of this new saving now.

Photographs show comparative size of Old and New large size tubes

Have you ever really tried a true film-removing tooth paste?

Film is that sticky, gummy coating that forms on everyone's teeth. It harbors stains from food and smoking . . . makes teeth look dull, yellow. Worse still, it contains the germs usually associated with tooth decay.

For beauty and health, you must remove film. Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste because of the safe, effective way it works. Pepsodent results are due to an exclusive cleansing and polishing agent.

In scientific tests, Pepsodent has been found the least abrasive of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Therefore, you can be sure it is not only effective but *safe*. No grit—nothing that can harm the enamel. Use Pepsodent regularly twice a day. And be sure to see your dentist at least twice a year.

PEPSODENT

THE SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE—**NOW IN LARGER TUBES**

The REBUS

Continued from Page 5

"I CAN'T guess how you know, but that is the name. Although we weren't particularly happy," she went on, "my husband's death was a terrible shock. But almost as great was his will. In this he left one half of his fortune to Lethersohn, the other half to me at the expiration of five years from his death, provided that I carried out the conditions of the will. I was not to marry during that period, I was to live at a house in Harlow and never to leave the Harlow district. Mr. Lethersohn was given absolute power as sole executor to dispose of property for my benefit. I have lived in Harlow until this morning."

"Mr. Lethersohn is, of course, married?" said Leon, his bright eyes fixed on the lady.

"Yes—you know him?"

Leon shook his head.

"I only know that he is married and very much in love with his wife."

She was astounded at this.

"You must know him. Yes, he married just before Mark was killed. A very beautiful Hungarian girl—he is half Hungarian, and I believe he adores her. I heard that she was very extravagant—I only saw her once."

"What has happened at Harlow?" It was the silent, watchful Poiccart who asked the question.

He saw the woman's lips tremble.

"It has been a nightmare," she said with a break in her voice. "The house was a beautiful little place—miles from Harlow really, and off the main road. There I have been for two years practically a prisoner. My letters have been opened, I have been locked in my room every night by one of the two women Mr. Lethersohn sent to look after me, and men have been patrolling the grounds day and night."

"The suggestion is that you are not quite right in your head?" asked Manfred.

She looked startled at this.

"You don't think so?" she asked quickly, and, when he shook his head: "Thank God for that! Yes, that was the story they told. I wasn't supposed to see newspapers, though I had all the books I wanted. One day I found a scrap of paper with the account of a bank fraud which you gentlemen had detected, and there was a brief account of your past. I treasured that because it had your address in the paragraph. To escape seemed impossible—I had no money, it was impossible to leave the grounds. But they had a woman come to do the rough work twice a week. I think she came from the village. I managed to enlist her sympathy, and yesterday she brought me these clothes. Early this morning I changed, dropped out of my bedroom window and passed the guard. Now I come to my real mystery."

SHE put her hand into the pocket of her wet coat and took out a small package. This she unwrapped.

"My husband was taken to the cottage hospital after his accident; he died early the next morning. He must have recovered consciousness unknown to the nurses, for the top of the sheet was covered with little drawings that he had made with an indelible pencil attached to his temperature chart hanging above his head—he must have reached up for it and broken it off."

She spread out the square of soiled linen on the table.

"Poor Mark was very fond of drawing—the figures that children and idle people who have no real knowledge of art love to scribble."

"How did you get this?" asked Leon, his eyes blazing.

"The matron cut it off for me."

Manfred frowned.

"The sort of things a man might draw in his delirium," he said.

"On the contrary," said Leon coolly, "it is as clear as daylight to me. Where were you married?"

"At the Westminster Registry Office."

Leon nodded.

"Take your mind back: was there anything remarkable about the marriage—did your husband have a private interview with the registrar?"

She opened her big blue eyes at this.

"Yes—Mr. Lethersohn and my husband interviewed him in his private office."

Leon chuckled, but was serious again instantly.

"One more question. Who drew up the will? A lawyer?"

She shook her head.

"My husband—it was written in his own hand from start to finish. He wrote rather a nice hand, very easily distinguishable from any other."

"Were there any other conditions imposed upon you in your husband's will?"

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What Women Are Doing

Labor Conference

UNLESS Miss May Holman, M.L.A., is among the W.A. representatives, there will be no women delegates to the Australian Labor Party's triennial interstate conference to be held in Melbourne at the end of this month.

Only six women have had the honor of attending this conference—Miss Jean Daly (Vic.), Mrs. Seery (N.S.W.), the late Mrs. Emma Miller (Qld.), Miss Lilian Locke (Tas.), Miss Holman (W.A.), and Mrs. Kate Dwyer (N.S.W.).

Out of the six, Mrs. Dwyer and Miss Daly were the only two who represented their State more than once, both having attended three conferences.

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A Traveller Through The African Jungle

WHAT an interesting life Mrs. Cherry Kearton has had, and is still having. Her husband is the famous Yorkshire photographer and explorer, and they are paying a visit to Australia in connection with the releasing of the film, "The Big Game of Life."

Mrs. Kearton has been more than 100,000 miles through African jungles and crocodile-infested rivers accompanying her husband and a few native boys in search of material for various films. Before her marriage Mrs. Kearton was Ada Forrest, the well-known South African singer. Since 1921 she has devoted her life to her husband and his work.

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Woman Veterinary Officer At Animal Hospital

MISS ANN FLASHMAN, of Sydney, has reached Melbourne to take the position of veterinary officer at the Dogs' Home and Animal Hospital, North Melbourne, where cats, dogs, horses, and even birds are treated, making a total of 717 cases each month.

A daughter of the late Dr. J. P. Flashman, who was honorary lecturer in neurology at Sydney University and Government Pathologist before he went to the war, Miss Flashman was the first woman to take the veterinary science course at Sydney University, where she took her Bachelor of Veterinary Science degree.

Miss Flashman was captain of the 2nd Randwick Girl Guides for five years, and will join the association in Victoria. She played hockey for Sydney University and played in inter-varsity matches in Melbourne last year.

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Youngest Polo Player

VICTORIA'S youngest polo player, Miss Helen Bright, distinguished herself by hitting the three goals scored by her team, the Busy Bees, against Old Toorak Collegians at Ranelagh last week.

Miss Helen Bright —Broadbourn photo.

Aged only 14, Helen has literally sat on the gate post at polo matches and awaited her chance. She has been trained by her sister, Mary, who is an experienced player, and was a member of the Victorian women's polo team that played against South Australia.

Though she has been suggested as a possible member of the Victorian team to play S.A. this year, she will probably not be available as she is sitting for her intermediate examinations.

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May Open Studio In Sydney

HAVING just gained her degree for the teaching of dancing, Miss Peggy Hutchinson, A.I.S.T.D., has arrived in Australia from England with her father and two sisters, and the family will make their home in Sydney.

Miss Hutchinson is eager to open a studio for the teaching of dancing in the N.S.W. capital. The experience in teaching that she has had is an excellent qualification to start off her Australian career, as, when she had finished her course, she continued at the Josephine Bradley School of Dancing as an instructor—a privileged post. She also learned Greek movements at the Ripman School in London, and included limbering tap and ballet varieties on her programme in England, where she has been studying for 12 months.

Reversed the Order

ART students often go from Australia to England to study, but Miss Rosalind Carter, of Hampton Court, London, an art student, has reversed the order of things.

She has come out here to study our wild flowers, because she believes they will help her in oil-painting on glass, in which she intends to specialise when she returns to England. This is a new French craze, and Miss Carter hopes to take back some original wild-flower designs with her.

She is a daughter of Mr. A. R. C. Carter, editor of "The Year's Art," and is accompanied by her aunt, Miss M. M. Carter.

Needs Good Stock Of Scotch Names

MISS BETTY DEAN, of Adelaide, has an interesting and certainly strenuous occupation, as she keeps and breeds dogs. Miss Dean started with sealyhams while in Melbourne, and is now specialising in the breeding of Scottish terriers.

Preparation for the showring, with at least two months of special grooming, and the problem of finding new Scotch names for her dogs, are two of her interesting jobs apart from the routine of dog-keeping.

* * *

"Interested and Interesting Companion"

VICTORIA'S new knight, the internationally-famous surgeon, Sir Hugh Devine, has a delightful compliment to pay his wife.

Lady Devine —Dicksaam-Monteath

He says quite simply: "Everywhere I have been my wife has been my interested and interesting companion."

Lady Devine has devoted so much time to looking after her busy husband that she has few hobbies of her own. One of them is her beautiful garden at their seaside home at Flinders. During the annual meeting of the B.M.A., held for the first time in Australia in Melbourne recently, she was a member of the women's committee which organised social functions during the meeting.

"Charming to look at, and charming to meet" is how the wives of other doctors describe Lady Devine. She is the mother of three children. One of her daughters, Mary, is doing the Arts course at Melbourne University, and her son is doing Medicine.

N.Z. Actress Seeks Fame in Sydney

WHEN Miss Rose McCarthy left England to seek her fortune on the Australian stage and screen a few weeks ago, various theatrical managers and film people assured her that there were far more opportunities here than anywhere else in the world, and that there was likely to be a big boost in our films.

Miss Rose McCarthy

Miss McCarthy (in private life Miss Muriel Hutchinson) won a scholarship from Christchurch, N.Z., five years ago to study elocution and dramatic art abroad, and she studied for the theatre at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London, and with her aunt, Lady Keeble, who was known on the stage as Lilah McCarthy. Miss Rose McCarthy has acted for stage and screen in England, and thinks she was the first woman to do synchronising for interest films in England.

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Member of Crew On a World Tour

SOME months ago Eileen Morris, of Napier, New Zealand, left Auckland as a member of the crew of the 32-foot ketch, Te Rapunga, on a world cruise. When friends recently saw her at Rarotonga she was in very good spirits, and greatly enjoying herself. Although she did not disclose the future plans of the crew, she stated that it was their intention to leave Rarotonga shortly on the 600-mile voyage to Tahiti.

Captain George Dibbern, Mr. Roy Murdoch, of Gisborne, and Mr. Maurice Black, of Gisborne, are on the ketch.

Miss Morris is 21 years old.

N.Z. Woman Doctor Spoke at Geneva

AN interesting traveller who recently passed through several Australian ports on her return to New Zealand was Dr. Ada G. Paterson, director of Division Hygiene for N.Z.

She arrived in England on business and pleasure bent during Jubilee Week, and from there was sent by the New Zealand Government as a delegate to the International Labor Conference at Geneva in June to second the resolution proposed by Sir Frederick Stewart asking that the Health Section of the League of Nations should investigate the influence of agricultural food products upon nutrition, the necessity for the distribution and increased consumption of agricultural foodstuffs being pointed out. While in Geneva, Dr Paterson also inspected some of the sunlight health camps, which she said were doing very good work, and patients were responding to the sunlight treatment.

Various branches of child welfare also interested her, and in conjunction with Ministers of Health and the London County Council she visited many depressed areas, the care of deaf children, those with defective hearing and vision, physically defective, or in other ways abnormal, taking most of her attention.

She said that very complete organisation exists for the feeding of necessitous children, including milk rations and school dinners. A great deal is being done for the physically or psychologically abnormal child in England to-day, and a marked improvement was noticed in the care taken of them since Dr. Paterson's previous visit 13 years ago.

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Principal of Homecraft Hostel

MRS. MAY WEATHERLY is paying a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Garnsey, St. Paul's College, Sydney University. Mrs. Weatherly is a graduate of the University of Tasmania, and has had a great deal of teaching experience in secondary schools.

Mrs. Weatherly

It was when she was headmistress of the Church of England Grammar School at Armidale that she married, Mrs. Weatherly was later appointed principal of the Invergowrie Homecraft Hostel, Victoria, the first of its kind in Australia, which position she still holds.

Mrs. Weatherly is interested in the hostel to be opened at Kirribilli in February, which is being modelled on similar lines to the Melbourne establishment. The principal of the Sydney venture will be Mrs. Stenhouse, N.Z.

N.Z. Governor's Wife Climbs Mount Egmont

"I'LL climb the highest mountain," said Lady Galway, wife of the Governor of New Zealand, recently, when, undeterred by a strong westerly wind and continuous mist, she made a successful climb of Mount Egmont, earning for herself the honor of being the only "first lady of the land" to reach the summit.

Accompanied by Captain Heber Percy and Mr. Brian Murphy, Lady Galway set out from the hostel at 9.30 a.m., and with the party roped for the stiff climb up the Zig-Zag, reached Syme Hut at 12.30. Although heavy clouds had wreathed the main peak, Lady Galway was insistent that she should make the climb. Setting off at 1.30 the party reached the top at 3 p.m. Tea was taken and the return trip commenced at 3.30, the hostel being reached at 5.30.

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To Chaperon Women's Swimming Team

THE Victorian Ladies' Amateur Swimming League team, which leaves for Adelaide and Perth on January 26, and will not return to Melbourne till February 22, will have Mrs. E. Saunders as chaperon, or as the league now prefers to call her, "Lady in charge."

Funds would not permit the inclusion of a chaperon in the party, but Mrs. Saunders will be visiting South Australia and West Australia just then, and has undertaken to look after the women's team of two, Madge Nixon, Australian back-stroke champion, and Irene Donet, Victorian diving champion.

Mrs. Saunders, who was one of the selectors, has been actively interested in women's swimming in Victoria for 30 years, and is one of the vice-presidents of the Victorian Ladies' Amateur Swimming League.

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To Broadcast Grand Opera

MISS GLADYS VERONA will be heard for the first time during the present series of Grand Opera broadcasts by the Australian Broadcasting Commission in "The Barber of Seville" on January 21.

Miss Gladys Verona —Lupton photo.

Miss Verona is a fine coloratura soprano, and trained at the Sydney Conservatorium before going abroad. Her debut was made with the Carl Rosa Company at Covent Garden as Antonia in "Tales of Hoffman." She also doubled the roles of Antonia and the Doll in the same opera, and sang leading roles in "La Traviata," "Mignon," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," and the "Marriage of Figaro."

Since her return to Australia she has become well known for her operatic excerpts over the air. Her costume recitals are unusual and draw large audiences.

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Turkey Appoints Its First Woman Judge

THE Feminist movement in Turkey is advancing. A woman judge, Mme. Bayan Munin, was appointed recently, and is stationed at the Criminal Courts of Uchak, Anatolia.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

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BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

A Lady Has a Real Day Out with the Ladies

By BETTY GEE

I got all the sympathy in the world from Dickie over my bad day at Moorefield last week, and he graciously agreed to take me to Canterbury and show me how to get back the "fiver" I had lost.

Dickie reckons any young woman who wants to pick winners at the races should have a male escort to advise her. Well, after Saturday, I have to agree with him, because we were on the right spot all day—at least I was.

ALL the sporting papers were sure Mr. W. H. McKay's Cashmere would win the first race and I expected to have to take a short price about the animal; but nobody seemed to want to back anything but Silver Rose, because, I suppose, Darby Munro had the mount.

When a jockey with the appalling name of A. Caffyn was posted as the rider of Cashmere, the bookmakers offered 7 to 1 about it, and I rather gingerly invested £1. When the barrier went up my worries were almost over, because Cashmere bounded to the front and led all the way. Eight whole pounds I got from Joe Matthews for that investment, and Dickie had £2 on Silver Rose at 5 to 2.

I wanted Dickie to take me home straight away out of temptation, but he reckoned it might be our lucky day together, and refused to leave a place where money can be picked up so easily.

Dickie advised me not to bet on the other divisions of the Maiden Welter Handicap, but, unknown to him, I took a tote ticket on Silver Queen, because everybody else seemed to be doing the same thing. Freddie Shean, the Queensland jockey, rode a gallant race on the favorite, and just managed to stall off strong challenges from Laurel G and Our Promise. So close was the finish that I would not like to see it again, and I counted myself lucky to get a dividend of 18/6, which I sneaked round and collected while Dickie wasn't looking.

Everyone within a hundred miles of Sydney knew Blackbird was going to win the Nursery Handicap, but unfortunately someone had told all the bookmakers and they demanded odds on. Dickie risked £1 to win 16/-, but I was in a mean mood and kept my money in my purse. And to make it worse Blackbird won.

When I saw "Miss Lorna Doone" and her husband admiring Jovial Son, as Fred Williams was saddling him up for the Park Stakes, I decided to keep my eye on them and following them I saw enough to make me think Jovial Son must have done something good on the tracks.

End of a Perfect Day

McCarten had the mount, and I was lucky to get £5 to £2, as a few minutes afterwards the bookmakers did not want to do any more Jovial Son business even at a shorter price. The half a neck McCarten won by meant a difference of £7 to me on the day.

What Dickie said? He put £2 on Salted Almond, and had the cheek to tell me I only backed Jovial Son because a woman owned it.

Dickie had been so nasty about my backing horses because they were owned by women that I put 10/- on Downham in the Flying Welter just because Mrs. W. B. Grahame was down in the racebook as the owner. I got 7 to 1, and when Downham landed next week's rent for me I just simply had to rub it in by asking my escort, "What is wrong with these women owners anyhow?"

Only I knew Miss Nottava had run last at her last two starts I would have followed this lady in the Canterbury Handicap, but when I heard the bookmakers calling 12 to 1 I was afraid that everything was not in order. I took £5 to 1 Measure instead, and Dickie backed Limbohm. When Miss Nottava flashed past the post Dickie sarcastically remarked: "What a day the women are having."

To be consistent I had to back another lady, Sally, in the last race, and I did it just as much to annoy Dickie as anything else, but Sally could only run third.

Still, I could not resist the temptation to buy a roast duck on our way home, not so much to convey the impression that I had had a good day, but because I knew Dickie did not have the price of one left.

Well, I got back my £5 I lost at Moorefield, and another £6/14/6—not a bad day for a woman.

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Ingredients:

¾ cup Butter
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3 cups Flour
4 teaspoons MUMS Baking Powder
½ teaspoon each Cloves and Vanilla
1lb Chocolate, grated
1 teaspoon Cinnamon.

Method:

Cream butter, add sugar and stir well, add eggs one at a time, beating all the time, then add the flour mixed with the Baking Powder and the milk alternately, and stir until smooth. Place one-third of the dough in another bowl, add to this the grated chocolate and the spices and flavouring; mix well. Into a well-buttered deep cake pan place alternate layers of white and dark dough. Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven.

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42/- "Best" Shoes 21/-

127 WW. 2: Opera Court style, beautifully cut from imported patent leathers. Distinctly "best" shoes these. Leather sewn soles. In American multiple fittings.

8/11 Wizard Welts

36 WW. 3: The shoes famous for perfect fit. Strap style, buckle fastening, round toes. Tan or black calf. Black patent. Sizes, half sizes, 7 to 1. **8/6**

23/6 College Shoes

127 WW. 4: Regulation style, and they wear well. Welts, in tan or black calf-skins. Sizes, 2 to 6. Now, per pair **22/6**

17/11 "Nu School" Shoes

127 WW. 5: Strap or trimmed tongue styles. Black or tan Calf. Also Patent. Sizes, 2 to 6. Welted soles, of course. Pair **17/6**

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81 WW. 6: Regulation style with long sleeves. Or short sleeves and sports neck. Tape at the waist. The limbric is ivory shade, and washes well. Sizes, 24 to 30. Usually 2/6; specially priced at Sizes, 32 to 38, Usl. 2/11; now at 2/3. **2/3**

4/6 Viscachene SHIRTS

81 WW. 7: There's wonderful saving here. And excellent quality for school wear. Sturdy ivory viscachene, tested and tried for service. Tailored style with long sleeves and tape at waist. Sizes, 24 to 30. Usually 4/6, now, each Sizes, 32 to 38; Usl. 4/11; each, 3/6. **2/11**

THIRD FLOOR

THIRD FLOOR

School Panamas

•Usually 4/11 **2/.**

89 WW. 8: A special purchase of white school panamas. Navy underlinings. Finished ribbon band and bow. Less than half.

5/6 Glazed Panamas, 4/11

89 WW. 9: The new shallower crowns. Navy or brown underlinings. At this price, an unexpectedly good quality panama.

12/11 Regulation Panamas 11/9

89 WW. 10: Small or wide brims, and the smart new shallow crowns. It's a good quality, with all college underlinings.

Usually 3/6

School Ties

81 WW. 11: The famous "Broadend" make, in stripes popular for school wear. Lots of colours, with navy, Ea. **2/11**

1/9 School Hose

88 WW. 12: Mercerised Lisle with fine ribbing. Three-quarter length. Black, fawn, tan, brown, and assorted mixes, pink, and sky. Shoe sizes, 10 to 2. Every pair is perfect. **1/3**

GROUND FLOOR

Cesarine Tunics

from **4/11** *Usl. 6/11*

81 WW. 13: Regulation style with full width under the pleats—which is just typical of our careful tailoring and generous cutting. Lgths. 22, 27, usl. 6/11; now 4/11. Lgths. 30 to 33, Usl. 7/11; now 5/11; lengths, 36 to 39. Usually 8/11; now 6/11.

Serge Tunics from 12/11

81 WW. 14: Dark navy fast-colour serge with the popular "tailor" finish. Regulation 3-box pleat style. Length, 22, usually 13/11; now specially priced at only 12/11. Other lengths up to 45 ins. priced according to sizes. All prices reduced.

Usl. 10/11, 11/11

Flanl. Blazers 7/11

81 WW. 15: Dark navy Melton Flannel, tailored as well as you could get them anywhere. Cord trimming in gold, red, royal or navy. And don't forget, there are reinforcements for children who like to keep their pockets full of treasure. Sizes, 24 to 36.

THIRD FLOOR

LOWER GROUND FLOOR

Boys' 22/6 SUITS

15/.

83 WW. 16: For ages 7 to 15 years. It's an open leg knicker style in positively tough kinds of tweed, and lined throughout with good quality sleeia. A 7/6 saving if you buy now.

Usl. 5/11

Blazers, 4/11

83 WW. 17: Pure wool flannel in navy or royal blue, with two-tone cord edging. Fittings for boys 7 to 12 years.

Every one of our school blazers is reduced! This is just typical of the savings you can make if you shop now. Don't forget the lay-by!

Usl. 17/6, 19/6

D.Gowns, 15/6

83 WW. 18: All wool in fawn and grey, with fancy check cotton collar, cuffs and girdle to make them snappy. Just the robe for a young school feller.

LOWER GROUND FLOOR

LOWER GROUND FLOOR

Boys' 7/6 Shirts

•Woven Stripe Poplins **5/11**

50 WW. 19: Absolutely fast colour stripes, praise be, and plenty of them to cater for any young taste. Pocket, and collar attached. Sizes, 11½ to 14 neck. Each

Boys' F'lette 'Jamas

•Usually 5/6 **3/11**

50 WW. 20: If it's reliable pyjamas you want—the very thing. If it's pyjamas with plenty of colour (lasting colour)—again the very thing. 22 to 34 chest. Pair only

Usl. 8/11

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84 WW. 21: "Foot Form" Brogues, no less, in black or tan yearling Calf. Nothing better for school wear. Sizes, 10 to 13, and half sizes. Pair **7/11**

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84 WW. 22: 123 pairs in tan or black yearling Calf. Selected solid leather soles and heels. Leather linings. Good lasts. Sizes, 10 to 12. Usually 10/9: pair, 8/11. Sizes, 1 to 3. Usually 11/9: pair, 9/11. Sizes, 4 to 6. Usually 12/9; now the pair, 10/11.

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43 BWW. 23: Wool felts in a good range of grey & fawn shades. Sizes, 6½ to 7 head fitting. A big save at, each **4/11**

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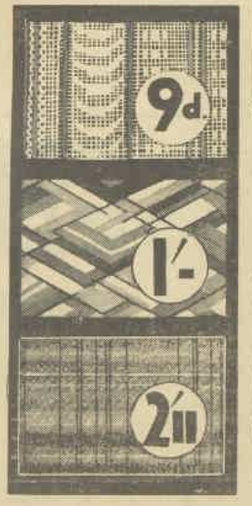

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FASHION PARADES
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Recorded Talks Tell of Modes in the Making
New Women's Weekly Radio Feature
By Mary St. Claire

The fashion salons of Paris, and the magic names of Molyneux, Patou, Lelong! You have heard about them through the medium of the printed word in The Australian Women's Weekly, and you have had sumptuous illustrations to bridge the gaps of imagination.

Now comes the spoken word. Yes! actually you will hear the voice of the fashion commentator in Paris, on the spot, telling you the tale of milady's dress as the carnival sauntets past her eyes.

THIS will be achieved by a series of records made in the very room in which the mannequins parade in the newest and most exclusive frocks. Our London representative, Miss Mary St. Claire, attends the fashionable showings in Paris in person, and makes her record on the spot of the pageant of fashion which is going on before her eyes. The records speak to our readers again through Station 2GB during The Australian Women's Weekly session.

The records are rushed to Australia by air mail, and almost before Paris has aired the latest fashions from the great salons, people in Australia are being told all about them by one of the most experienced and efficient commentators in the world.

Recreating Fashion

TO hear the charming voice of Mary St. Claire telling of the latest fashion trend is to imagine oneself in Paris viewing the panorama of fashion as it flows by. London, too, will be featured, and the latest fashion news from Mayfair and the fashion houses will be most interestingly dealt with by Miss St. Claire, herself a well-known member of London society.

In her cable message announcing the fact that the record service was about to begin, Miss St. Claire said: "I have sweltered in Paris during the heat wave so that Australian women would be able to know just what are the latest ideas from Paris; I have balanced myself precariously on little gilt chairs in London watching intently so that I may miss nothing of the vogue in the frocks and creations presented; I have watched glittering miles of mannequin parades, and I have captured every little word of it so that you may hear and visualise what I have seen."

Tune in to Station 2GB on Wednesday at 11.45 a.m. for The Australian Women's Weekly session, and the voice of Mary St. Claire will recreate for you the atmosphere of fashion as it is in London and Paris.

Exploit Clothes Sense

MISS DOROTHY VAUTIER will introduce the Mary St. Claire session, surely the most up-to-the-minute and original fashion talk ever broadcast in Australia.

Mary St. Claire goes a step further than the dress talks in her friendly chats. She deals with fashion and fabric and color sense, and the right note for the blonde or brunette. She will tell you in diverting little gossipy asides why the war in Abyssinia has sent the fashion designers all military; how there is a swing back to classical lines; what the brains behind the fashion parades have up their sleeves, and what sort of sleeves they are going to be.

Australian women have a clothes sense second to none. Mary St. Claire will tell them how to exploit that natural smartness to the utmost by her fresh and fascinating news from the fashion fronts of the world.

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A THOUGHT PROVOKING QUESTION . . . .

Is Beauty Over-emphasised?

MOST women will say it is—and many men of intelligence will agree with them IN THEORY.

Then envied Beauty enters, and those same intelligent (?) men forget that beautiful women are not always interesting to talk to, devoted to duty, polite to the aged, patient with children, or anything at all but "easy to look at".

Perhaps the modern world is very ugly—perhaps beauty is very scarce—the fact remains that ninety-nine out of a hundred men (poets, princes and plain plebians) are attracted and fascinated by feminine beauty.

What else can any woman do, then, but cultivate and care for whatever share of beauty in form or face she draws from life's lottery. Brains do count (the unassertive variety) but it is part of the brain's function to make the most of the face. Until the eye is attracted the mind and heart are not intrigued.

Hedley's Beauty Aids are increasing the attractiveness of a wide circle of women who believe that beauty is of paramount importance in their lives. Face powder, powder base, skin food, astringent—each Hedley product has its place in complexion care. Test one of these beauty aids (face powder) at our expense.

Hedley's two creams, Skin Food and Powder Base, are priced at 2/6 per jar.

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WARDS *of the* KING TILL 1952

Mrs. Dionne's Continuing Prayer

In this, the final instalment of her life story, Mrs. Dionne tells why she and her husband undertook the vaudeville tour for which they were severely criticised. The project was to have provided funds for building a new home, large and modern enough to accommodate the celebrated quintuplets. Then the Government passed an Act making the five babies wards of the King until 1952! The mother and father were disappointed, but they cling to the hope that the Act may be modified so the family may be reunited.

By Elzire Dionne

(As told to Lillian Barker)

THE brief excursion of my husband and myself into vaudeville the first part of this year was wholly misinterpreted. Oliva and I, after much nerve-racking vacillation, finally consented to appear before Chicago, Detroit and South Bend theatrical audiences.

According to the original agreement, if you remember, the quintuplets were to be restored to us July 26, 1936. In order to house them properly—to build a modern, up-to-date home large enough for us all with special nursery equipment for the little ones—and to provide the same expensive scientific care of which the babies had become accustomed and which we realised they might require indefinitely, Oliva and I knew we must have money. But how to get it? Coming to us as out of a clear sky, the vaudeville contract seemed to be the one and only answer.

Joy Short-lived

IN spite of the scathing criticism of the "mis-judgers," of whom there were only a few, we carried through successfully. The audiences were always gracious and responsive and those sponsoring our tour were courteous, obliging and appreciative.

Just the same, every time I stepped on the stage and into the spotlight my stage-frightened heart had a way of somersaulting, but as consolation there was always the thought: "In July, 1936, the babies will be coming home to you; to the modern, up-to-date home you and their father will build for them with the money you are now earning."

But my joy, our joy, was short-lived. Hardly had we got back to the farm before the Government passed an Act, the Dionne Act, which made our babies wards of the King till 1952!

Why this was done I have never known. I do know, however, the widespread and vicious rumor that there was a foot a plot to kidnap the little ones and carry them via plane to the States, given in the papers as a justifying cause, was only a rumor.

The new guardianship board included: Judge J. A. Valin, Chief of Guardians; Mr. David Croll, Minister of Welfare of the Province of Ontario, as "special guardian"; Dr. Dafoe, guardian of the babies' persons; and Oliva, the father, as "natural guardian."

And since the babies have been made King's wards their earning capacity has proved astonishing. They've become rich little wards, worth more than £40,000. This fortune has accrued mostly from sale of photograph and motion picture rights and from contracts with manufacturers of nursery foods and nursery articles.

Out of their rapidly-growing fortune the little ones pay all expenses of the Dafoe Hospital, a monthly total, according to a recently printed statement of Dr. Dafoe, of approximately £200. This includes the £40 a month fee paid to the doctor, the two nurses' salaries and wages to all other hospital attendants.

Fervent Prayer

BUT at the time Oliva and I felt impelled to earn money in vaudeville for them. Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie, and Marie were just our poor little babies whom, above everything else, we wanted back in our custody. Nor will we ever be reconciled to this "King wardship" of our children. I, who believe so fervently in prayer, am always praying that the Government which passed the Dionne Act will repeal it.

And if—and when—this comes to pass, I assure you the babies will have nothing to lose and all to gain. They will be just as well housed as they are at present, and they will be just as scientifically and conscientiously cared for. In addition, they will live in a home lacking no modern convenience, and with their father and mother, their sisters and brothers.

As things now stand, I am like Rachel weeping for her children, only Rachel's children were dead and mine are living. Living in an institution, in a hospital-home down the road.

As time goes on, though, I hope with all my heart my little daughters will not continue to grow up in an institution. So I pray for repeal of the Dionne Act.

World Greeting

NIGHT and day that is my prayer. Returning home, just two hours ago, I said it silently. Oliva and I had passed through the outer hospital gate a moment before, after a visit with the babies. It was a happy time for us, only as always our happiness was tinged with sadness.

On this, our most recent visit, I told them to wave "bye-bye" and to throw farewell kisses to our friends everywhere.

You should have seen the response!

If only you could have seen those ten chubby hands waving their quintuplet "bye-byes" to their Canadian and American admirers and across the border to our millions of admirers the world over!

That's the way I left Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie . . . waving . . . waving . . . and throwing you kisses.

THE END.

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Bebarfalds are releasing 24 New 1936 Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machines which have all been specially finished and considerably improved. These Sewing Machines are so reliable that they are guaranteed for each individual purchaser's lifetime, and as an introductory offer they will be sold at the reduced price of £19/19/-.

Bebarfalds are the pioneer manufacturers and the largest distributors of cabinet Sewing Machines in the Commonwealth, and their vast experience enables them to definitely state that it is risky to pay less, but unnecessary to pay more than this price for a reliable Sewing Machine. The Bebarfald BlueBird Sewing Machine is complete with a fully illustrated dressmaking course in book form which is equal to any similar £10/10/- correspondence course. With this course and free Hollywood patterns given to each purchaser, Bebarfalds definitely guarantee to teach you how to make your own frocks. Post coupon now for full particulars of this splendid offer.

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Accurate fitting to one ten thousandth part of an inch, and perfectly balanced bearings make the new improved Bebarfald BlueBird the most silent and light-running machine obtainable.

Complete

WITH HEMSTITCHER AND ALL ATTACHMENTS

A full set of dressmaking attachments including ruffler, shirrer, braider, binder and hemstitcher, etc., is given free with the New Improved Bebarfald BlueBird. These automatic attachments are exclusive and can only be obtained with the Bebarfald BlueBird.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . no good.

★★ THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone. (R.K.O.)

THIS picture will go big with certain audiences, while those who for choice like to sit down to more sophisticated offerings will at least be able to get a measure of entertainment out of it, although their cheers won't lift the roof.

The story—not Eulwer Lytton's, by the way—is quite a strong one, well-handled, and built up to an effective emotional climax.

Briefly, it is the history of Marcus—blacksmith, gladiator, slaver—who achieves riches, with Pontius Pilate's aid, but only by denying Christ. Only his final ruin, coincident with that of Pompeii, brings him to that state of grace in which he is wafted aloft to the accompaniment of a full choir of angel voices.

As Marcus, Preston Foster does a good job of acting. Basil Rathbone, in the role of Pilate, has a chance to do the suave, restrained work in which he is at his best. It would be difficult to fault his performance.

The production, on the whole, is good. In one or two scenes the photography is weak, while the efforts of the gladiators at times would not content a contemporary Stadium crowd, let alone a mob of bloodthirsty Romans. The final grand spectacle, when Vesuvius erupts, and earthquakes tear the city apart, starts off unconvincingly, but things soon warm up until Pompeii—one of the world's brightest spots since Sodom and Gomorrah—is destroyed in a fashion that would satisfy even an old-style blood-and-fire preacher. —Lyceum; showing.

★★ BROADWAY GONDOLIER

Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Adolph Menjou (W.B.)

TWO stars—but by a very narrow margin. Dickie-bird Powell is the central figure of this musical, and considerably less self-satisfied and smug than he has been in earlier pictures, but, even so, to cast him as the possessor of a voice that would send Metropolitan Opera stars crawling away shamefacedly is a bit steep even for comedy. To hear him straining his tonsils over a chunk of opera is enough to bring even film critics to the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Still, the picture has quite a number of bright moments. When Richard is not exercising the voice that is supposed to bring the adult population of America grovelling at his feet, there are some nice pieces of comedy introduced. In this department, our old friends Adolph Menjou and Louise Fazenda function splendidly. Their work is delightful.

Taking it by and large, this show will amuse you, and there are, of course, thousands of women who'd do rash things for Powell.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★★ VINTAGE WINE

Seymour Hicks, Claire Luce. (B.D.F.)

ENGLISH drawing-room comedy at its near best. The photography and direction are, on occasions, a trifle weak, but the ever-present humor and smart dialogue, to say nothing of the delightfully original absurdity of the plot, more than make up for these small deficiencies.

Seymour Hicks is a phenomenon nearly as rare as that fabled bird, the phoenix: an actor who is so at home in his art that his work has the distinctive suavity, the mellow flavor, that is so obviously missing in the antics of the more up-and-coming, post-war histrions. It may be Edwardian in its emphasis on finish rather than fireworks, but it is good.

The rest of the cast is fair enough. The main figure worthy of note is P. Eynaston Reed, as Benedict Popinot. He is singled out because of the beard he wears so unconvincingly. It looks as if it has been shorn from some reluctant billy-goat and grafted on by an inexpert hand.

This picture is good fun. At any rate, the first-night audience thought so.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ MARRY THE GIRL

Sonnie Hale, Winifred Shotter. (B.D.F.)

B.D.F. have another good offering in this picture. Thoroughly mad in plot, it is an excellent story for Sonnie Hale's peculiar talents. He exploits it to the full.

English comedy seems always safe when the central figure is a Wodehousian young man, rich and brainless, and with a flair for getting into trouble. Wally Gibbs is such a character, his chief disability, outside his general idiocy, being a tendency to fall for any attractive girl. (A common enough complaint. Lord have mercy on us all!) In this role Hale extracts the last ounce of hilarity out of a series of farcical situations, aided and abetted in the good work by Hugh Wakefield, as his friend Delafield, and Denier Warren, as his valet.

Winifred Shotter is quite adequate and charming. Our own Judy Kelly, who plays a secondary role, still has, however, a long way to go on the thorny path to stardom. Sad, but too, too true.

You'll like this show. That's a guarantee. If I'm wrong, complaints should be addressed to: The Editor.—Mayfair; showing.

★ "OASIS"

Travelogue by Capt. Hurley. (Cinesound.)

SEE your own country first! Well, here's a chance to get a pretty good idea of South Australia, from Adelaide and Port Lincoln up to Alice Springs. An interesting trip; Captain Hurley's camera record of it is worth seeing and, exhibited abroad, should be good publicity for Australia generally.

The scenes are varied, ranging from iron-ore mines to sheep and cattle stations, while the country covered changes from fertile valleys and plains to wide stretches of desert and magnificently savage mountains.

Another sharp contrast is between aborigines caught in their native state—"shot" performing a ritual dance—and those attached to a settlement, being "civilised." Superficial observers will remark on the fact that the former look freer and healthier, without pausing to remember that their trousered brothers are being taught that two and two make four, and c a t spells cat. Who wouldn't swap a natural and independent life for that?

Captain Hurley's photography is good, and his selection of material interesting. —Lyceum; showing.

★ THUNDER MOUNTAIN

George O'Brien, Barbara Fritchie. (Fox).

THE age of chivalry is not dead; this picture proves it. Consider the spectacle presented by Mr. George O'Brien. After having been robbed of his mine, his girl, his pal, and (very nearly) his honor—all these foul deeds being perpetrated by the same villain—the knightly George succeeds in bringing affairs to the state where pot-shots are exchanged between himself and aforesaid bad-man. Long distance courtesies are succeeded by breast to breast scufflings, which end in the scoundrel's plunge to destruction over a precipice. The death howls echo through the lonely canyons, while Mr. O'Brien, the heat of combat still on him, a red mist, one should imagine, still before his eyes, yet controls himself sufficiently to remove his hat reverently. A courtly gesture, if ever there was one! I like to think that, after the camera closed on him, he offered up a silent prayer.

But my admiration is running away with me. . . . To our mutions! The picture is a Western founded on a Zane Grey story. Ingredients: a mine, a hero, a scoundrel, two girls, and the forces of good and evil personified by rough but honest miners on one side, and rough but not so honest miners on the other. Result, well, what you'd expect. It will go down with adult audiences in some areas, but boys anywhere between the ages of eight and twelve will go mad over it.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MARK OF THE VAMPIRE

Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi. (M.-G.-M.)

MYSTERY thrillers, played against a background of churchyards, bats, hooting owls, old castles, obscene-looking rats, cobwebs and all the rest of the paraphernalia of the weird, are like a dish of chop suey in a Chinese restaurant: all right if you like that kind of fare, but difficult to get down and digest if you happen to be a trifle squeamish.

This sample is fair enough of its type, and has the advantage of ending on a slightly different note to most of its competitors in the thriller field. Its major faults are the slowness that is apparent in some of the earlier scenes and the failure—despite painstaking attention to "atmosphere"—quite to establish a sensation of reality in regard to the vampires who play a major part in the story.

The cast, headed by Lionel Barrymore and Lugosi, is well up to the demands of the picture.—Cameo; showing.

AUSTRALIAN MERLE OBERON *Wins Fame!*

World Star Now

By CASSIE MARSHALL, an Australian in Hollywood.

Many Australians, male and female, have achieved success in Hollywood and the English studios. But Merle Oberon is the first to have won for herself a place in that small group of stars whose names are known to millions, and whose photographs are recognised by film fans in New York or London, Oshkosh, Pa., or Little Huddlecombe — to say nothing of the cities and towns of the six States of the Commonwealth.

Fellow Tasmanians will not recognise the name she trades under now. Some of them may, however, recollect her as Estelle Merle O'Brien-Thompson. A collection like that would be hard to forget.

MERLE OBERON as she appears in "The Dark Angel."

APPARENTLY even the hyphenation did not recommend itself to the sensitive, artistic soul of Alexander Korda.

THE TWO MALE STARS of United Artists' "The Dark Angel": Fredric March and Herbert Marshall.

GOSSIP links him with the beautiful Merle: David Niven.

The first thing this famous producer did, after deciding to tuck the young Tasmanian under his wing, was to abolish it, together with most of the other decorations bestowed on the young actress by her godfathers and godmothers at her baptism.

The mellifluous Merle was retained, but the prosaic Estelle was jettisoned. The work-a-day syllables of O'Brien were transformed into Oberon—a name carrying with it the faint sound of fairy bells, while the Thompson section was quietly forgotten.

Although Australia can claim this 23-year-old success as a native product, Merle Oberon belongs to a very great extent, to the Empire. Her family left Tasmania when she was in her early teens, taking her to India. Her education was completed in Bombay, and, later, Calcutta, so that at an age when most girls know only their home town, or city—and very little of that—this youngster had a working acquaintance with two of the largest countries in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

No Longer Exotic

I WAS first introduced to Merle when she was working on "The Dark Angel." Previously, I had seen her pictures, of course, and had always remembered her as creating exotic roles. As Kitty Vane in this new production, she surprised me. For the first time, I saw her playing a normal English girl of good family and social position. And, judging by her work on the lot, she was doing it brilliantly.

After the introductions were over, I questioned her, asking the reason for her abandonment of a type of part which had, in a limited way, made her name.

"Sam Goldwyn and I talked things over," she told me, "and he agreed with me that I certainly look different off the screen to the parts I have been given in the past. Mr. Goldwyn felt that I can transfer my real self to the screen, given the chance, and now the opportunity has come my way."

Merle's remark about transferring her "real self" to the screen made me smile to myself. It is difficult for an outsider to know which IS her real self—physically, at any rate. She is famous, even in film circles, for the rapidity with which she changes coiffure, cosmetics, perfume, style of dress, and—her mind. This eccentricity of hers is rumored to have brought about the breakdown of more than one studio executive.

Director Collapses

ON one occasion, a director toiled arduously and long to build her up for a certain part. Eyebrows, walk, and, above all, hair, were subjected to the attentions of experts. Before the picture was completed, Miss Oberon took a little holiday. Nobody objected to that. But—when she returned the director had a seizure. Her hair had been cut to conform to an entirely different fashion, her eyebrows were altogether new and the unrepentant Merle, artist to the last, had accommodated her walk to fit the new personality she had assumed.

I was curious to know how this talented young woman had first got into screen work. I asked her. She told me that, like so many girls, she had gravitated to it through amateur theatricals. The Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society—the famous "Cats"—was the group in which she got her first sniff of greasepaint. It proved intoxicating enough to bring her to the point of deciding to make acting her future.

"I was seventeen then," Merle said, reminiscently. "Just at this crucial moment an uncle of mine was going to England for a trip. I persuaded him—" a glint of amusement came into her eyes, betraying the form the "persuasion" must have taken—"to take me with him.

"Well, I got to England that way, but staying there was a different matter. Uncle wouldn't hear of it at first. But I persisted so, and got so wearing about it, that at last the poor lamb gave up in despair, bought me an emergency ticket to get home with, then my foolishness finally found me out, and left me to my fate.

"Next day I cashed in on the ticket, bought myself a wardrobe for job-hunting, and there you are."

So simple. It was only after quite a bit of adroit questioning that I got the full story of the early London days. Theatrical jobs weren't easy to get—even for an ex-member of the "Cats"—with the result that Estelle O'Brien-Thompson (remember, she still rejoiced in the double-barrelled name at that time) was forced to take a job as hostess in a supper-cum-dancing club. It wasn't a promising start, but at least her pay kept her in food and lodging until something better turned up.

Something did eventually. It usually does for people who are sufficiently determined to win a way to their goal. Merle got a chance in the movies, and for two years played obscure roles, learning the ropes of this new business on which she had embarked.

Enter Korda

THEN came Korda. According to Merle herself he "just saw and produced a contract." Delightful isn't it? But there must have been some quality in her acting even then. Popular ideas to the contrary, famous producers and directors don't tie themselves and their companies up without very good reason. They're liable to lose too much money.

Since that time, of course, have come the pictures through which this still very young Australian has built up her name. Now her art has reached the level where competent critics who have seen her work in "The Dark Angel" are confidently predicting that she will win the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science Award for 1935—a tremendous honor for so young an actress.

When her call came to resume work she left me with a feeling that I had met a pocket edition personality. She is only five feet two, and, I should say, well under eight stone in weight, but that vivid chestnut hair, those hazel eyes, and, above all, the vitality of her, make her more noteworthy than people of much greater stature.

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Sixpence in slot for cigarettes all vogue in London? Both Sydney girls, Mrs. Lewis Shaw and Claire Richards have installed machines in own homes.

Seeking for Knowledge

LORD BARNBY and cousin Marjorie Rushworth return to Sydney this month . . . No stone being left unturned by keenly-interested travellers. . . . Many station homes being visited, including Glen Iris, owned by Sir Graham and Lady Waddell. . . . Mines, too, coming in for share of inspection. . . . So many plans in readiness for Sydney return visit that party will need rest cure in some quiet part of England at end of voyage.

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Mrs. Cliff Kitchen having difficulty in furnishing new Woollahra home owing to fascinations of Terrigal. Decides on carpet or two and makes for more surfing.

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Russian's First Visit

OLEG ERDELEY and wife, formerly Dofie Kennedy of Albury, arrive in Sydney this Thursday by Ormonde . . . Nine years since Mrs. Erdeley left these shores . . . After stay abroad met and married dashing Russian in Paris . . . Home has been there ever since . . . In between times has made interesting visits to Bulgaria and suchlike out of way places . . . This is Oleg's first visit to Australia . . . Lots of friends and relations waiting to welcome them.

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Full marks to Mrs. Rhodes Smith for hand-painted chiffon evening-gown worn during week. Background of green used for riot of blending colors.

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Shooting Fatality

KITTY DALRYMPLE HAY once more in Sydney after year's travels . . . Was guest of Lady Lucy Baurne in Sloane Street home and met interesting coterie of social luminaries . . . Next stop India to stay with cousins in Indian Army . . . While with shooting party in jungle fatal accident occurred to hostess marring otherwise fascinating tour . . . Traveller unpacking treasures at Greenknowe Flats.

Imperial Purple

UNUSUAL these days to see younger generation using lorgnettes . . . Mrs. M. Donnell finds them useful . . . Much use made of them at Romano's on Saturday . . . Imperial purple worn with effect by Mollie Hughes . . . Violets were tucked at V neckline and Grecian ringlets fixed firmly on forehead . . . Mollie celebrated birthday.

At "Princess Ida"

NO wonder Winifred Lawson did not favor realistic submersion in suicide scene in "Princess Ida" . . . Lovely white brocaded gown with shirred chiffon sleeves and gold lined train much too devastating to ruin . . . Outsize gardenia worn by Mr. Spencer Brunton . . . Size similar to flowers hiding in Lilian Pertka's blonde locks . . . Dr. Murray Will accompanied by musically minded son Ewan . . . Charles Lloyd Jones and T. H. Kellys had nearby parties in dress circle.

Brewing the Haggis

MRS. DAVID BROWN is great hand with haggis... Is making extra special brewing for Robert Burns' traditional "tattie and herrin'" supper next week... David is president of society, so culinary accomplishment much appreciated... Scotch lads and lassies present whose digestion is not so strong will toy with oatcakes, pancakes, shortbread, ginger-bread, and "girrrdle" scones ... Greetings come to R.B. Society each year from Great Britain, Persia, U.S.A., Canada, and France.

Floating and Filmy

LEILA MANNING and four bridesmaids busy choosing gowns for February wedding. . . . Parisian styles coming in for much discussion. . . . Gowns to be floating and filmy. . . . In between trousseau shopping Leila is giving once-over to charming green-and-cream bungalow being made ready at Vaucluse. . . . Furniture modern, but not uncomfortably so. . . . Masses of flowers from country home at Bundanoon will make gay St. Philip's Church and Elizabeth Bay House for wedding.

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Gwen Stockfeld not confident of tennis form, but hopes for best in country tennis week events. To be near courts Gwen stays at Number Nine Springfield Avenue, and parents enjoy change of scenery at Pacific Hotel, Manly.

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Physician to Royalty

MRS. TOM BIGGS, whose husband is popular man of medicine at Willoughby, left this week for Tasmanian holiday. . . . Son Jim accompanied her, and Sydneysiders to be guests of Mrs. Biggs' brother, Dr. J. F. Gaha, Minister for Health in that State. . . . Dr. Gaha acted as physician to Duke of Gloucester during Royal tour. . . . Although attention would be of best, Jim hopes to escape even childish ailments while away.

No Excuse Left

NOW that Molly Main is on high seas headed for Colombo, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Main, have no longer good excuse to stay in town . . . They leave Hampstead Flat this week and motor to distant home, Retreat, Illabo. . . . They are accompanied by Laura Florance, who is all excitement over return of sister Marjorie from a year's European travel. . . . Marjorie may motor home from Melbourne.

Lovely Spanish Lady

SENOR ALBERTO UDAONDA, Consul for Argentina, is expecting arrival of beautiful Spanish wife next month. . . Madame is accompanied by large household staff and trunk-loads of household gods. . . . China, pictures, hangings, and unique embroideries among treasures. . . . Senor Alberto leaves for N.Z. to meet party as soon as suitable home procured in Sydney.

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Lilian Pertka says American hustle is due to fact that her countrymen are invariably late for appointments.

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Baron and Baroness de Tuyl

BARON and Baroness de Tuyl, with Pat Sheridan, Baroness' younger daughter, en route to Sydney on board Orion. . . . Intend staying year or so in Australia. . . . Baroness' home at Leura to be country residence. . . . Another daughter, Beatrice, now Mrs. Mortimer Durand, lives in Elizabethan Lodge, in Surrey, while husband does spot of war correspondence work in Abyssinia. . . Two small children prevent her following adventurous voyage to East.

AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE of Mr. and Mrs. Bessemer Clark taken on board the Mariposa, in which they sailed for their London home. Before her marriage Mrs. Bessemer Clark was Miss Elaine Brookes of Melbourne, and a prominent figure at all social functions in the south.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Leaving for North

WINTON, Queensland, is destination of Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Hayes when they leave Vaucluse home. . . . Couple look forward to station life once more after seven years in city. . . . Former home in Bourke district, so inured to heat and sandstorms. . . . Mrs. Hayes proved great help to many charitable organisations. . . . Numbers of farewell parties given to speed her on way. . . . Mrs. J. Chalmers among this week's hostesses, and party at Hotel Australia.

Large House Parties

MRS. F. C. THOMPSON in midst of entertaining usual large house parties at Terrigal bungalow. . . . Mrs. Ted Sandy and young hopefuls, Mrs. Cliff Kitchen and Mickie, and John Charley couple answered to week-end roll-call. . . . Beryl Stanton returned to town after long spell at family resort at Port Hacking, and will carefully preserve suntan till visit to Mrs. Thompson. . . . Captain and Mrs. Bruce Watchorn come from Newcastle next week-end.

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Mrs. Ralph Worrall entertains this Tuesday in honor of Lady Samuel, who arrived from England during week-end after several decades spent abroad.

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Bridesmaid's Dilemma

NEW ZEALAND been decided upon by Shelagh Lloyd Parry and fiance John MacNamara for honeymoon trip. . . . Couple to sail by Monterey. . . . Kay Kavanagh, one of bridesmaids, quite perturbed that parents have decided to take her for holiday sailing same ship, same day. . . . Has offered to pretend that bride is stranger. . . . Denise Carroll, train-bearer for wedding, suffering from humiliating attack of chicken-pox. . . . Hopes all will be well before big occasion.

Officers Change Posts

DEBUTANTES of coming season sad at depletion in ranks of Air Force and army officers. . . . Eight dashing pilots from Melbourne sail this week for London to join R.A.F. for short service commissions. . . . Captain de L. Barham, of Australian Staff Corps, with wife and three children, on way to Quetta for two years' staff course. . . . Major and Mrs. R. M. Thompson and small son also have same plans. . . . Quetta only ghost of former brilliant centre, but travellers hoping for best.

Versatile Architect

REG TEPPER returned from world-wide travels full of ideas for homes beautiful. . . . Well-known architect, most observant, and missed nothing in way of modern house-planning. . . . Golf Club house at Kensington one of Reg's largest Sydney efforts. . . . Traveller nothing if not versatile, and is good pianist in spare time. . . . Also keeps weather-eye open for latest in "suitings," and young men of Sydney would do well to follow sartorial lead.

Have You Noticed—

Fleetness of foot exhibited by Rachel Joy Morton as she pursued shallow-crowned green hat down Macleay St.?

Jane Anne

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BANDICOOT for *Breakfast* —*What* NEXT?

Recipes That Would Soon Land Australian Housewives in Court

A cookery book published in England and available in Australia devotes 50 pages to a special Australian section.

If the Australian housewife cooked any of these recipes she and her guests eating the dishes would be liable to be arrested and fined anything up to £80. The penalty for eating the wrong parakeets in Adelaide pie might be £80, because the fine for killing the protected variety is £20, with a maximum of £5 for each bird killed.

In this special section animals dear to the hearts of Australians are butchered to make a tasty table d'hote.

PRACTICALLY every bird, fish, or animal mentioned among the recipes enjoys protection throughout the year or during a close season in all States in Australia under various Game Acts.

A hundred animals and birds—from ant-eaters to seals, and the graucalus family—whatever that may be—are protected during the whole year. In addition there is a close season for ten species of game, and a close season for six types of fish. Then there are bag limits for native game and fish, and regulations for minimum lengths of fish of 35 varieties.

The average Australian would be as likely to kill and cook the amusing bustling little bandicoot as an Englishman would kill and cook one of his beloved squirrels. The recipe book, however, serves the bandicoot stewed or creamed. At least the Australian housewife could preserve her girlish lines pursuing him even if she did not cook him.

Kangaroo-tail soup and stew and wallaby dishes given in the recipe book are available only to those farmers who secure a permit to kill kangaroos and wallabies that are damaging their property.

Some of the fish and animals mentioned have never been heard of by the Fisheries and Game Department, but some are obviously natives of N.Z. Neither the fishmonger nor scientists have been able to overcome the difficulty of transporting N.Z. fresh fish to Australia and preserving its flavor and freshness, but the English recipe book solves the problem merely by including them among the Australian natives. Cheigi and kawai are probably New Zealand fish, and terrapin is a turtle.

"Coma" completely baffled the Fisheries and Game Department, but the book jointed, blanched, dried, and dipped it in flour, then fried it and cooked it by the same recipes used for rabbit.

Gill birds are not protected, but no Australian with an ear for music would want to silence their cheery "kwock kwock" forever.

The mutton bird, probably better known than any other game on Australian tables and at present being tinned in Tasmania and labelled "sea teal," is not mentioned.

Naturalist Cooks

OUR humble friend, the barracouta, is honored with two recipes, though there is no mention of our aristocrats—whiting and flounder.

With glorious disregard for geography murray cod and fresh blue cod (N.Z.) share the same recipes.

Pukaki is apparently pukeko, or the bald-coot, a quaint long-legged water bird with aquiline features, and a tough bird from the epicure's point of view. The publisher must have obtained this recipe direct from the aborigines, as they are the only Australians who eat him.

Our native black swan is fully protected, but the recipe book chooses a young bird, roasts him and serves him with apple sauce and stewed red cabbage. Kill an Englishman's white swan serenely sailing on the Thames and roast it, and you would get more than apple sauce with it.

The bush turkey and the Mallee hen are on the bill of fare, though fully protected in their native haunts.

Only an experienced naturalist could cope with Port Adelaide Pie. The cookery book merely "takes 12 parakeets," prepares them, and trusses them like quails. The Australian housewife must make sure she is not breaking the Game Act, as one variety, the swamp parakeet, is protected. As he is one of 20 or 40 varieties, it would be some time before the housewife learned which varieties she was permitted to kill, and even longer before the birds were caught and the pie was made.

Roasted wood goose is one of the few feasible dishes. He is available for three months every year, from February to May, when there is a huge excited migration of duck shooters to the waterways and lakes of different States.

AN INTERESTING HOME STUDY of Lady Gowrie, wife of the Governor-General, who has identified herself very intimately with women's organisations in Australia, particularly those associated with the health of the community. When she takes up residence at Canberra she will find herself in an atmosphere in which she will be able to give free play to her many up-to-date ideas for the advancement of those movements.

Banish BACKACHE & BLADDER WEAKNESS—this quick new way

"The intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease" states Prof. K. Schmeidler, the famous German Doctor.

"A cruel annoyance" is probably the best way to describe either backache or bladder weakness. Movement is painful and sleep at night is disturbed by constantly having to get up. You feel depressed, you have no vitality, your back, legs and feet ache, you have frequent headaches. Urination is often smart and painful. But these troubles are now rapidly banished because science has discovered that the basic cause of backache, kidney and bladder weakness can be traced to the physical reason for self-poisoning, i.e., a clogged colon.

Normal Colon

The Cause of Autoxima

The colon, the most important part of the intestinal tract, has two functions. It must remove essential minerals from passing food, and it must see that all waste matter is promptly ejected from the body. Modern foods and feeding give insufficient exercise to the colon walls, and they lose their power of normal movement. Soon the walls fail to extract the essential minerals and fail to eject the decaying waste. The folds become clogged with putrefying matter. Virulent poisons and bacteria form and seep into the bloodstream. The entire system is attacked—every important organ in your body is undermined by autoxima, i.e., self-poisoning.

Long Standing Case Relieved

"I have much pleasure in telling you what COLOSEPTIC has done for me. It has cured me of long standing weakness in kidney and bladder. I could not walk any distance with pleasure and my rest was disturbed at night. Now I can say in truth that COLOSEPTIC has done its work—I am cured. What joy to go out and walk without trouble now."—Mr. E.A.S., Feilding.

FREE—This Absorbing Book

Mail coupon to-day for a demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, and you will receive, under plain cover, by return mail, a book telling you all about Autoxima, an intimate and highly important subject. The book is absolutely FREE—so fill in and mail the coupon now.

A clogged colon is one of the prices we pay for civilization. The modern foods we eat make it more and more difficult to maintain the active functioning of the colon. Until your clogged colon is cleansed and revitalised and the cause of autoxima thus removed, you cannot hope for permanent relief from many ills. Science has discovered a new and effective remedy. It's name is COLOSEPTIC (Wayne's Improved Formula).

Distended Colon

Coloseptic's Vitalizing Action

To regain perfect health you must remove the encrustations which line your colon. Normal bowel movements cannot do this, the walls have become too sluggish, and opening medicines only purge the lower end of the colon. Look at the two illustrations and see how COLOSEPTIC clears your colon. It tones up the walls, giving back their power of normal movement, it corrects acid conditions, and stimulates the action of the pores of the skin, the respiratory system, and the kidneys—the three other important organs which eliminate poisons from your system. Remove the main cause of disease by drinking COLOSEPTIC and enjoy perfect health ALWAYS.

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Please send me your FREE book on Autoxima. Also send me my demonstration jar of COLOSEPTIC, for which I enclose 1/- in penny stamps.

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YES, *We Have No* SHARKS TO-DAY!

Is Surf Life-Saving Association Callous in Its Attitude?

What's Happened to the Government Meshing Scheme?

Is even the risk to a single human life to be disregarded as against risk of injuring the popularity of a surfing beach?

Is the known fact that sharks are in or near the breakers to be kept secret lest bathers be kept away?

Offhand this would appear to be the policy advocated by the New South Wales Surf Life-Saving Association and of some of the Local Government bodies controlling surf-beach areas. They deprecate all reference to shark menace and resent organised attempts that have been made to acquaint the public with potential points of attack.

SUCH widespread horror was occasioned last year at the repeated attacks on bathers by sharks that the Government appointed a special commission to advise on the best methods of providing protection to bathers from this menace. The Government adopted the report in favor of meshing the beaches, but so far nothing practical has been done.

Real Truth

IN spite of the tragedies of previous years, and in spite of the expense of the commission, we are still in the same position that we were 12 months ago. However, one forward move has been made by private enterprise. A private firm, in conjunction with a B class broadcasting station, has established an aeroplane service which patrols the surfing beaches between Palm Beach and Cronulla on the look-out for cruising sharks. These aeroplanes signal the presence or absence of sharks by dropping colored streamers.

It will be seen from the following statements to The Australian Women's Weekly that the municipal authorities are by no means unanimous in supporting the Surf Life-Saving Association in its policy of attempting to hide the real truth from the public.

The Mayor of Randwick (Alderman Foots) said that in his personal opinion it was quite wrong to suppress from the public the knowledge of sharks on the beaches, because human life is too valuable to be sacrificed in unnecessary danger. "So far as Coogee beach is concerned," the Mayor added, "we have a shark-proof area, but with regard to the other beaches under the control of the Council, I feel sure that the aldermen of Randwick council would frown on any suggestion that the public should not be warned."

Alderman Nott (Mayor of Waverley) said: "I want to impress on the public that this shark menace is grossly exaggerated. From 1929 to 1933 approximately 23 million people used the surf at Bondi, and we had only three shark tragedies. Now just compare that with the danger of crossing George Street."

In the absence of the Mayor of Manly (Alderman Nolan), the Town Clerk, Mr. Welling, spoke for his Council. He said: "I am sure that the Manly Council does not appreciate scare news about sharks being broadcast unnecessarily. Such publicity only tends to make bathers shark – conscious. **In the history of surf bathing," added Mr. Welling, "we have never had a shark tragedy at South Steyne."**

Mr. J. B. Dillon (publicity officer of the Surf Life-Saving Association of N.S.W., and captain of the North Cronulla Life-Saving Club), said:

Official Attitude

"THE Life-Saving Association of Australia which has the function of safeguarding the lives of the surfing public, also has the safe conduct and interest of the public while they are on the beaches. **With regard to the shark menace, the association holds that there is no such menace existing,** and the unnecessary publicity that has been given to the presence of sharks in our waters has had the effect of deterring certain members of the public from partaking of the great benefits and enjoyment of sand, salt, and water.

"Obviously, where the surf beaches have enjoyed great popularity, the business community has benefited accordingly.

"When certain beaches have received harmful publicity through being associated with shark dangers, it is about time some authority took action to suppress the publication of the presence or otherwise of sharks near the beaches.

"The other day a Sydney newspaper published photographs of sharks caught at North and South Head and headed an article 'Surfers Beware!'

Restoring Confidence

"THESE sharks were not caught within miles of the surfing beaches. This kind of publicity does an incalculable amount of harm to the surf-bathing beaches. The association enters an emphatic protest against such unwarranted publicity which affects a national sport which has been an asset to the health of the community.

"The association contends that surf bathing is quite safe so long as the public who use the beaches co-operate with the life-saving clubs and carry out the instructions of the beach patrols which are there to protect them, and the policy it has decided upon is with the object of restoring public confidence in the safety of our beaches.

"While the association does not claim that meshing the coastal waters will provide absolute immunity from sharks, it will give the public a greater degree of confidence in their security.

"The association is very disappointed at the delay in proceeding with the meshing scheme which was approved by the association and by the Government Commission some twelve months ago."

The trouble is that even where, as on the one beach quoted, the odds are 22,000,000 to 3 against a tragedy, those three deaths outweigh in the public mind all the millions. Which may be very illogical, but it's very human, and, most of us would say, justifiable!

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RELIEF from constipation comes with the first dose of Nyal FIGSEN. Complete elimination of poisonous waste matter takes place promptly—but there is no purging or griping, no unpleasantness or discomfort. Nyal FIGSEN is a *natural* laxative, sure in results but non-habit forming. Nyal FIGSEN is pleasant to take and can be fully trusted to bring relief from constipation. Equally good for children and adults. Nyal FIGSEN, sold by all chemists, costs only 1/3 for a tin of 24 tablets.

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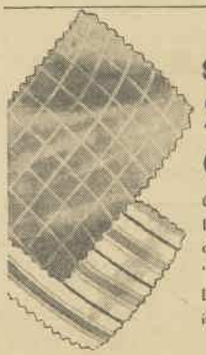

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Large colour range in this bright Heavyweight Satin, for furnishings, linings, frocks, etc. Colours: Black, White, Red, Pink, Grey, Vieux Rose, Wine, Apricot, Sky, Brown, Beige, etc.

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36 inch PRINTED ART. SILK CREPES, MAROCAINS and BRITISH RAYONS

Many styles to select from, including Spots, New Year Mark Down Florals and stripe effects. Popular colourings include Red, Green, Fawn, Brown, Blue & Black.

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The last word in really Scientific Earphones, which can be easily inserted into the ears without fear of pain or injury.
CHICO INVISIBLE EARPHONES are NOT made of perishable rubber, but are so perfectly and scientifically constructed that they are guaranteed for your lifetime.
£1/1/- PER PAIR
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If you have bad luck in the Lottery, games, gambling, love, business, you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly - Dynamic Loadstones. These loadstones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Posted 3d. extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.
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IS YOUR HAIR
getting thin and baldness starting to show? If so, I can stop this trouble for you, and to prove it I will supply anyone with a two months' course of home treatment, post free, for 12/6. Try it and let your mirror prove results, which are guaranteed.

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Rumsey-Williams to-day, age 61 years.

INVISIBLE MENDING
Damaged Garments INVISIBLY MENDED and Cleaned and Pressed at SYDNEY WEAVING CO.,
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NO SECRET
It's no secret that there is a wonderful new way of cleaning white shoes. Get from any store for only ninepence a large bottle of the new shoe dressing, "Hi-Mark." "Hi-Mark" will not rub off, and lasts and lasts and lasts.
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Men or women earn good incomes selling Gilmour Products.
Highest Quality Essences, Spices, Medicines, Soap, Insecticide, Foods, Ointments, Toilet Preparations, etc.—NECESSITIES ALWAYS IN DEMAND—sell to friends and neighbours—NO RISK—no capital needed—we can finance you to buy at manufacturers' low prices—advertising, sales training, everything supplied—PROVED SUCCESS—full time pays £5 to £10 WEEKLY.

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RESTFUL SLEEP for Mother and Baby
Mrs. C. writes :—
"Since my little boy was the tiniest tot I have given him your wonderful Infants' Powders. When cutting his teeth he would scream, and seem to be in agony, but an Infants' Powder soon put him at ease, or if he seemed restless at night, one of your Infants' Powders meant a nice sleep for both baby and me."

Happy, restful days for baby during the teething period—freedom from pain and sickness. That is why wise mothers choose Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders. Their action is soothing and helpful in digestion and bowel functions, and absolutely harmless to the tiny system. Always ask for
ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS
Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

Comfort ....
There is something about Petty's Hotel that makes it much more than just an hotel. There is some unexplainable air of restful comfort prevailing. Indeed, it would seem that in its century and more of service—for this fine old hotel has been established for over one hundred years—it has acquired a flair for making its guests comfortable.
YORK ST., SYDNEY

SIMPLE TRUTHS About *Astrology*

Stellar Actions and Reactions

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society of Australia.

From all over Australasia I am receiving requests for a full explanation of astrology.

This is a tall order for the space at my disposal. But, generally, my contention is that astrology is a science which shows just how human beings and worldly affairs will, or can, react to the different planetary radiations (or influences). Also I contend that astrology is an exact mathematical science, based on astronomy, and that it is a law of action and reaction.

ONE way of putting it is that the stars are huge magnetic bodies, exuding radiations which pass through space, and which affect those who are responsive to them. This responsiveness is brought about by the fact that at the moment of birth the new and sensitive babe is "magnetised" by the planetary rays which happen to be strongest at that time. Thereafter the babe will react to the inherent qualities of those planets in much the same way that cloth responds when immersed in different colored dyes.

An average life is as complex as a many-colored tartan because of the varied planetary influences which happen to be in operation at the time of the individual birth. No two horoscopes are exactly the same unless two babes are born at exactly the same time and place, though certain planetary "types" are somewhat similar as to characteristics, but not as to experiences.

In the Looking-glass

VIRGO PEOPLE, those born between August 24 and September 23, are in a class by themselves. They usually look very good because they feel that way. Their habits are tidy, critical, and methodical. Their features are generally small, and/or very neat, so that they are nice-looking. They are usually of average height and rather plumpish; the walk is active, and the mind keen.

Throughout life the influences come into play—some only once, others repeatedly. Some are beneficial, others are disruptive. By understanding, through astrology, those rays which are harmonious to ourselves, we learn to "tune-in" to them so effectively that we avoid many pitfalls and troubles, and life becomes a much more successful and happy affair.

The Daily Diary

ARIES PEOPLE (Mar. 21 to April 21): Not a good month. Jan. 20 and 21 fair only.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A good period for you, especially the 14th.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Quite fair on the 15th, 16th, and early 17th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly. Try to avoid losses and partings, especially on the 15th, 16th, and a.m. of 17th.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): The 20th and 21st will be best.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Plan to begin things on the 14th, 18th and 19th fair.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Nothing to rave about. Avoid changes.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Fair this week, especially 17th., 18th, and 19th.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Poor on 14th. Fair on 20th and 21st.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Your month. Keep busy. 14th, late 17th, all 18th, and 19th best.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): 15th, 16th, and to noon on 17th best.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): Fair enough on 17th, 18th, and 19th, but go slow on the 20th and 21st of January.

OPPORTUNITY *Knocks; Maybe it's* FOR YOU!

De-luxe Tour to Romantic China Seas Can Be Won With Fifty Words

Opportunity is knocking at your door if you are one of those who have felt the urge for travel. A de-luxe cruise to the East is the prize for the reader who tells, in fifty words, "Why I want to visit the romantic China Seas."

READERS in all States are competing in this splendid holiday offer, arranged with the co-operation of the Australian-Oriental Line, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and The Australian Women's Weekly.

There is no restriction as to age, but entries must not exceed 50 words. This is an important rule, and a glance through the early entries reveals that many have failed to comply with it.

There is no entrance fee. All you need do is write or type clearly on a sheet of paper "Why you wish to visit the Romantic China Seas." Your reasons may be bright, witty, sedate, or terse, but originality in expression will be a deciding factor in allotting the prize.

Simply address your entry The Australian Women's Weekly and endorse the envelope, "China Seas Contest."

THE holiday cruise includes the Great Barrier Reef, Philippine Islands, and Hongkong, and will occupy approximately eight weeks. The prize can be availed of any time within twelve months, which allows the winner an opportunity of arranging for absence and so forth. Apart from its educational aspect, the tour will provide many rich and lasting memories of a land and people with ageless traditions.

As well as the return ticket to Hongkong, the winner will be almost completely outfitted for the tour, as follows:—

Tour frock, hat, lingerie set, pair of shoes, luxury beauty casket, six pairs silk stockings, Kodak camera, handbag, parasol, bathing-costume, chocolates, and set of novels.

The Prize List

FOLLOWING is a list of travel accessories and other goods donated by well-known firms for the winner of the contest (donors' names in parentheses).

LINGERIE SET (Prish King, Imperial Arcade), TOUR FROCK (Loree, 2nd Floor, City House, Pitt Street), PAIR OF LADIES' SHOES (Mabs McGuirk, cnr. Imperial Arcade and Castlereagh Street), LUXURY BEAUTY CASKET ("Hallay's" Cosmetics, Pty., Her Majesty's Arcade), SIX PAIRS SILK STOCKINGS (Holeproof Hosiery), BATHING COSTUME (Fand & Fand Ltd., Pitt Street), MAMMOTH BOX OF CHOCOLATES (Cahill's, 51 Castlereagh Street), HANDBAG (Strand Bag Shop, cnr. Strand Arcade and Pitt Street), HAT ("Madame," 29 Imperial Arcade), KODAK CAMERA (Kodak (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 379 George Street), SET OF NOVELS (Moore's Bookshop, 264 Pitt Street), COLORED PARASOL (Christie's Ltd., 368 George Street).

RULES

Write or print clearly on a slip of white paper in not more than fifty words your thoughts on "WHY I WANT TO VISIT THE ROMANTIC CHINA SEAS," together with your name and address. A prize of a return ticket to Hongkong will be awarded the reader sending in what is adjudged the best entry.

Address your entry to The Australian Women's Weekly, and endorse it, "China Seas Contest."

No person may submit more than one entry. In judging, the following qualities will be considered: (a) Originality; (b) Appreciation shown of the romance of the CHINA SEAS and the Far East; (c) Literary style; (d) Neatness.

No entry will be accepted after January 27.

The decision of the Editor on all matters concerning this competition shall be final.

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
of Dr. Parker's Uricite Remedy (Regd.) to sufferers from Stomach Ailments, Colitis, Gastritis, etc. Quick Relief. Amazing Results. Write to Frederick Parker, 47 Albany St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W., for Free Trial Bottle. 0 0 0

Thermo-Ray Short Wave Medication
CASE No. 48B.

The Thermo-Ray announcements appearing in this column for several weeks past have been principally written with a view to informing the public of the latest scientific progress made in medical science with short-wave therapy.

Case No. 48B was typical of many similar cases treated at the Thermo-Ray Institute. A young woman had been suffering for 8 years with heavy Catarrhal trouble and constant attacks of Hay-fever. She had as many as 3-4 attacks each week, lasting sometimes for two days. Thermo-Ray treatment was commenced in September, 1934. After six treatments, the attacks still persisted, but only in a mild form, and the patient experienced considerable relief. A septic focus was indicated in another part of the body, and when Thermo-Ray treatment was applied to that area, the Catarrh and Hay-fever disappeared entirely.

Up to January, 1936, this patient has had no recurrence of her complaint.

Most Catarrhal and Bronchial complaints, also Asthma, Pleurisy and other lung troubles have been cured by the Thermo-Ray.

Should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

From week to week we shall inform the public of the remarkable results achieved by Wireless Waves or Thermo-Ray treatment.

The Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., with its headquarters in Macquarie Street, has secured the services of a fully qualified medical staff, and of the Dutch Scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Apparatus.

Please address all letters: Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., Wyoming, 175 Macquarie St., Sydney, or 'phone BW-5142.

5,000,000 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG *in choosing this* FACE POWDER

A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse of Cream," a marvellous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the price of 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax). If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

Housekeeping is HARD WORK

"Housework is jolly hard work," writes a lady, "exhausts all of us — makes us so tired, irritable, nervy and uses up all our energy so that we can't enjoy life at all." Taken regularly—morning, afternoon and evening—Wincarnis quickly enriches the blood, feeds the tissues and restores energy sapped by housework. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Your chemist stocks Wincarnis. Get a bottle *to-day!* Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

WINCARNIS
Puts Young Blood in your veins

CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM

Steelo

Does it quickly . . . in one operation . . . and more easily than ever. Steelo restores the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.

Four "VAREX" Applications . . . Heal Bad Leg

W.D.H. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for varicose ulcers at any stage of development. No resting required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney, 422N Collins Street, Melbourne.

Law for Women

THINGS to *Remember When* SHOPPING

How Law Protects Traders and Shoppers

Since women do the greater part of the community's buying, at sale-time, and any other time, it is a matter of interest to them to know how they are protected by the law when they go shopping.

Where does a wife's responsibility as to purchases end and her husband's begin? What is the responsibility of traders regarding the quality of the goods they sell? Cases involving these and other questions frequently come before the courts.

EVEN in the apparently simple process of shopping there is room for mistakes, either on your part or on the part of the retailer or his assistant, and here is where the law steps in to make rules for the protection of both parties.

Perhaps at this time of the year, when everybody takes advantage of sales, you order your goods and direct that they be sent to your home. You may pay cash for them, or if you are one of the lucky ones of the world an obliging shopkeeper will put them down to your account or perhaps to your husband's account.

And just whether the shopkeeper will put them down to your husband's account depends largely upon what you are buying. The shopkeeper knows right well that he can force your husband to pay for actual necessities ordered by you, but if he sells you a hundred-guinea fur coat, and your husband repudiates the liability, he is in a different position.

Of course, in considering what are necessities, should the matter finally come to litigation, the Court would take into consideration the buyer's social status and condition, and it is not inconceivable that a tribunal would hold that a fur coat costing even one hundred guineas would be regarded as a necessity for a well-to-do woman.

The same position applies to minors. They may run up accounts in their own name if the shopkeeper lets them, but if the question arises later on the shopkeeper can only recover from them the value of such goods as are considered necessaries.

Contract Law

ONCE you have ordered an article in a shop, you have promised to take it and pay for it. If you change your mind and telephone afterwards countermanding the order, the shopkeeper can refuse to cancel the bargain if he chooses.

If the article happens to be one of little value, he probably will not exercise his legal right at the risk of losing your future custom.

A contract for the sale of goods to the value of £10 and upwards is not enforceable unless the buyer accepts part of the goods or gives something in consideration to bind the contract, or unless there is a memorandum in writing.

If the seller delivers less than the quantity of the goods bought, when they arrive the purchaser may reject them. If the quantity sent is accepted, it must be paid for at the price bargained.

If the seller sends more than ordered, you may take the lot, or only the quantity ordered, or you may refuse to take any of the stuff, and the law will protect you.

Need for Care

AND here is another point. If you refuse to take delivery of goods ordered when they are sent to your home, the seller may hold you responsible for any loss he occasions by having them returned. For instance, if they become damaged or unfashionable, or if he has to dispose of them to a third party at a lower price, his loss will fall on you if he takes you to law.

People are often worried by having goods sent to them which they have not ordered. The law is clear on that point. You cannot set fire to them, or throw them out in the rain, but you are not obliged to take any steps to return them or preserve them. However, if you keep them you must pay for them at a reasonable price.

If you order a frock or a suit of clothes from your tailor, and it does not fit, you must give the tailor an opportunity of rectifying the mistake. You cannot throw it back on his hands unless it is so bad that he cannot adjust the error.

'Ware Bargains!

NOWADAYS you don't have to come to town to buy wireless sets, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, or enlargements of family portraits.

Any day in the week you expect at least two or three enterprising salesmen travelling for these lines to ring the front door bell.

When they insist on leaving the wireless set for a few days (particularly if a Test match is on), or on cleaning your sitting-room carpet and leaving the vacuum cleaner for your husband to see, you have no responsibility unless you have signed a hire-purchase agreement.

While no woman can resist a bargain it should be remembered that real value is more likely to be obtained from reputable firms, which have to face keen competition from their rivals, and which have built up their businesses by honest trading.

"GRATEFUL FOR THE MARVELLOUS RESULTS"

Rundown, nervy people turn to Clements Tonic to give them back their health. After a short course, their appetites are restored, their nerves are steadied and their health is improved "out of sight." Small wonder, then, that they are grateful to Clements Tonic — the natural restorative.

Willoughby, N.S.W.

"I have very much pleasure in writing these few lines, which I sincerely hope may be of some assistance in recommending your marvellous tonic. I have taken other tonics specially prescribed and I find none to equal the famous Clements Tonic.

"My work is very strenuous on nerves, as I am a phonogram attendant, and I can assure you I am more than grateful for the wonderful results I am getting from Clements Tonic, and I will certainly recommend it to all my fellow workers as a marvellous tonic for nerves."

(Miss) M.D.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in Capital Cities, 3/- and 5/- a bottle, at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

C788-120

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IF YOU WANT
PERFECT COOKING
To Save Money
Bright, Clean Pots & Pans
A Cool Kitchen

YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY

30% REDUCTION
in Rates for all who Cook Electrically

To every home in which an Electric Range (4 k.w. and over) is installed, secondary kilowatt-hours (units) of electricity will now be supplied at .7d. (seven-tenths of a penny) per unit instead of 1.0d. — a reduction of 30% which applies to ALL electricity used in such homes.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

20% deposit
2 years' terms.
Free Installation
(up to a cost of £6)

Users of approved Electric Ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Undertaking

The Sydney County Council - - - - Queen Victoria Bldg., Sydney EP-22

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR
bought everywhere by everybody

Wrinkles Blackheads Open Pores

Marvellous Rejuvenating Beautifier, sustaining New Zealand Volcanic Clay, CLEARS SKIN

TAKES 10 YEARS OFF LOOKS IN 2 MINUTES

Kathleen Court, internationally famous Beauty Expert, discovered the way to blend the marvellous New Zealand Clay into a fine cream that swiftly restores youth and freshness to ageing faces. This astonishing beautifier is 'Facial Youth'. In many countries, millions praise it. Every woman who tries 'Facial Youth' is amazed and delighted! Looks, feels and is used like an exquisite face cream. Non-gritty. Wipes in years off your appearance up to 2 Minutes. Blackheads, Skin Wrinkles, Open Pores, Pockles, Sallow Skins, give place to clear, petal-smooth, youthful loveliness. 'Facial Youth' is safe, certain and effective for all ages. See for yourself! Ask your Chemist or toilet counter for Kathleen Court's 'Facial Youth.' Tubes at 1/- and 1/6d; Large Jars, 2/6d. Special Pore-Cleansing form, 2/3d.

Makes You Forget You Have

FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. PASTEETH-VASCLYN, a new improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will hold them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums and mouth will not get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get PASTEETH-VASCLYN from any good chemist.***

WE'VE BEATEN NEURITIS

By attacking neuritis where is begins . . . in kidneys and liver . . . by checking the flow of harmful material which poisons the system when these important organs are disordered. Warner's Safe Cure permanently cures not only neuritis, but also rheumatism, sciatica, biliousness, and all symptoms rising out of this common cause.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/9.

STOP HIS DRINKING

"I could not let my son wreck his life," one mother writes, "so I secretly gave him 'DRINKO,' with amazing results. He is a new man and off the drink." 'DRINKO' will save your son and husband, too. Get our free advice on this great treatment. Write or call, Dept. W, HOME WELFARE PTY., 303 George Street, Sydney.

LONELY MEN AND WOMEN

Send stamped, addressed envelope to obtain a free illustrated booklet and confidential particulars of our Matrimonial Correspondence Club. Make acquaintances all over Australia.

MISS ROWENA P. RUSSELL,
Commercial Bank Chambers,
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SHE hesitated, and the watchers saw a dark flush pass over her face.

"Yes . . . it was so insulting that I did not tell you. It was this—and this was the main condition—that I should not at any time attempt to establish the fact that I was legally married to Mark. That was to me inexplicable—I can't believe that he was ever married before, but his early life was so remarkable that anything may have happened."

Leon was smiling delightedly. In such moments he was as a child who had received a new and entrancing toy.

"I can relieve your mind," he said to her amazement. "Your husband was never married before!"

Poiccart was studying the drawings.

"Can you get the plans of your husband's estates?" he asked, and Leon chuckled again.

"That man knows everything, George!" he exclaimed. "Poiccart, mon vieux, you are superb!"

He turned quickly to Mrs. Stamford.

"Madam, you need a rest, a change of clothing, and—protection. The first and the last are in this house, if you dare to be our guest. The second I will procure for you in an hour—together with a temporary maid."

She looked at him, a little bewildered . . . five minutes later, an embarrassed Poiccart was showing her to her room, and a nurse of Leon's acquaintance was hurrying to Curzon Street with a bulging suitcase—Leon had a weakness for nurses, and knew at least a hundred by name.

Late as was the hour, he made several calls—one as far as Strawberry Hill, where a certain assistant-registrar of marriages lived.

It was eleven o'clock that night when he rang the bell at the handsome house in Upper Berkely Street. Another footman admitted him.

"Are you Mr. Gonsalez? Mr. Lethersohn has not returned from the theatre, but he telephoned asking you to wait in the library."

"Thank you," said Leon gratefully, though there was no need for gratitude, for he it was who had telephoned.

He was bowed into the ornate sanctum and left alone.

The footman had hardly left the room before Leon was at the Empire desk, turning over the papers rapidly. But he found what he sought on the blotting-pad, face downwards.

A letter addressed to a firm of wine merchants complaining of some deficiency in a consignment of champagne. He read this through rapidly—it was only half-finished—folded the paper and put it into his pocket.

CAREFULLY and rapidly he examined the drawers of the table: two were locked—the middle drawer was, however, without fastening. What he found interested him, and gave him some little occupation. He had hardly finished before he heard a car stop before the house and, looking through the curtains, saw a man and a woman alight.

Dark as it was, he recognised his unconscious host, and he was sitting demurely on the edge of a chair when Lethersohn burst into the room, his face white with fury.

"What the hell is the meaning of this?" he demanded as he slammed the door behind him. "By God, I'll have you arrested for impersonating me——"

"You guessed that I had telephoned—that was almost intelligent," smiled Leon Gonsalez.

The man swallowed something.

"Why are you here—I suppose it concerns the poor woman who escaped from a lunatic asylum to-day—I only just heard before I went out . . ."

"So we gathered from the fact that your watchers have been on duty again to-night," said Leon, "but they were a little too late."

The man's face went a shade paler.

"You've seen her?" he asked jerkily. "And I suppose she told you a cock and bull story about me?"

Leon took from his pocket a piece of discolored linen and held it up.

"You've not seen this?" he asked. "When Mark Stamford died, this drawing was found on his sheet. He could draw these queer little things, you know that?"

Lewis Lethersohn did not answer.

"Shall I tell you what this is—it is his last will."

"That's a lie!" croaked the other.

"His last will," nodded Leon sternly. "Those three queer rhomboids are rough plans of his three estates. That house is a pretty fair picture of the Southern Bank premises and the little circles are money."

Lethersohn was staring at the drawing.

"No court would accept that foolery," he managed to say.

Leon showed his teeth in a mirthless grin.

"Nor the 'awl' which means 'all,' nor the four strokes which stand as 'for,' nor the 'Margaret' nor the final 'Mark'?" He asked.

With an effort Lethersohn recovered his composure.

"My dear man, the idea is fantastical—he wrote a will with his own hand——"

The REBUS

Continued from Page 18

THE WILL of Mark Stamford.

Leon stood with his head thrust forward. So far Lethersohn got, when:

"He couldn't write!" he said softly, and Lethersohn staggered back. "He could draw these kid pictures but he couldn't write his own name. If Mrs. Stamford had seen the registrar's certificate she would have seen that it was signed with a cross—that is why you put in the little bit about her not attempting to prove her marriage—why you kept her prisoner at Harlow in case she made independent inquiries."

Suddenly Lethersohn flew to his desk and jerked open a drawer. In a second an automatic appeared in his hand. Running back to the door, he flung it open.

"Help . . . murder!" he shouted.

He swung round on the motionless Gonsalez and, levelling his pistol, pulled the trigger. A click—and no more.

"I emptied the magazine," said Leon coolly, "so the little tragedy you so carefully staged has become a farce. Shall I telephone to the police or will you?"

* * *

Scotland Yard men arrested Lewis Lethersohn as he was stepping on to the boat at Dover.

"There may be some difficulty in proving the will," said Manfred, reading the account in the evening newspapers; "but the jury will not take long to put friend Lewis in his proper place. . . ."

Later, when they questioned him—Poiccart was all for pinning down his psychology—he condescended to explain.

"The rebus told me he could not write—the fact that the will did not instruct Mrs. Stamford to marry Lewis showed me that he was married and loved his wife. The rest was ridiculously easy." (Copyright).

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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. Here they encounter

OLD KATE: Who overcomes Lothar by cunning and leaves him to suffocate in a cellar. She returns to the auction-room and there, to the amazement of all, offers Narda's jewels for sale. Mandrake accuses her of being Saki in disguise; but the arch-criminal escapes with the jewels. Mandrake follows Saki, who threatens to shoot, but is cornered and disarmed by the Magician.

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If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), and add to it ½ pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has catarrhal deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

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THE TIME LOCK

Continued from Page 16

"Would you care to step down to our office?"

"At this time of night?" exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"Or shall I give you the bad news over the wire?"

"The news! What news?" said Mr. Jones, his teeth clacked slightly, as they did when he got excited. They had never fitted him well.

"Your bank, sir, has just been robbed. If you will come here at once, we can put you on the trail of the robbers. Before notifying the police."

"But how—why?" said Mr. Jones.

"Hurry, please, Mr. Jones. There is no time to lose. Come to our office, unless you would rather meet us at police headquarters."

MR. JONES' teeth clacked again; the goose flesh rose upon his body. It was not alone the words, but the tone, that seemed some way suggestive.

"I'll be there. I'll come right over."

It was impossible; a shame, the whole thing. For a man of his age and standing in the community, to be first forced to rob his bank, in self defence, at this time of night. And suddenly without warning to be called up in the dark and told it was already robbed. Yet there it was. And perhaps all for the best. If it were really robbed. He would see.

He put his long, damp fingers on his hip to the old revolver he had put there earlier. In case of accident or interruption. Went softly out.

The bank was just as usual, he saw going by. The windows in Punderford and Maddox's were lighted. After a minute or so he went up.

"Glad you came so soon, Mr. Jones. Won't you sit down?" It was that Pettibone, the young lawyer. "Just a minute while I get the others."

Others! Mr. Jones sat down, somewhat slowly, feeling the unaccustomed hardness of the revolver in his rear pocket as he did so.

By and by this Pettibone reappeared from the office of Mr. Punderford, the senior partner, where he had gone. Another figure followed him; but not Mr. Punderford, as he had hoped.

"You know Mr. Sturgess?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Mr. Jones, smiling his set, false-toothed, elderly smile. It was young Sturgess, the representative of the Great Republic Guardian and Fidelity Company which wrote the bank's indemnity insurance for losses through theft.

"It was Mr. Sturgess who captured the robber red-handed," said the lawyer.

"Then you have him, the robber?" said Mr. Jones quickly.

"Just in there," he answered, nodding at the ground glass door into the second private office. "He has confessed," he said in a lower voice.

"Who—who is he?" asked Mr. Jones jerkily.

But he did not answer that at once. "He then confessed the taking of the securities, of every security in the bank."

"Every security?"

"And now he demands that we take them and him at once to the police department."

THE whole thing was unreasonable and unfair. He sat there, Wilberforce J. Jones, the president of the First National Bank, beneath the steel engraving of Lincoln's Cabinet in Punderford and Maddox's office—here at ten p.m. To hear stuff like this from this young law clerk; and feel the hardness of his pistol, that he himself had put there, growing more and more noticeable in his hip pocket.

"Or the bank examiner, if you prefer," said the young whippersnapper, more and more politely. "Claiming that he has robbed the bank in good faith and merely wishes the chance now to demonstrate this to the stockholders and the bank examiner. Whatever that may mean to you!"

Mr. Jones did not respond, his faculties not coming back at once. The one sensation, that hard revolver in his hip pocket, dominating everything else more and more.

"Something about the time lock of the bank being left off by you to-night—which gave him his opportunity, whatever that means. So we sent for you to find out." He looked up with no visible expression, while Mr. Jones stood listening to a new voice strangely high and shrill; yet one he had often heard before.

"Bring him in. Let's see them both. Both the robber and the bonds."

"With pleasure."

It was a moment before Newell was in the glass doorway; he and the lawyer each bringing in a bag of bonds. And the idea came over Mr. Jones as to what he should do.

"What do you say? Shall I call him? The bank examiner at the hotel. To have the showdown?" the lawyer's voice was going on.

The pistol on Mr. Jones' hip grew suddenly light and disappeared. He found himself suddenly waving it. "No you don't. No you don't. Stand over there. Keep off from that telephone"; that strange voice that he knew so well was going on until he stopped it suddenly, and went on talking in his natural voice.

"Now, then, let's get this thing straightened out if we can."

"Why not?" This lawyer, this still-faced boy was answering and then turning toward the third glass door.

"Miss Newell."

"Yes."

"Is your door locked?"

"Yes."

"Get ready to call the police, when I say three."

Mr. Jones watched him steadily; down the level pistol barrel across his long white hand; a strange sight that he never thought that he would live to see.

"One . . . Are you ready, Mr. Jones, to stop your jesting? . . . For you know, Mr. Jones, this is foolishness."

"You'll see," said Mr. Jones, still stiffly holding out the gun before him.

"Two. Miss Newell, will you take hold of the receiver without removing it?"

"I have."

"What do you say, Mr. Jones? Must we do this thing, Mr. Jones? Must we really?"

"No." Mr. Jones still heard his voice responding. "No. You can't do this thing to me. Hand over those two suit cases to me. That is the property of the bank."

He could see him looking back up the revolver barrel, still arguing. "Why be foolish, Mr. Jones, why not make arrangements—inside the family here without calling in the police—the authorities. Why not simply sit back with Mr. Sturgess here to represent the indemnity company, and the firm of Punderford and Maddox the interests of the stockholders. Why go to gaol, unnecessarily, Mr. Jones? When a compromise can so easily be arranged."

The pistol wavered slightly at this point. Mr. Jones saw it do so.

"Punderford and Maddox, Punderford and Maddox! Since when were you Punderford and Maddox?" he said and laughed loudly.

His harsh amusement woke a slow smile from the young attorney at the desk. "You are quite right, Mr. Jones. Thanks for the suggestion."

Please turn to Page 38

THE section of Main Street ahead of the car was empty, soundless, as the bottom of the sea. Beside her, slightly back, the blackness of the alley showed blacker behind the dim whiteness of the bank. Sinister as all alleys are at night, even in the calmest, most respectable of New York suburbs. She turned sharply away at a sound in the soundlessness of the empty street—of slow, heavy, measured feet on the Main Street pavement. The single Main Street cop appeared through the windshield in his dark and shiny coat, like a seal in a glass aquarium. She sat motionless. Saw him go. That he was not coming on to see her. Then suddenly she turned about, towards the alley.

It seemed to her now, back in the darkness, she had a sense of something there, moving. A clot of slightly thicker darkness. In the black hole of the alley; beyond the sharp-cut line where the light ended.

She moved at last from her listening. It was her father, coming out. She heard the turning of the knob and lock. The wait as he set down the bags. The closing of the door again.

"Just a minute," said the clot of shadow.

"What is this?" her father stammered. "Who are you?"

"Don't worry. Come along. I'll take the bags."

"You!" her father said. And came on in silence.

"Get in."

He put the suit cases in after her father. Got in himself.

"Drive over to the offices of Punderford and Maddox," said the shadow.

Mr. Wilberforce Jones, withdrawing his cold hand from his front door knob, stole back again through the dark hall and the unlighted library to answer the startlingly unexpected telephone call that had caught him, as he was leaving.

"Hello," he said, softly, "yes." And received the unexpected message from the still more unexpected source.

"This is Punderford and Maddox speaking."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, deeply suspicious.

"Pettibone at the phone."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Mr. Jones, getting the voice now; that light-haired boy in Punderford and Maddox's. He had no use for him. "What can I do for you?"

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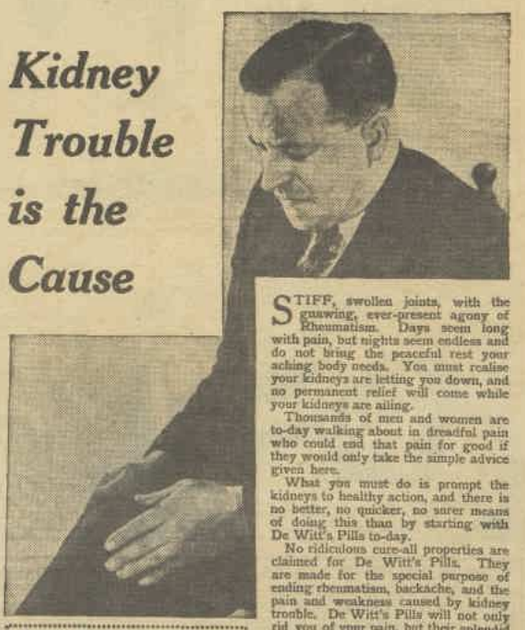

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

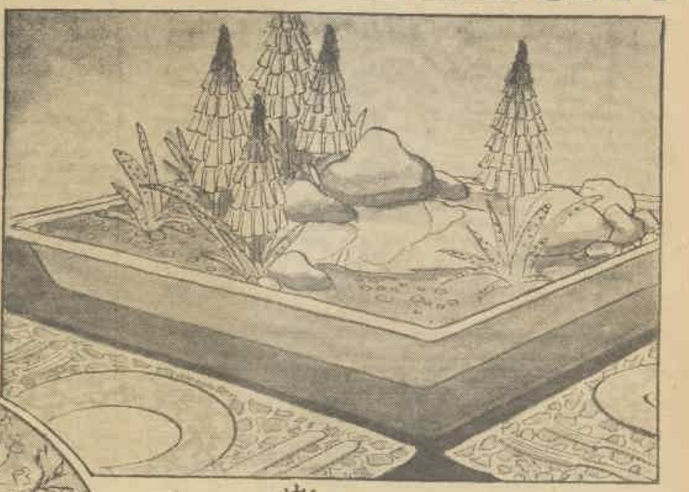
January 18, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

LITTLE MAGIC GARDENS OF DELIGHT

There's a wealth of interest wrapped up in the fashioning of dish gardens for indoor decoration

The art of dish-gardening, or the making of dish pictures, originated in Japan centuries ago. Here in Australia we have seen many times over the so-called Japanese garden in its commercial form — monotonous, uninteresting, each garden repeating over and over again the same plants, jumbled little pagodas, bridges, temples, etc. But in this article you will learn much from one who has studied the making of miniature Japanese gardens.

By Our Home Decorator



ABOVE: Here is a sketch of a most enchanting dish garden that brought a wealth of beauty to a spring table last year. Wee boulders are reflected in the glassy pond, and lachenalias, with their umbrella-like blooms and spotted leaves, give picturesque charm to the scene.

OF course, the Japanese garden idea is adaptable, as instance two of the illustrations on this page. Don't you think the cactus dish garden interesting? Imagine how easy would be its construction, too!

And above this picture you see beauty created with mirror glass, miniature grey boulders and lachenalias in bloom. As you gardeners know it will soon be time to plant bulbs, so this little suggestion may inspire you to experiment a little in this most fascinating hobby—dish gardening.

I have seen during my travels some delightful landscape gardens in miniature. Their sites range from soup plates to wash-hand basins! Usually a few small stones are placed at the bottom, then loam (or fibre) which is piled higher in the centre. Tiny trees, ferns, miniature oaks, orange trees, junipers, golden privet, pebbles, shells, mosses, even grass, also mirror glass, have all added to the dish picture.

THE QUAINT Japanese garden showing in the circle is a miniature of an actual scene in Japan and was built by Mrs. Oswald Gibson, of Melbourne—a Japanese temple in spring time, with cherry blossom.

THE LITTLE GARDEN of delight that stands upon my table. . . . It even has steps that climb and wind over a "mountain" of mossy stone. Beneath the shade of a fantastic tree a wee, gorgeously - robed figure stands. "Spikey" plants in miniature, and grass (which can be grown from seed and then thinned out), give a realistic touch.

WHEN A LITTLE CHAP saw this "giant" cactus garden he said "Tom Mix"! As you can see, this garden would be easy to construct.

Sometimes I have seen tiny trees in separate, wee flower pots placed ingeniously in the "garden" setting—also potted flowers.

Mrs. Oswald Gibson, of Melbourne, who is an experienced craftswoman in barbola-work and pottery, recently visited Japan, where she studied the making of miniature gardens. Many of the gardens she has made since her return are miniatures of actual scenes in Japan.

Mrs. Gibson has utilised artificial miniatures of pine-trees, shrubs, and flowers so that a minimum amount of care is needed for the gardens. The only work involved is occasional watering of moss or grass. If desired, the artificial trees can be replaced with twigs of growing trees and plants.

One of the gardens is a rural scene near Yokohama. Among growing rice-fields are tiny pools below rugged cliffs bright with cherry-blossom; Japanese peasants an inch high work in the rice-fields or toil up the hills.

She brought back Japanese grass seed and Japanese soil, and the grass sprouts within a week. The gardens are laid out provisionally on a sheet of paper the size of the shallow pottery bowl in which the garden is to be built. Once the grouping is decided upon, steady hands are necessary to place the tiny pieces that build up the scene.

The mirror-glass for pools is cemented first, and the rocks built round it. Infinite patience is needed to group the rugged rocks so that houses, temples, and bridges can be built on a level surface. The temple must always be on the highest ground, and there must always be a torii, a sacred arch, in the vicinity.

One bridge, which spans a rocky mountain chasm, is actually a gnarled ribbone left in th garden by a dog! Chunks of asphalt, chips of slate, road metal, or river stones are all collected by Mrs. Gibson wherever she goes.

Miniature buildings, figures, and animals are obtainable from shops that specialise in Japanese miniatures.

The making of flowers demands infinite skill when the largest of them are less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. Cherry-blossom is made from statice, dried and tinted pink with a fine paintbrush. Millinery flowers taken to pieces and remade in tiny blossoms and buds are placed on minute stems and fixed in garden plots of barbola.

The four seasons are represented in a group of larger gardens. Spring is a riot of cherry-blossom, summer is a scene with festoons of wistaria on the tiny cottages and mountain-side.

The wistaria is made of tiny pieces of paper painted mauve and stuck on fine, dried twigs. Accurately-shaped paper leaves in vivid reds and browns supply the color for an autumn garden. Winter was the most difficult of all of them to make. Bamboo shoots and small bamboo leaves form the garden and the whole scene had to be painted gently with white, over rocks, houses, bridges, and frail twigs and powdered with fine Japanese quartz to represent snow. Mrs. Gibson made snowshoes a quarter of an inch long for a Japanese laborer trudging up a mountain path.

Small individual pieces—animals, or tiny Japanese figures mounted on small pieces of rock—have been made for place-cards to accompany the gardens as luncheon table decorations.

Some of the smaller gardens are sombre in comparison with the larger gardens of the seasons. Actually, these are truer to the Japanese miniature garden tradition. Their charm lies in the grouping of rocks and in the typically Japanese sparsity of detail. In some of them a patch of growing grass, a twisted pine-tree, or perhaps a single temple provides the only touch of color.

Mrs. Gibson is selling the gardens for charity.

Remember This

WHEREAS turpentine can be used as a thinning quantity for paint, it will not serve for lacquer. Neither will benzine nor linseed oil. You can buy, however, a special liquid which can be used to thin down lacquer to any desired consistency—if and when required.

Clever IDEAS

FOR SUEDE SHOES: To take that shiny look from suede shoes and to remove grease marks, rub them carefully all over with sandpaper.

COOKING POTATOES: If you cut potatoes lengthwise instead of across, they will cook much quicker, and you will economise on gas.

WHEN BOILING RICE: Put a teaspoonful of lemon juice into the water in which rice is being boiled, and it will make it white and keep the grain separate.

FOR LEATHER BINDINGS: Rub vaseline over leather-bound books, etc. (do it sparingly), and it will improve their appearance considerably.

POLISHING FLOORS: Warm floor-dusters before the fire or radiator for a few minutes, and you will obtain a better polish with less labor.

FOR EXTRA CREAM: Beat up the white of an egg and mix it with your bottle of cream, and it will go round much further.

TABLE SALT: To keep your table salt always attractive-looking and free from lumps, mix it with cornflour in the proportion of one teaspoonful of cornflour to six teaspoons of salt and you will find that it will remain smooth.

TO MEND NET CURTAINS: If net curtains have got torn or fallen into holes, wash and iron and draw edges of holes together as much as possible. Now get a piece of net larger than the hole—one for each hole—dip in cold starch, squeeze dry, lay over hole, and iron till dry. When the whole curtain is dry the patch will be quite firm, and will not be noticed.

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PILES

How to Relieve them

You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and fidgety, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding. Day and night, piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary. Let Doan's Ointment give you the relief you so merely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints.

READ THIS!—Mr. Isaac Swales, 37 Albion Road, Randwick, Sydney, says: "I used remedy after remedy trying to get a cure for itching piles, but nothing did me any good until I applied Doan's Ointment. This wonderful Ointment cured me in a very short time, and I have been free from the nature of this complaint ever since. Only those who are afflicted with piles know what the irritation is like, but after my experience with Doan's Ointment, I am sure no one need suffer with this trying complaint. I wish I had known about this remedy years before; it would have saved me a lot of suffering." Some years later, Mrs. Swales says: "My husband is still a great believer in Doan's Ointment. It keeps him free from the torture of piles, and he is never tired of recommending it."

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. . . . *in Our Best Recipe Competition*

If your family is always praising some dish you make and clamoring for more, test their taste, write out the recipe, and enter it in our weekly recipe competition. If it wins a prize, an excellent recipe is given its just reward, and testifies to your own good judgment.

SO write out the recipe now, clearly giving name and address, and send straight to this office.

Read this week's excellent batch of recipes:

A MAYPOLE CAKE

Here is a novel idea for a birthday party:

Seven ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. glace cherries, 3oz. glace apricots, 5oz. butter, 5oz. castor sugar, 2 whole eggs and 1 yolk.

Almond Paste: 4oz. ground almonds, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. icing sugar, 1 egg, orange or vanilla flavoring essence.

Icing: 1lb. icing sugar, orange juice or water and vanilla or orange essence, cochineal.

The Maypole: 1 sugar stick, 3 yards narrow ribbon (in different colors), candle holders and candles, cake board.

Grease and line a cake tin seven inches in diameter. Cut up the apricots and cut the cherries into quarters. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream. Add the egg yolk and beat well, add 1 whole egg and stir quickly until the mixture is smooth. Add the remaining egg and stir quickly. Sift the flour with the baking powder and add, stirring in gradually. Bake in a moderate oven about 1 hour.

For almond paste, rub icing sugar through a sieve, mix with ground almonds and castor sugar. Add beaten egg, mix to a stiff paste and flavor with vanilla or orange essence. Roll out on a board dusted with sugar and cut a round the same size as cake. Spread top with a little melted jam, cover with the round of paste and pass the rolling-pin over the top to level it. Leave for a few hours to dry.

For plain icing: Rub icing sugar through a hair sieve, mix to a smooth coating consistency with strained orange juice. Pour over cake, and when nearly set push a sugar stick partially through centre. Cut the ribbon into quarter-yard lengths, making twelve in all. Attach each of these separately to the pole, using a dab of icing to make them adhere. Arrange candle holders round the board and stick in position with icing. Finish top of maypole with small piece of almond paste shaped to a point.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Norma Perkins, Woodlands, Reddestone, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE CHERRIES

Remove the stones from 24 large cherries, put a blanched almond in the centre of each. Cream together 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, add 1 beaten egg, pinch salt, make into a stiff batter with a large cup of self-raising flour. Cover each prepared cherry with this mixture, bake on well-greased slides in a fairly quick oven till golden brown. Whilst still hot, roll each one in castor sugar and grated chocolate.

Second Prize of 10/- to M. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelaide, S.A.

DATE SHORTBREAD SQUARES

One and a half breakfast cups flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 1 egg, and 2 tablespoons milk.

Mix in order given to a stiff dough. Divide dough into two portions, roll, line a sandwich tin with one-half, and fill with a mixture made as follows: 1lb. dates (stoned, and cut up) put in a basin, add 1lb. butter and sufficient boiling water to make the dates the consistency of thick jam. Put date mixture into the sandwich tin and cover with remaining dough, and bake 20 to 30 minutes. Turn out of tin to cool, and ice as follows: 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 2 teaspoons butter, flavor with vanilla, and mix together with a little water. Spread on cake, sprinkle with coconut, and cut in dainty squares when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Becke, 77 Cascade St., Paddington, N.S.W.

SPICED CHERRIES

Six pounds ripe red cherries, remove stalks, wash and dry them. Place in a large crockery bowl, cover with the following: 1 quart best vinegar, 2 dozen cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 4lb. brown sugar, 1½ teaspoons each of currants, raisins, and sultanas. Let all boil together, strain, and pour boiled vinegar over cherries. When cold, seal closely, store for a month before using.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. M. Finlay, 8 Kennedy St., Fairfield, Vic.

BENGAL BISCUITS

Rub 2oz. butter into 3oz. flour, add 3oz. grated cheese, ½ teaspoon curry powder, ½ teaspoon mustard, pinch of salt, and cayenne pepper. Mix to stiff paste with 1 egg and 1 small tablespoon milk. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, bake in hot oven. Most delicious heated up and served as a savory for lunch or supper.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Rose Groom, Heathcote, Irish Town, N.E.C., Tas.

POTATO BUNS

One pound plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1lb. mashed potato (cold), 2oz. sugar, a little jam, salt.

Rub potato through a sieve, add to the sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Mix lightly together. Form into a medium soft dough with cold milk or water. Roll into balls about the size of golf balls. Allow to rise for a few minutes. Make a hole in the centre of each with the finger. Bake about ten minutes in a hot oven. Fill hollow with jam and dust with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. M. McGibbon, Torquay, Qld.

More Ways of Using Apricots

APRICOT ROLL

Two cups self-raising flour, 5 dessertspoons butter, 3 tablespoons water, 1 dozen apricots, 4 tablespoons sugar, little water, cinnamon and nutmeg.

Mix the sugar and water, boil 1 minute, add the stoned apricots, and allow to cook slowly till soft. Turn into a colander to drain, saving the syrup. Make a pastry with the flour, butter, and water. Turn on to floured board. Roll out. Cover with the drained apricots. Sprinkle with cinnamon and nutmeg. Roll up, tuck in ends. Place in greased baking-dish. Pour over the syrup. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve at once with boiled custard.

APRICOT CREAM PIE

Stewed apricots, 1 pint milk, 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 5 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Put the breadcrumbs into a basin. Pour on the boiling milk; allow to stand 15 minutes. Stir in the beaten yolks and sugar. Put apricots into a piedish. Pour on the custard mixture. Bake in slow oven till set. Beat whites stiffly. Add sugar. Heap roughly over the pudding. Return to cool oven till a pale fawn color.

APRICOT BATTER PUDDING

Stewed apricots, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour

Put the hot stewed apricots into a piedish. Cream the butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk; lastly sifted flour. Pour over the apricots. Place in a hot oven and bake from 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with custard or butter and sugar.

APRICOT SHORT CAKE

Five ounces butter, 5oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, stewed apricots.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, and, lastly, well-sifted flour—making into a dry dough. Turn on to a floured board. Cut in halves. Roll one half out into a square—about 8 inches. Lay in greased swiss roll tin, and then lay apricots on the dough. Roll out the other half, and with it cover the apricots. Mark into squares with back of a knife. Glaze and sprinkle with sugar, and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into marked squares, and serve hot or cold.

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Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. (Copyright).

"I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

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SOLVING MENU PROBLEMS . . .

To young housewives—all housewives—confronted with the big problem, "what shall I serve to-day?" these menus should prove a boon!

EVERY good housewife knows this: It isn't a bit harder, it isn't any more difficult, and it's just as easy to serve really good meals that everyone will enjoy, as it is to prepare the dull, unappetising kind. But, faced with the preparation of meals three times a day and every day, even the veteran sometimes finds it a strain to vary the menu happily, and therefore welcomes suggestions. Here they are!

IF once the elementary rules of drawing up a menu are firmly grasped, it requires only an increased amount of experience and thought to enable anyone to plan a well-balanced repast on a more or less elaborate scale.

Here are some little things to remember when compiling a menu:

(1) See that the dishes chosen are perfectly balanced and seasonable.

(2) Bear in mind any whims or fancies known to you of the family. "Food-faddists" abound to-day.

(3) Arrange menu to suit stove, saucepans, and time-saving appliances available.

(4) Study the marketing list intelligently so as not to squander money.

(5) Aim for a touch of originality and vary dishes as much as possible.

(6) The principal ingredient used for one dish should not appear in any other.

(7) Two dishes of a similar nature should not appear on a menu.

(8) Plan well ahead.

By RUTH FURST
Cooking Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly

COLORFUL CHINA makes such a difference to the table if it is nicely arranged. Here you glimpse designs by world-famous Clarice Cliff.

TO THINK OUT pleasing, tasty, nourishing menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner every day of the week, year in and year out, is it any wonder that the housewife is sometimes harassed?

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast. — Rolled oats, grilled tomatoes and bacon, coffee, marmalade, toast.	Breakfast. — Wheatmeal porridge, crumbed sausages, coffee, jam, toast.	Breakfast. — Prunes and rice, brains and bacon, tea, marmalade, toast.	Breakfast. — Grapefruit, liver and bacon, coffee, honey, toast.	Breakfast. — Prunes and rice, sardines on toast, coffee, honey, toast.	Breakfast. — Breakfast d'light, grilled steak, coffee, puffta-loons, honey.	Breakfast. — Crispies and stewed fruit, poached eggs and marmite, coffee, marmalade, toast.
Luncheon. — Macaroni cheese, stewed fruit and custard, tea, flapjacks, jam.	Luncheon. — Cheese omelette, apple fritters and lemon, tea, bread, jam.	Luncheon.—Meat loaf with salad, vegetables, nougat tart and cream, tea, jam, hot scones.	Luncheon.—Sliced cold meat with potato and lettuce salad, blancmange and jam, tea, bread, jam.	Luncheon. — Salmon mayonnaise, fresh fruit, tea, hot scones, jam, cheese.	Luncheon. — Sausage rolls and brown gravy, Carlton pudding, tea, canoerre, bread.	Dinner.—Julienne soup, roast pork, apple sauce, baked potatoes and pumpkin, peas, custard, meringue tart, black coffee.
Dinner. — Tomato soup, hazlent ox-tail, new potatoes, beans, apple dumplings and custard, black coffee.	Dinner.—Clear soup, steak and oyster pie, mashed potatoes, creamed carrots, baked vermicelli custard and stewed fruit, black coffee.	Dinner.—Potato soup, roulade of mutton, red currant jelly, baked potatoes, beans, fruit batter pudding and custard, black coffee.	Dinner.—White soup, fricassee sheep's tongues, new potatoes, boiled jam roll and sauce, black coffee.	Dinner.—Oyster soup, fried flathead and tartare sauce, chip potatoes, Brussels sprouts, steamed pudding and sauce.	Dinner.—Scotch broth, veal cutlets and tomato sauce, mashed potatoes and spinach, baked plum pudding and sauce.	Tea.—Cold meat with salad mayonnaise, jelled fruit salad and cream, tea, scones, jam.

PANNED EGGS WITH MARMITE

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, buttered toast, marmite, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne.

Toast the bread, spread with butter and marmite. Beat whites of eggs well, add yolks and milk. Salt and cayenne to taste. Melt butter in a frying pan. Pour in egg mixture. Place over gentle heat, and cook slowly till set, stirring occasionally. Pile on the prepared toast, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

ROULARDE OF MUTTON

Two flaps of breast of mutton, veal seasoning, fat, brown gravy.

Remove the bones carefully from the mutton, lay out flat, and spread each with seasoning. Roll up, tie securely with string. Melt the fat in baking dish, add the meat. Place in hot oven for 10 minutes. Lessen heat and cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour, basting well. Drain the meat and place in flat saucepan. Pour in the brown gravy, cover with lid, and simmer gently till tender. Place meat on hot dish, remove the string, reheat the gravy, and pour round the meat. Serve very hot with baked potatoes and a green vegetable.

WELSH RABBIT

Toast, mustard, cayenne, ½lb. cheese, ½oz. butter, salt if necessary.

Toast the bread a pale brown. Cut the crusts off and butter while hot. Slice the cheese thinly, and put into a saucepan with the butter, salt, cayenne, and mustard, and stir till melted without boiling. Spread at once on the toast and serve very hot.

VENTNOR MEAT PUDDING

One pound cold cooked meat, ½lb. breadcrumbs, little stock, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt, cayenne, finely chopped onion, 2 eggs.

Soak crumbs in stock, add meat, onion and flavorings, then well-beaten eggs. Pour into greased piedish. Bake in hot oven till set and brown. Serve at once with brown gravy.

NOUGAT TART

Whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. cakecrumbs, half-cup coconut, rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, little jam, brown sugar and cinnamon, 6oz. short crust.

Beat whites stiffly, add sugar, coconut, cinnamon, cakecrumbs, rind and juice of lemon, and mix well. Make the pastry and line a deep sandwich tin with it. Pour the mixture into the centre of the pastry shell. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Place in a moderate oven till the pastry is brown, then lessen the heat and cook slowly till the centre mixture is set. Serve cold with custard or cream.

CHINESE SOUP.

Two cups milk, 1 cup white stock, level tablespoon plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and cayenne, 3 tablespoons ground cheese.

Boil the milk and stock in an enamel saucepan. Add salt and cayenne. Pour on to blended flour. Return to the saucepan. Cook for 2 minutes after it boils. Add the cheese and serve at once.

PUFFTALOONS.

Half a pound self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. butter, good gill milk, frying fat.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter lightly. Add milk, making into a stiff dough. Turn on to a floured board, knead, roll out ½-inch thick, cut with knife or plain cutter. Have plenty of fat in a deep frying pan, and when hot add the pufftaloon and fry till a golden brown on both sides. Drain well. Serve on a paper d'oyley.

STEAK AND OYSTER PIE.

One and a half pounds steak, 1 dozen oysters, plain flour, 1 pint water, salt, cayenne, chopped parsley, flaky pastry.

Cut steak into small pieces. Place in saucepan. Add water and cook slowly till tender, thicken with blended flour. Cook for 2 minutes. Beard the oyster (this is to remove the dark part). When meat mixture is cold add the oysters, salt, cayenne. Pour into piedish. Cover with the pastry. Ornament top with rose and leaves. Glaze with yolk of egg and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes. Serve at once.

APPLE FRITTERS.

Four ounces self-raising flour, 3 apples, good teaspoon custard powder, 1½ gills milk, frying fat, icing sugar.

Make the batter with the flour, custard powder and milk, and beat well till quite smooth. Peel the apples and cut into slices. Dip the slice of apple into the batter and coat well, then place in the boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown on both sides. Drain well on white paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley, sprinkled with icing sugar.

MACARONI CHEESE.

Quarter of a pound macaroni, ½lb. cheese, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne, mustard, breadcrumbs, butter.

Cook the macaroni in the usual way. Drain well. Put the macaroni in well-greased piedish. Put the milk, grated or chopped cheese with salt, cayenne and mustard into a saucepan, and when cheese is melted pour over the macaroni. Cover thickly with breadcrumbs and dot well with lumps of butter. Bake in moderate oven till brown on top.

Give your children their milk-quota in **tempting fresh fruit Junkets!**

If your children won't drink milk, give them their daily requirement in the form of Hansen's delicious fruit Junkets! The colour, fragrance and real fruit flavours of these dainty Junkets encourage young appetites. Easily and quickly made with Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence, they solve the sweet problem for busy mothers.

Order some Hansen's Essence for Making Fruit Junket to-day from your grocer—serve Fruit Junkets regularly to the family!

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PANSIES and VIOLAS

Sow the Seeds Now!

Early Planting Assures Vivid Beauty for Your Garden in Late Winter and Early Spring

—Says the Old Gardener.

The growth of pansies and violas is among late winter's most signal compensatory acts for the quenching of the sunshine and the stripping of trees and garden beds. These dusky little beauties, although blooming close to the earth, raise themselves up from insignificance by their vivid, patterned beauty — pansies, thick-petalled, velvet, with extraordinarily beautiful designs; violas, dainty, colorful, so prolific. And this is the month to prepare the seed-beds, counsels the Old Gardener.

WE will continue our autumn planning this week with advice on the growing of pansies and violas.

Pansies are well worth cultivating, not only for garden beauty, but for table decorations in float-bowls, etc.; also for shoulder-sprays and posies.

They may be raised from seed, even though at times they may be slow to germinate. Unaccountably, the more choice the flower, the more shy the germination.

Prepare the bed carefully, in somewhat the same way as you prepare the poppy bed. Select a cool, semi-shaded position, facing east or north-east, so that you get the sun in the morning and shelter during the day. Avoid sowing the seed in boxes as they become dry too quickly; the open ground is always the best for any seed raising. The moisture is held in the ground longer, the plants grow quicker, are stronger and healthier.

Prick them out into boxes when they are large enough—for instance, when they get their third leaf. See that the soil is good, the boxes well-drained, and give them liberal supplies of water.

The position for the permanent pansy bed should be so selected that the plants receive a certain amount of shade during the heat of the day. Select, therefore, a bed where a tree, fence, or building will throw its shade across them during the afternoon.

Choosing the Ideal Spot

AN ideal place for pansies is in borders around a shrubbery, or in narrow beds along the wall of the house, facing east.

Wherever they are planted, however, the position must be well drained, the soil made sweet and rich with well-decayed manure or a plentiful dusting of blood and bone and superphosphate—a double handful to the square yard, well forked in. This should be done a few weeks before transplanting, so that the bed will be thoroughly prepared.

After transplanting, keep a sharp lookout for slugs and snails during the cooler months of the year, especially in the autumn. Rings of lime around the plants will give them some protection, but the best method is to use the torch or lamp at night and catch them.

The Viola

THE viola, like the pansy, can easily be raised from seed. Follow the method as stated for pansies, and keep each color separate.

In preparing the beds, the soil should be deep and enriched with well-rotted manure. Add plenty of wood-ashes, as they thrive best in gritty soil. As they are heavy feeders and deep rooters, see that the plant food is well below the surface. In heavy soil—and this applies to pansies as well—add grit, road sand, street sweepings, horse manure, decayed vegetables, refuse from the kitchen, sandy loam, coarse sand, or gravel siftings.

Top-dress Often

WHEN transplanting violas, plant them deep and have the soil pressed firmly around them. In the growing period, as the plants are continually being renewed by fresh growth, thrown up from the roots, the soil should be hilled well up, or a periodical top-dressing placed around them.

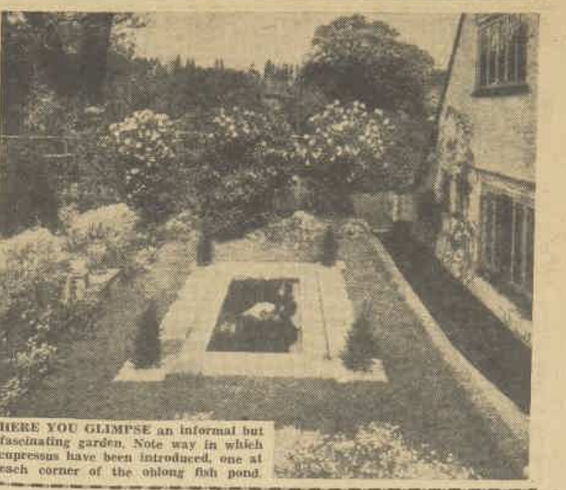
This top-dressing must be rich—brought from the compost heap or leaf mould. If this is not available small applications of blood and bone and superphosphate will be required. Dust around the plants or along the row and fork in.

Violas make a very decorative border. When planting a bed of pansies, make a border of yellow and blue violas, each color planted alternately.

Ribbon borders of violas are always most attractive, and they are also very beautiful massed in beds.

A border of ranunculi bordered with violas is striking.

Violas are also very attractive in window boxes, pots and tins, and as edging round tubs in which palms and miniature trees are being grown.



HERE YOU GLIMPSE an informal but fascinating garden. Note way in which cupressus have been introduced, one at each corner of the oblong fish pond.

Violets for Every Garden!

VIOLETS are one of the most enchanting flowers of our garden, and every garden can always find a spare corner for this profuse bloomer, and don't forget they revel in an abundance of air and sunlight. Do not tuck them away in obscure corners and shady places, give them all the sun possible.

The violet bed should be thoroughly prepared. First give the bed a good liming. About two weeks after dig the ground deeply, then apply a good dressing of leaf mould and well-decayed manure. Thoroughly work this through the soil. The bed should be turned over several times before the young plants are transplanted.

June, July, and August are the best months for putting out the plants, but the seed can be sown any time from now on, in a semi-shaded position where they will receive the morning sun, and yet have the shade during the day.

Violets are slow in germination and growth requires cool temperature and shady seed bed to bring them up well. They should be transplanted as soon as they are large enough, about 12 inches apart, and kept well-watered until well established. In very hot climates the permanent bed should be selected in such a position that they receive a certain amount of shade during the hottest part of the day.

One of the two most popular varieties is The Czar. The Prince of Wales is also popular on account of its size and perfume. A sprinkle of blood and bone and superphosphate from time to time during the growing period, lightly forked in, will work wonders.

Don't cover up Complexion Faults...

float them away with this deeply penetrating Cream

DO not think that Vanishing Cream and make-up can hide the faults of a muddy, spotty complexion for very long. A beautiful, healthy skin means a *clean* skin—clean in the deepest hidden pores. Pond's Cold Cream is the pore-deep cleanser — washing only removes the surface dirt. The fine oils of Pond's Cold Cream sink deeply but gently into the pores and float all dirt, grease and make-up away, leaving the complexion clean and glowing. Famous beauties throughout the world use Pond's simple and inexpensive method of complexion care—you can't do better than to follow their example. Australian women especially need this special treatment because of our trying climate and our vigorous outdoor lives.

Begin this simple treatment to-night!

Before you go to bed, cleanse the skin thoroughly by applying a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream, allowing it to remain on for a few minutes, then wiping away. Repeat this process until no soil appears on the tissue. Then apply Pond's Vanishing Cream—it melts away the tiny dead particles that cause roughness, and keeps the skin satin-smooth. Every morning, and as often as necessary during the day, another Cold Cream cleansing, followed with Pond's Vanishing Cream and make-up. After a few days of this treatment you will be rid of the complexion faults that you were trying to cover up.

Use Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty — Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and the New Face Powder —they are all exquisite, but economical. Larger jars, 2/6; larger tubes, 1/-.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses deep into the pores, nourishes the tissues of the underskin, stimulates.

Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps the skin smooth, holds powder.

Welcome home, Green! You look marvellous! Your skin! How did you do it? Oh, I'm sorry—forgive me!

Don't apologise, Jean—I know my skin was bad! But I found the simplest way to clear it—Pond's Cold Cream!

Everyone uses it abroad. It cleanses deep into the pores, stimulates the tissues and keeps the skin fresh and young-looking.

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FOR *Young* WIVES & MOTHERS

The Problem of Feeding the Nine-month-old Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

I have written often on problems of diet, but it is a matter that is confronting a different set of people from day to day, and certainly the biggest the young mother has to cope with.

I do not propose to go into too much detail in this article, but simply give a few common-sense instructions on how to feed the child who is just being taken off natural feeding and is facing the many dangers that come from wrong habits and incorrect diet.

IN the first instance, teach baby as soon as possible to drink out of a cup. This may have been done already, but, if not, see that from this stage he does not depend on the feeding-bottle for the liquid portion of his diet.

Give the drinks from a cup, first at one feed, say, the 10 a.m., then at two feeds in the day, and so on, thus discontinuing bottle-feeding gradually.

Regularity is also important. Don't get into the habit of giving tastes of things between the meal hours. In between the regular meal hours give nothing but water, and fruit juice.

As the diet becomes more solid and varied less milk mixture is necessary, but don't reduce it below two pints of milk mixture at nine months, one and a half pints at twelve months, and a little over a pint at eighteen months. These quantities include the milk used in the preparation of such foods as porridge.

Milk should be scalded before it is given, and should always be diluted by the addition of one-third to one-quarter the amount of water.

EVERY MOTHER wants to see her baby as happy and well as this little knave. Correct feeding will do much, if not everything, to make him so.

Discourage Fads

THOUGH to you baby may still be just a tiny scrap of humanity, without many ideas of his own, food tastes and habits are already becoming a part of his make-up.

Don't encourage them. Feed him with what you know to be the correct food, and if he shows a disinclination for it change his ideas by coercion, or some strategic method.

If persevered with, babies will learn to like almost anything that is good for them.

Certainly most children reveal a partiality for things that are not good for them, but your part of the business is to see that they are not allowed to have them in the first instance. I refer mostly to the taste for over-sweet things.

New Foods

DON'T force any new food on a baby. Introduce one new food at a time, and then only a little on each occasion. In passing from recipe to recipe of humanised milk (I have given directions for these in previous articles) increase and decrease amounts slowly over a period of three or four days.

Don't over-sweeten baby's food. It is bad for the teeth and the digestion, and he gets the requisite starch or sugary material in better form in his cereal foods.

ALTHOUGH you may not think so, baby is a bit of an epicure in his own way. Cook all food thoroughly, and serve appetisingly. Don't forget to add a little salt in cooking.

The main meal at which the most substantial food is served should be given in the middle of the day. Never give a child a heavy meal before he goes to bed at night.

Teach the child to chew his food properly. Nothing is better for this purpose than dry crusts or bread that has been baked in the oven. These crusts can be given about ten minutes before meals, but not between feedings.

Special menus for infants of this age are supplied by the Truby King Mothercraft Centres, and may be had on application. Space does not permit me to go into detail to-day.

Mother-love...

I CANNOT bring my tears
to you—
You who are young and
small—
'Tis not for little hearts like
thine
To bear their fall...

And yet I know thy sympathy
Must one day drown my
fears,
And I shall rush to you as a
child,
Blind with tears.

—Mary Truby King

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name and address and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

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PATTERNS

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Read what a user says. . .

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Sirs,—Personally, I have four dogs, two cats, and a parrot; all are treated occasionally with "KF" (Kills-Fleas) Powder, the result being 100 per cent., as one can handle these animals without the slightest fear of contaminating of Vermin. I have emphatically recommended this product to numerous friends. Wishing you every success.
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Just sprinkle "KF" on from the tin. It acts like magic in ridding them of Fleas, Lice and Mites. "KF" kills fleas and KEEPS THEM OFF.

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£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 18

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, WALLACE BEERY, the extra unnecessary letter being "Z." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISSPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS.

IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted), and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1936. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1.	WALLACE	BREEZY	BEERY
2.	R	LENARC	
3.	L	YTRACE	
4.	M	TRIDIECHS	
5.	J	UNGND	
6.	G	SONGSWAN	
7.	C	BRKOOO	
8.	R	PENNYD	
No. 9.	R	TOWNCHATTER	
10.	B	COPMYSON	
11.	B	ONESJO	
12.	H	HALLMARSH	
13.	W	LANDHO	
14.	K	CRANFISH	
15.	G	AFTER	
16.	S	PLENTEM	

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly, Sydney.

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 8th.

"SEARCH FOR FILM-STARS" COMPETITION No. 15

RESULT.

Two competitors submitted fully correct solutions, and therefore share the prize money, £25 cash, each receiving £12/10/-.
G. N. LEWIS, 64 St. Georges Road, Elsternwick, Vic.
F. L. MILLS, 6 Barncleuth Square, Elizabeth Bay.

SOLUTION.

1, Clark Gable; 2, Ted Wells; 3, Adolphe Menjou; 4, Eddie Cantor; 5, Marjorie Daw; 6, Robert Montgomery; 7, Pauline Frederick; 8, Boris Karloff; 9, Nancy Carroll; 10, George Bancroft; 11, Evelyn Laye; 12, Lily Damita; 13, Dixie Lee; 14, Mary Astor; 15, Merna Kennedy; 16, Zasu Pitts

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THE TIME LOCK

"WHAT are you doing now?" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his ancient pistol rising once more, as the lawyer, watching him, reached for the desk phone.

He waved his free hand reassuringly. "Calling up Mr. Maddox at his house, that's all. To fix that up for you; that little matter of the partnership."

As he said this he continued marking very carefully on the pad before him—turning his head critically from side to side, as if still uncertain of the effect. Watching carefully, over his shoulder Mr. Jones saw dimly what he thought it was: A broadly smiling duck, wearing a pronounced bang.

Joe Maddox, the slightly junior partner of Punderford and Maddox, came growling finally to the phone. Standing in his pyjamas in the dark, with his bare feet on the bare floor, he shook his grizzled forelock at the transmitter.

"Well, what is it?"

He was a man of violence; had made his living by violence for twenty-five years. He was the jury lawyer of the firm, the toughest jury lawyer in the county.

The bland young voice came back to him. "This is Punderford, Maddox and Pettibone," he thought he heard it say.

"This is what?" roared Joe Maddox, recognising it at once. He was a very profane man, when started.

IT was that kid; that crazy, lightheaded Pettibone, getting gay on the partnership idea once more.

"Pardon me. My mistake. This is Punderford and Maddox, Pettibone speaking."

"Well, what is it? Is the county courthouse on fire?"

"No. But I've got the First National Bank here."

"Oh yeah?"

"You've often said you'd like to see what was going on inside there—as a stockholder yourself."

"Well, what of it?"

"Service," the young maniac was saying back. "Our motto. One word and it is done—we are holding the bank here for you. The president, and the cashier and all the assets; some 450,000 dollars in securities in two black bags. And Mr. Jones himself here now guarding it and me with a big pistol, all waiting for you. And if you don't believe it, wait!"

Standing in the chilly dark, Mr. Maddox heard another voice; the voice of Jim Sturgess of the Great Republic Guardian and Fidelity Company. "You'll have to come down, Joe. The sooner the better."

He clapped back the telephone, dressed, started. What was going on? What would Jim Punderford, the senior partner, say to this new stunt. The old firm of Punderford and Maddox, the standard law firm of the county, wrecked for the whim, the sudden fancy of a mad boy. A conscious eccentric, an original who drew ducks upon a pad before making his eccentric answers; and the greatest kidder of all time. Yet doing nothing without a definite objective.

THEY were all waiting silently when he reached the office; the four men, and this good-looking, black-eyed girl. He knew her at the second look; it was Jim Newell's little girl with the black pigtails, grown up. Young Pettibone introduced her. "Kindly meet my first client. The first business I brought into the firm."

Joe Maddox looked at him making his marks on the pad as he talked. Getting around to his purpose; to that partnership thought again no doubt.

"I took the liberty, in your absence, and Mr. Punderford's, to give her the advice which has brought us here tonight," he said, waving around easily with his pencil at the two black bags, which he claimed held 450,000 dollars at least; all the bank's securities.

"He told them—he advised these people here, to rob my bank," said old Jones, getting excited; trying to hurry the youngster.

He just sat there, drawing his ducks. "Telling them Punderford and Maddox advised it, too."

He looked up at last. "Pleasing you, Joe," he said. (Everybody called Maddox Joe. He was the best and easiest-known court lawyer in the county.) "Giving you a look in at that old First National Bank Mystery. Showing devotion to God, country, and Punderford and Maddox."

They were in for it; there was nothing to do but go ahead after old man Jones; and slam the heart out of the old devil. Between Maddox and himself, and Sturgess and the others, they had him on the run; and a compromise started. Well on the way to an arrangement—to let the old man out, and take over what assets he had; and keep the bank going.

IT was after that that young Pettibone started out for what he was after personally, lifting his head from his drawing.

"There is just one more small matter; another angle of the case, that I would like to secure your advice upon as an older attorney," he said, looking over to Joe Maddox very calmly.

"Ah-ha," said Maddox, looking back, watching it coming.

"About the professional ethics of this case and myself personally."

"I see."

"For I find myself on the horns of a dilemma."

"Oh you do, eh?" said old Joe Maddox, scowling at him under his long untidy forelock. "Well, let's get you off it. Which is it?"

"You see, as I viewed the case," said the young madman, looking up again. "As I viewed the case as brought here by our client. (He waved his arm politely.) There were different possibilities as to action. I could, of course, have advised my client to take the matter to the authorities at once. Perhaps locking up the safe with his own combination first, you see, which would very probably have entailed the closing of the bank."

"Ug," said Joe Maddox.

"What I did, of course, was to advise the robbing of the bank. . . . In good faith. Under proper supervision," he said, waving now at Sturgess, the Indemnity man. "An advice, that very possibly the firm—either Mr. Punderford or yourself, would not have given, if here. Correct me if I am wrong."

Mr. Maddox not answering, he went on with his plea.

"Which leaves us, as I see it, in this situation: If I, on the one hand, only advised my client to rob the bank for the good of the State—of the people at large—once having done this, my duty is to call in the authorities now, to prove the robbery to be in good faith, for the benefit of all, and indicating, of course, the whereabouts and the receivers of the stolen goods, which, of course, might be liable to cause comment; not only for me personally, but even for Punderford and Maddox—in whose offices the stuff

Continued from Page 32

would be found. You see my point?"

"Hum," said Mr. Maddox, still watching him, as he went back to his drawing, looked up again.

"Now! And here we come to the crux of the case," he said. They all watched him, especially the bright-eyed girl. "On the other hand, if I were a member of this firm, representing not only the interests of these clients here but also for the stockholders, my duty—the whole ethics of the thing change—from that moment on. I could scarcely go to the authorities; and wreck the interests of my clients by the closing of the bank. I could scarcely reveal the present situation of the securities of the bank here. To the authorities."

THEY still looked at him in silence as he raised his artistic pencil from his drawing.

"You get my meaning perhaps; a partnership, a partnership. What else would make such an excellent, a foolproof solution of the dilemma in which we both find ourselves?"

"Oh yeah," said Joe Maddox, his eye still on him.

"Correct me, if I am wrong."

"Starting when?"

"At eight to-morrow morning. Before banking hours."

"And subject to Old Man Punderford's O.K. in the morning." After all, he had done the job, the crazy nut had turned the trick.

"O.K. with me," he said, making more careful marks upon his pad, and then all at once raising it. "Listen, Joe, cast your eye on this. How's that for a masterpiece?"

"What is it? If you know."

"A duck."

"A duck," said Joe Maddox. "It looks to me more like a pigeon."

"You're right. It is!" said the young loon, as if surprised. "Now you speak of it. That's exactly what it is. A Spencerian dove. I used to make them for my girl, 'way back—" he started, and stopped, staring. They all did.

That girl; the black-eyed Newell child, that he had told to rob the bank was having hysterics all at once. Young Pettibone was by her side, holding her; talking to her as if there was nobody else there; kidding her back to normal.

"Relax," he said, "that's all. Put yourself in the hands of your attorney. Ease up."

After a while she raised her head up from his shoulder, laughing more naturally.

He put it back again—with a gentle pressure, but she refused to leave it.

"We'll have to go home now. My father and I."

"Taking your attorney—with you. In case of any interference. And you can stay here, to watch over the 450,000 till I come back, pardner." He continued, gazing at Maddox very calmly.

Joe Maddox stood there with the rest, watching him pass out with his clients; holding the arm of the Newell girl; the one he afterwards married.

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To Lux *your undies* every night

BUT IT MEANS ALL-DAY *freshness and charm!*

Can you spare 4 minutes every night just before you pop into bed? That's all it takes to Lux your undies . . . and it's 4 minutes well and wisely spent. There's first the sheer pleasure of slipping into a clean set every morning, and then the lovely fresh-as-a-rosebud feeling that lasts all day long.

BE A CHANGE DAILY GIRL
it's safest!

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Wouldn't you hate to offend—even ever so slightly—through unpleasant perspiration? Twice-worn undies are always risky, and it's so easy to Lux them every night. Another thing, perspiration acids rot silky fabrics and send colours streaky and faded. That's why the nightly wash in Lux doubles the life of stockings and undies.

Follow the Easy 4-minute Lux Method

One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out . . . they're sweet and clean again. **Don't use too-warm water.** Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

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LUX YOUR UNDERTHINGS EVERY NIGHT...REMOVES PERSPIRATION

Too fat, and had poor skin

WHATEVER Mrs. R—— did seemed to make no difference. She remained far too fat; her complexion was really shocking — sallow, freckly, unhealthy altogether. Then one day she read of Glynol Berries, the one reducing remedy she hadn't tried! Goodness, the change was marvellous. In a short time the excess fat disappeared—it is, after all, a simple matter with Glynol Berries.

Overjoyed at her success, she set about improving her complexion; applied mercolized wax regularly for a few nights and at morning. The sallowness and freckles quickly vanished. Now her skin is fresh and smooth and lovely as a girl's.

Streaky grey hair then demanded attention. But Mrs. R—— had more sense then to dye it. Instead, she used Tamomalite. This lotion restored her grey hairs to their pretty natural colour. To wash her hair this new attractive women uses stallax granules. So quick, so pleasantly fragrant, so very cleansing. A light, downy moustache growth was easily removed with pure powdered phemitol. As a finishing touch, a light application of the delightful new Dearbore Face Powder and she was indeed a new woman.

FREE

LUCKY CHARM

Here is a wonderful chance for you to have a real Kasia Lucky Charm and at the same time become a member of the Bear Club. All you have to do is send in one disc from the inside of a tin of Bear Boot Polish—the polish that stays "put" and DOES NOT CRACK the leather. This will entitle you to a membership of the Bear Club and full details will be given you for obtaining a FREE De-Luxe Vacuum Cleaner, valued at £8/19/6, and other valuable prizes.

Start on Bear Polish to-day—you'll be surprised at the brilliance of its shine, even at the end of a day. Applied in a few moments, Bear Polish gives that "new shoe" effect without hard rubbing, and it's economical, too. Only 3½d per tin at all stores. Get your FREE Charm NOW—it is made by Sydney's leading jewellers. Send one disc only from a tin of Bear Polish, with your name and address, to A. J. Veall (Agencies) Ltd., 127 York-st., Sydney.

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Our Fashion Service *and* Free Pattern!

Patterns for these smart, attractive designs are obtainable on application to our Pattern Department

PLEASE NOTE:

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

MATRON'S STYLE

WW1049.—For the woman of more mature years, this smart two-piece ensemble is very youthful. Note the dip pockets and unusual treatment of the front of the coat. Material required: 5¼ to 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 38 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

THE NEW VOGUE

WW1050.—This advanced style will be very popular. Note braid trimming, now the craze overseas. The front of the two-piece suit is most attractive, while the skirt is cut to allow soft flares. Material required: 4¼ to 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

"WALKABOUT" FROCK

WW1051.—For shopping, afternoon teas, and informal occasions where you want to look smart without being overdressed, make this chic little dress with its patch pockets and tailored belt. Material required: 3¾ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY LITTLE DRESS

WW1052.—Any little girl, 7 to 10 years, would look well in this charming, simple frock. Note the collar trimming and box pleats back and front. Material required: 1¾ to 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

PRETTY SPORTS MODE

WW1053.—Very slimming, youthful frock, for sports, spectator sports, and simple outings. The double-breasted collar effect is simple and good-looking. Material required, for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Bust size, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TRIM AND BOYISH

WW1054.—A popular style with pique shirt collar neck treatment and cuffs to match—very boyish and debonair. Very easy to make. Material required, for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE EARLY TEENS

WW1055.—This bright little frock is plain with collar, cuffs, and belt trimmed with contrasting fabric, and with two straight, square pockets. Material required: 3¼ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Sizes, 11 to 16 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

GRACEFUL EVENING GOWN

WW1056.—This very charming evening gown has the new flounced cowl collar effect which is slightly off the shoulder. Straight hipline with full skirt adds real tailored smartness. Material required, for 36-inch bust: 7 yards, 36 inches wide. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR FREE PATTERN

OUR versatile free three-in-one pattern this week provides for an unusual combination — frock, jumper blouse, and hat.

Frock and jumper are cut to fit a 34-inch bust.

Frock is very smart and dignified. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide.

Jumper is simple but very becoming and tasteful. Material required: 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

Hat is a genuine halo style, which will have a popular run this season. It is finished with rows of stitching, which can be in either contrast or harmony. Material required: ¾ yard material, ¾ yard French canvas. Hat size 21½-inch head.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at right of page, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old—

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2324A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

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Pattern Coupon, 39.1/36.

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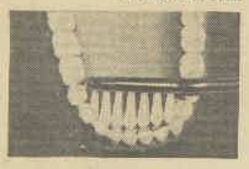
And who called *me* a spendthrift ?

● **"Look at this fine upstanding toothbrush, bristling with vigour; and where's *your* marvellous cheap toothbrush now, my sweet?"**
"Oh, that one passed out. This one I got for a shilling a week ago, but the beastly thing's moulting already."
"Ha, ha! Who's right now? But I'm a generous man and believe in giving my teeth a fair deal. Open your eyes and see what I've got. A 2/- Tek for you. And the son and heir not forgotten—here's a Tek Junior to protect *his* ten wonder teeth."



● Note how Tek is made to perfectly fit *inside* your teeth. It cleans everywhere. Tek is better value, too. Best bristles, and specially locked in so they *cannot* come out.

2/- *The long-lived tooth brush for long-lived teeth* **Tek**

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NO TROUBLE *at* ALL

Continued from Page 7

TANIS cut the angel cake, sawing it through gently, keeping count of the pieces, dodging Miss Wall's knife. She laid 950 slices on 950 paper plates with green and gold borders; she poured 950 ladles of strawberries over 950 mounds of vanilla ice-cream. They were beginning to return for seconds.

Tanis slipped away when she saw Berk coming again. It was dreadful to be hiding from Berk. But she wouldn't—she simply wouldn't—show them how to scrape the plates . . .

There was marsh grass on the dunes back from the shore. The moon was rising, and the sand was white; the wind off the sea felt cool on Tanis' hot cheeks, and under her hands the sand was cool with the coming night; the marsh grass whispered. Tanis leaned against a hillock, stretching her arms out wide, letting the wind pour over her.

At first Tanis thought the voices were the whispers in the grass. The voices steadied; became real. Mrs. Punderson was talking to Mrs. Myron Poore and Mrs. Cronin.

"She's pretty, anyway," Mrs. Punderson was saying.

"Well I don't know about pretty," said Mrs. Myron Poore critically. (Her husband worked in the bundle-room.) "But she's cute. That little snub nose with the two freckles on the end, and that little round chin that she holds up so high . . ."

"She'll have plenty of practice holding it up, if she marries him."

Mrs. Myron Poore smoothed her flowered chiffon over bony knees. She knew it was not suitable for a picnic. "I didn't have to work, either, before I was married . . ." "She'll find her work cut out for her when she's Mrs. Berk Larren."

It was really not till then that Tanis knew they were talking about her. Her cheeks burned fiery hot. But she lay still. It was too late to leave.

"They say he's a fine executive," Mrs. Cronin was saying. (Mr. Cronin was a floor-walker.)

Mrs. Myron Poore flared up with the resentment towards success of those not themselves successful. "Executive!" she said. "Yes, and what's that? A job making work for everybody else! I tell you I'm sorry for her, poor young thing. Wait till she gets him executiving round the house, that's what I say. He'll have her on the run every minute."

"Maybe she loves him," Mrs. Cronin suggested.

"Oh," said Mrs. Myron Poore scornfully. "Love!"

Berk brought the car to a stop when they reached the Head. The picnic was over. The rubbish had been gathered, and Jo Allen had burned it. The sleeping children had been distributed among their parents, and Miss Pevick had cried at saying good-bye. Berk had made sure that everyone had a chance to ride; that it would not be too much trouble for people with cars to go fifty miles out of their way with people whose last trains had gone. The band had played "Till We Meet Again" with a flourish by the cornet. Mr. Talliver had shaken hands with everyone. They had given a long cheer for Berk Larren . . . The moon swung low in the black sky and the black sea ran up the sand in silver slippers.

BERK snapped off the lights, leaving only the small glow of the dash lamp. It illuminated his face from below, so that Tanis saw it from an unaccustomed angle: the clean cut of the under chin, the strong flare of nostril tempered by the lift of upper lip, the flicker of lashes casting shadows up against his brows . . . He put his arm round Tanis.

"I've been looking for you all evening," he said. "I thought I'd lost you."

"I wonder," said Tanis strangely, "if you have."

BUT gradually, there in the warm darkness, in the quiet and strength of Berk's arm, Tanis relaxed. The irritation of the day flowed out of her. After all, the picnic was just part of Berk's job. It was a pity if a girl couldn't make a few sandwiches. Why should she mind what those gossiping wives said? They didn't know anything about love.

It was at times like this Tanis loved Berk—when they were alone. He was her Berk then—and she loved even the queer wayward fashion that his hair sprang off his forehead, the way he drew in one corner of his mouth. But when they were with the irrelevant crowds that Berk always gathered, then he wasn't her Berk any more; he was everybody's Berk, and there wasn't time to . . . love him.

"Tanis," Berk said suddenly, "let's go on a birthday party."

It was like Berk, Tanis thought justly, to remember her birthday. But . . . "What kind of party?" she asked suspiciously.

"Camping party," Berk said. "The Hardings will lend us their cabin at Lake Illusion. If I save up my Saturday mornings through July and August I can take the time all at once. It will give us a nice long week-end."

"Us?" said Tanis quickly. "Who?"

"You," said Berk grinning. "Me. All two. Aunt Caroline can keep house for us."

A wave of warmth and happiness rolled over Tanis deeper than the sea. After all, Berk did understand. Berk didn't want a crowd. He wanted her . . . "Would you like it?" he was saying.

"Love it," said Tanis.

"Love me too?"

"I might," said Tanis shyly, "before the party was over."

She lifted her face to Berk's kiss.

The drive to Lake Illusion was pure joy. They started with the sun, and outrode it, and arrived with dusk. All day the cities fell behind them, and their smoke and noise, and the hot white road, and Berk's executive office. Berk was in high spirits, like a boy let out of school. He belonged to Tanis that day. They lunched on a wooded hill at the edge of a pasture. Berk found wild strawberries, and they ate them out of grape leaves. They lay on their stomachs and drank from a spring that bubbled cold under a root. They made plans for their holiday.

"We'll fish," Berk said. "Aunt Caroline can fry trout so they'll melt right off your fork."

"Will—Aunt Caroline enjoy it?" Tanis asked doubtfully.

"Tickled to pieces," Berk assured her. "She lives with my cousin, and they've got a big family; it won't be any trouble at all for her to cook for two. She wrote that she was looking forward to a complete change."

". . . We'll really get to know each other," Tanis said.

"Sure thing," said Berk. "Good practice. See how you'd like being married to me." Tanis remembered that afterwards.

DARKNESS was already gathering when they reached Lake Illusion, but a last streak of primrose in the west made a pattern of black pines against the sky. The lake lay in a cup of the hills with white birches round the saucer. The Harding cabin stood on a rise of ground a little back from the water; the birches danced before it like brides in pale green veils. There were lights in the windows.

Berk opened the door directly into the living-room. It was a long room, warm and hearty, with a great fireplace of native fieldstone at one end, and bright rugs and deep chairs with cushions and red print curtains. In the fireplace a meagre fire burned, looking foolish, like a small audience in a large auditorium. Beside the hearth, in the only straight-backed chair the house afforded, sat Aunt Caroline. Aunt Caroline wore neat black silk, and, obviously, corsets. Her chin turned up and her nose turned down over a sunken mouth.

"Well," she greeted them. "So you've come."

Berk went over and kissed her. He introduced Tanis. "Supper ready?"

"I guess it will be, when you get it," said Aunt Caroline.

Tanis came instantly to the rescue. "Of course Aunt Caroline is tired. Travelling all day . . ."

Berk's voice was hearty. "We'll get supper ourselves to-night. It's no trouble at all."

"I came up here," said Aunt Caroline, making her position clear, "for a rest."

Please turn to Page 42

OPEN HOUSE!

A FRIENDLY gesture from prospective father-in-law: In London recently the bride's father, among other gifts to the happy couple, gave each a silver latch-key to his own home, with his daughter's name on one side, and his son-in-law's on the other.

These were handed over so that his daughter and her husband would be able to enter his home without knocking—surely a delightful idea and a charming gesture!

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Mrs. Helen Bagemore, Bondi Road, taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Beauty to Arms .. and Shoulders!

Don't let a too bountiful display of flesh, scrawniness, or rough, red elbows spoil your appearance.

DURING the past few weeks I have seen so many attractive girls and women in short-sleeved frocks, in devastating evening dresses, in smart bathers, utterly spoilt by ugly arms and scrawny or bulging shoulders. I felt, therefore, that a little talk on beauty care for arms and shoulders would most likely be welcome.

THE perfect arm, as "exhibited" by Jean Harlow, famous M.-G.-M. film actress. Smooth, white, and finely-textured, it is delicately rounded, and gently tapers away to a graceful wrist. This ideal is within the reach of every one of us.

TO begin with, so many suffer from a hard, pimply skin on the upper arm, and as this is comparatively easy to get rid of it does seem a pity that women (and, yes, young girls) should allow the condition to ruin their appearance. And here is a simple remedy:

A daily massage with warm olive (or almond) oil should be given. Rub well in for fifteen minutes, and follow with a heavy lather of soap and warm water, this to be brushed into the arms for two or three minutes. Use a fairly stiff brush or sponge for the purpose. Then a final rubbing with a good hand lotion, and a dusting of powder. In a short time your arms will feel like velvet, and will be delightful to the eye—smooth, finely-textured, gleaming.

All arms should, when you bath, be scrubbed vigorously with a bath-brush (you can buy rubber ones cheaply to-day, they're good, too), a heavy face-cloth or a loofah. Your arms will never suffer from gooseflesh, pimples, or roughness. And this scrubbing will, in time, correct such troubles (if you do not feel yourself able to carry out the softening olive or almond oil massage).

It will be necessary, however, after thoroughly drying your arms, to rub in some cream with deep "wringing" massage movements.

Elbows on Show

AS we seldom catch sight of our own elbows, they are very, very often overlooked, and sadly neglected. Providing they are not nubbly, dingy, "horny," or rough, all that is necessary to keep them nice and soft and rounded is a little cold cream massaged on for one minute nightly with the cupped palm of the opposite hand. And further: whenever you rub hand lotion on your hands, also treat your elbows to a little.

Resting the elbows for a few minutes at a time in two half lemons from which most of the juice has been squeezed will remove any redness and will help to make them soft and smooth.

The following solution is also beneficial to red, rough elbows: 2oz. rose-water, 2oz. glycerine, 2oz. peroxide, and one teaspoonful lemon juice.

The elbows should be soaked in this solution. The best way to apply is to soak a square of soft muslin or lint in the solution and bind to the arm for several hours.

I have heard that a woman rejuvenated hard, rough, and reddened elbows by following this simple method:

A little of the pulp was scooped from each half of a lemon. The elbows were buried in the lemon, rubbing for a few minutes.

The two halves of the lemon were then bound to the elbows for fifteen minutes, and the removed pulp and juice rubbed into the rest of the arms afterwards; the arms were bathed with warm water in which oatmeal had been mixed. The oatmeal water was kept for a second treatment, which was continued daily for a week.

Pointed elbows can be improved with a nightly massage of warm olive oil, but they should never be rested upon any hard surface. This is fatal to arm beauty.

Bleaching Dark Hair

DARK hair on arms can be successfully bleached.

Here is the remedy: Six parts of baking soda, four parts of lemon juice, and one part of peroxide, with enough water to make into a paste. Mix well and apply thickly to arms at night. Wash off with soap and warm water in the morning. Continue for two weeks.

A good exercise for reducing upper arms and filling out scrawny shoulders, also keeping the bust firm, is the following:

Stand erect near an open window, shoulders well back, heels about 3 inches apart, arms out at shoulder height, palms upwards, and twirl the arms 20 times backwards and 20 times forwards, keeping the action in the shoulder joints. Next breathe deeply enough to raise the upper part of the thorax 20 times.

By Evelyn

UNUSUAL LITTLE JOBS FOR ROUGE

IF you are looking a little tired and puffy under the eyes, bring a faint trace of rouge right up under the eyes.

A little dab of rouge beneath the tip of the nose will make it look shorter, and a slight shadow down the centre ridge above the lips will shorten the too-long upper lip. Call attention to your dimpled chin with rouge. A faint smoothing of rouge on the chin also shortens the face.

Ears may be neglected in make-up—only if they do not show. When, for evening, your hair is dressed to show your ears, and they are still more important with earrings, put a little rouge on each lobe, and you will find the effect very charming.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: What causes high blood pressure, and is it dangerous? Is it caused through mental worry or purely a physical condition?

HIGH blood pressure is not, in itself, a disease. It is an indicator of trouble somewhere in the system, often a sign of diseased or impaired kidneys, heart trouble or hardening of the arteries.

Excessive use of alcohol is one of the commonest causes of a blood pressure increased above the normal. Excessive food intake is another factor in the rise of pressure. Eating too much—and most of us do that—produces a strain on the digestive apparatus, while, at the same time, the over-abundance of food leaves behind poisons which generally affect the body in a deleterious way.

Too much hurry and the strain embodied in too long hours of work, combined with the pernicious habit of never taking a holiday, also cause the blood pressure to rise. Too much tobacco and coffee and the daily use of certain drugs will produce the same effects.

Increased blood pressure may also occur after the "change of life" in women, due to a disturbance in the glands of internal secretion. And, of course, certain diseases may show a high pressure.

* * *

WHAT should the patient do? First of all, he should place himself under the care of a physician. The doctor will have the urine tested and will order a certain diet, prescribe medication and, if desirable, suggest the use of lamp treatments.

In general, the doctor will tell the patient how to live correctly so that the pressure will not continue to increase, and, if possible, may be decreased.

It is important to emphasise that the high blood pressure subject should not become alarmed. Although it is true that a very high pressure may lead to a "stroke" and other serious damage, besides that which may already be true of heart or kidneys or both, fear never helped anybody, particularly blood pressure cases.

A moderate amount of increased pressure, if the kidneys are working well and the heart is unimpaired, does not call for the stoppage of meat, a strict diet, or the giving up of one's business.

Don't be afraid, therefore, to consult your doctor at least once a year and have your pressure taken. Your doctor will not scare you, nor worry you, nor restrict you unless it is absolutely necessary.

To be sure, sane, sensible living in all respects helps to keep the blood pressure normal. We should not overdo eating, drinking, smoking, working and emotional expressions. We should also keep the bowels open. Now and again a good sweat bath is excellent in eliminating accumulated poisons from the system.

Good, old-fashioned "horse-sense" applied to our mode of life is what helps most to keep blood pressure from mounting.

free

Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 2104.X. G.P.O., Melbourne for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes that will be published regularly in this Journal.

TODAY'S RECIPE

1 Packet White's Cherry Jelly dissolved in 1 pint (5 cups) of Boiling water. Fill individual glasses and chill. When nearly set place a quarter of grape fruit free from membrane on top of each glassful and chill until set. Garnish with cocktail cherry when serving.

All the flavour of the actual Fruit!

M1122

WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS

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NO TROUBLE *at* ALL

Continued from Page 40

BERK went out to the kitchen. "Tanis," he called. "What do you put in buckwheat cakes besides buckwheat?"

"Don't expect me to eat buckwheat cakes," said Aunt Caroline. "I've just had my lower teeth out. I thought it would be a good time, while I was on a vacation. I'll just have some gruel."

"I—don't believe I ever made any gruel," said Tanis doubtfully.

"Time you did then," said Aunt Caroline. "It has to cook two hours."

Supper was served promptly at ten-thirty. Aunt Caroline fished magnanimously in the bottom of her bowl.

"I strained it," Tanis said.

"What did you do," said Aunt Caroline, "throw away the gruel and save the lumps?" She took a fork and prodded the pile of buckwheat cakes. "In my day," she said, "a girl didn't expect to catch a husband unless she could cook."

"Honey?" said Berk rather loudly, passing the jar.

"No," said Tanis absently. "Pepper, salt and vinegar."

WILFRED came the next morning.

Tanis had just taken a breakfast-tray to Aunt Caroline. Aunt Caroline didn't get up early when she was on a vacation. She didn't want much breakfast—just a glass of orange juice and some milk, toast and a baked apple, peeled and sieved, and a poached egg, very soft. "Mind you don't forget to cut the crusts off the toast, or I can't eat a bite of it. And don't slam the door . . ."

It was just then that Wilfred came.

"And who is Wilfred?" Tanis said quietly. Berk should have known that it is dangerous for any voice to be as quiet as that.

"Wilfred Riggs," he explained. "He's a poet or something. He wanted a place where he could be absolutely quiet for his writing."

"I thought it was going to be our party."

"It was," said Berk. "It is. I couldn't very well say no, could I, when Wilfred asked me? He's awfully shy—says so himself. I don't suppose he'll have two words to say to us, so I knew he wouldn't be any trouble . . ."

Berk went fishing after his swim. Aunt Caroline said she would have fish and egg custard for lunch.

Tanis moved her things out of the west room so that Wilfred could have a view of the lake while he worked. She pumped water from the well and heated it so that Wilfred could have a bath. She shook up a chocolate milk because Wilfred could not work on an empty stomach. She helped Wilfred carry the living-room table upstairs, because the table in his room jiggled. She went into the kitchen and was very quiet so that she shouldn't disturb Wilfred.

Tanis beat the eggs furiously. Of course she wasn't angry at Berk for going fishing. You had to have fish before you could have lunch. She wasn't even angry about Aunt Caroline. To be sure, it appeared now that Berk's cousin had asked him to look after Aunt Caroline while she took the children to the shore, and Berk had agreed readily that it would be no trouble at all. Still, he couldn't have foreseen how things were coming out. But Wilfred . . . "Wait till she gets him executiving round the house . . . She'll have her work cut out for her then . . ." The phrases rang in Tanis' mind. Another phrase that had been Berk's own: "See how you'd like being married to me . . ."

Well then, this was how she'd like being married to Berk. She faced it, at last, squarely. She wouldn't ever be married to Berk—not to Berk alone; she would be married to Berk's family, and Berk's friends, and Berk's merest acquaintances — to everyone who stopped Berk in the street and asked him to run down to Brazil for a pound of coffee, or to take care of his pet cobra. Tanis would spend all her life doing the things that Berk said were no trouble . . .

"It wouldn't be any trouble right now," said Tanis to herself, "for me to show you a thing or two, Mr. Berk Larren."

Suddenly Tanis stopped beating the eggs. She laid the beater down. Tanis' soft, red mouth folded firmly together. Tanis' chin stuck up very high. But there was more hurt than anger in her eyes.

Tanis spread the cookery book open to "Fish." She laid her note to Berk beside it.

"Dear Berk,—I have had to go to town on an errand. I know it will be no trouble at all for you to cook the fish after you have caught the fish and cleaned them. Wilfred is writing a poem called 'Egg Custard.' Why don't you get him to read it to Aunt Caroline for dessert?"

IT was late that night when Tanis returned. A smell of scorched milk and oil stove smoke hung over Lake Illusion. Inside the cabin Wilfred was thumbing a rhyming dictionary. Berk was playing bezique with Aunt Caroline. He sprang up when Tanis opened the door.

"Oh, Berk," said Tanis happily. "I've got the nicest surprise for you. Here's Angela Bustard."

Angela Bustard slapped in forthwith on capable flat-heeled shoes. She shook hands with Berk strongly. "Er—how do you do?" said Berk.

Angela surveyed him unblinkingly through a pair of moon-eyed spectacles in silver rims. "That's an interesting head formation," she said.

"Angela," explained Tanis, "is getting her Ph.D. in psychology at International. She's collecting material. She wanted a quiet place to work on her thesis. It was an inspiration when I thought of this. It was your poem that made me, Wilfred. You know you wanted a rhyme for custard, and it made me think of Bustard."

"Association by rhyme," murmured Angela. "Do you always do that?"

"Oh, no," said Tanis. "Sometimes by reason."

ANGELA turned the moon glasses on Berk again. "And how do you associate?"

"Oh, he associates with everybody," said Tanis. "Berk, should you mind running out and bringing in Angela's bags? And the typewriter and the adding machine? I think it would be nice if you moved out of your room and let Angela have it, so she can see the sun rise. She gets up early to work on her thesis. Oh, yes, and bring in the twins."

"The—what?" said Berk.

"Twins," explained Tanis. "Peter and Paul Dremer—Josie Dremer's children. She was in my class at school, you know, and I just had a letter. It seems she has to go to a sanatorium. So I wired her we'd be glad to take the children. I knew they wouldn't be any trouble, because they can always amuse themselves. They're very resourceful. Josie said so."

Berk looked a trifle dazed. He went out to get Angela Bustard's bags, and the adding machine, and the typewriter—and the twins.

Peter and Paul Dremer were under the car. They were beautiful children. They had halos of pale gold curls and seraphs' blue eyes. They were draining the transmission oil into their hats.

TANIS turned comfortably on the big, cool pillows. The day, she judged, was opening briskly.

Angela Bustard rose at dawn. She was making analytical tables for her thesis, and the adding machine banged lustily: clackety-clack, clackety-clack-clack. The water birds round Lake Illusion, excited by the call of this strange new creature, set up a frenzied screeching. Aunt Caroline stuck her head into the corridor. "What's all that racket? Where's my breakfast tray?" The screen door banged. "I've got him!" Paul shrieked. There was a terrific flapping. Berk's voice—not pleased. A heavy piece of furniture overturned. "He's gone up the chimney!" shrieked Peter. A crash of andirons falling. "You come down out of there!" bawled Berk.

Tanis tucked her hand under her cheek and closed her eyes.

She was lying like that when Berk burst in. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I thought you answered my knock. You—weren't asleep, were you?"

Tanis blinked at him dreamily. Her eyes looked even unusually large and brown. She patted back a yawn. "Is it time to get up?" she said. "Did I oversleep?" Under Berk's arm there was something that squirmed and screamed: all black except for two blue spots and a round red hole from which the screams proceeded. "What is it?" she asked curiously.

"It's Peter," Berk said. He looked sooty and distraught. "What shall I do with him?"

"Maybe," said Tanis gently, "he needs washing."

"There's no hot water."

"There's lots of water in the well," Tanis said. "It will heat in about an hour. Don't put him down, will you? He'll get everything dirty." She called after Berk as he was stamping out. "Would it be any trouble, while you're washing Peter, to give Paul his bath, too?" She closed her eyes before she could see the look that Berk cast over his shoulder.

WHEN Tanis came downstairs an hour later she was wearing her swimming suit. It was the yellow one—the scantiest and most becoming one; just ever so slightly more golden than her skin; not half so gold as her hair. She swung a yellow rubber cap by the buckle.

"I think," said Tanis, "that I will have my swim before breakfast. Don't wait for me, will you? I'll just get whatever I want when I come in, so it won't be any trouble."

Please turn to Page 46

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

NOT WANTED—*a man in the prime of life!*

Don't Worry About The Heat . . . Just have a Lifebuoy shower, and no matter how hot and sticky and tired you feel before, Lifebuoy's rich, clean-scented lather will leave you gloriously refreshed. It gives you that cool, sweet extra-clean feeling. And its hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

Skin Glowing with Health

That's the usual report after the daily Lifebuoy bath. That rich, *deep-cleansing* lather not only removes all risk of "B.O." (body odour)—it removes pore-clogging impurities, too, allows your skin to breathe, makes you feel fit and gloriously fresh.

A LEVER PRODUCT

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IT'S SMART TO MAKE YOUR OWN PICTURES!

NO need to be an artist, for Bertha Maxwell tells you here how easily, how swiftly, how enchantingly, you may substitute needle and colorful thread for the paint-brush . . .

WOULD you like a perfect little piece of colored beauty for your walls? Do you need a bright, sweet picture to hang above a new piece of furniture, or to set off the mellow lustre of a brave, old gem from the early days? And would you also be in the forefront of fashion with your needlework? Then just study these joyous little things we have prepared for you, tiny needlework pictures, all the rage abroad and so easy to make, so happy-go-lucky in their stitches and finish.

NEEDLEWORK pictures of past days often took a long time to make, they had strict rules of stitching, every inch of material was covered, and the subjects were often too serious; and when they were done they were not exactly gay.

To-day's little picture is a thing of sheer beauty, almost always a garden scene full of glowing summer flowers, shrubs, pointed cypresses, paved walks and birds, the kind of garden you would love to sit in forever and which seems to have grown up of its own volition, full of cheer and courage. Suitable for old or new furniture, large or small houses, these trifles are a joy to embroider and to own. Sometimes it is possible to buy them if one's purse is very deep, for they cost more than small oil paintings.

The pictures on this page measure seven inches by seven inches. You may buy the transfers for 1/- each, and iron them yourself on to linen or Cesarine. Small pieces of linen or Cesarine, measuring 12 inches by 12 inches, a size suitable for the pictures, are procurable from this office in the following colors and at the following prices:

Cream linen squares (12 x 12 inches). Price, 1/1 each. Blue, pink, primrose, green linen squares also available at the same price.

Cesarine squares in blue, pink, green or primrose. Price, 10d.

For Glass-lined Trays

THESE two designs are admirable for working on a piece of material to be mounted under glass for the bottom of a tea or coffee tray; you work the design, press it, and send it to a cabinet-maker to finish.

If you wish to do this, you will require the design stamped on a piece of linen a little larger than your tray, with the picture set in the centre; buy a piece of material in the right size after measuring your tray carefully, or of a size to make a new tray, and then iron off the design on to it.

Trays with needleworked bases under glass are the fashionable craze abroad just now, and are very pretty and in perfect taste; your own work is thus preserved and kept fresh for ever.

How would you like to work your picture, as a quaint little needle etching all in brown of one tone, or a mass of heavenly summer colors? Decide this for yourself, both are good and popular. The etching is merely small, neat outlining over the whole of the lines of the design, using one, two or three strands of cotton for thinner or thicker places; a suitable color is Anchor stranded cotton, F579 or F880. This is very quick work, and quite fascinating to do; its best background is cream linen.

Delightful Colors

EVERYONE can think of delightful colors for these garden scenes, flowers of every hue, dark green pointed trees, lighter green rounded trees, and olive-green for the branched tree at one side of the picture with the old stone seat; if this tree has yellow or grey branches, it will look like a gum-tree.

Stone pavings, the seat, and all steps may be worked in a slaty hue or in a fawn tone like Sydney sandstone. The roof tiles are reddish brown. The door should be outlined in black or dark brown, and then filled in with dark green, with a yellow brass knocker and handle, dark brown hinges. The filling-in is not necessary, but is interesting to do and to look at. These quaint old doors, with a true "fanlight" above, may still be seen in and about Parramatta in some of the houses which have survived from the days of the pioneer builders, very graceful and worth preserving.

In the picture with the seat, there is a thick hedge running along the back; fill in with up-and-down darning or outlining in deep green, but not so dark as the cypresses. The flowers which are outlined against it should be worked first, so that they may be freely stitched with plenty of space for working.

The window in the other picture should be outlined to match the door, the window-boxes filled with masses of little colored flowers, especially blue for lobelia.

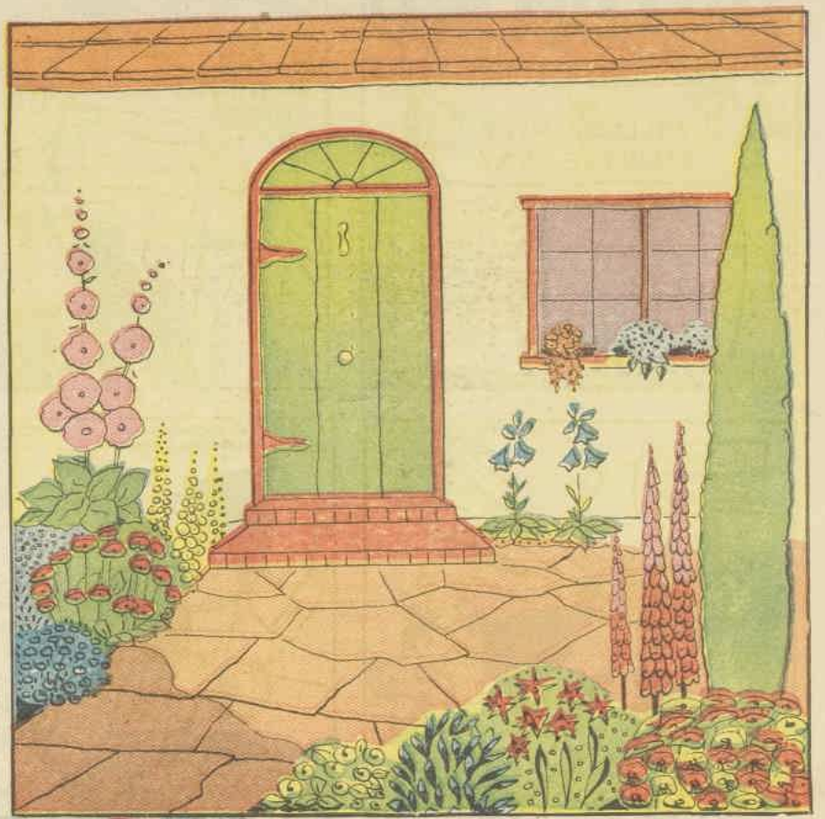
THESE are divided up into groups, each group being worked in its own color. When you receive your transfer you will notice that some of the tall flowers are shown as outlines of their shapes; fill in with colored lazy daisy for foxgloves, mauve or pink, and dots or knots for the blue larkspurs. Each shape has one or two stitches shown in the transfer, to indicate the kind to use.

Make color masses of all the groups, and by your stitching represent the kind of flowers: tiny spiral roses, long lazy mauve stitches for lavender, yellow daisy or poppy-like flowers with a little simple unpadded satin-stitch, and plenty of knots or dots for filling in.

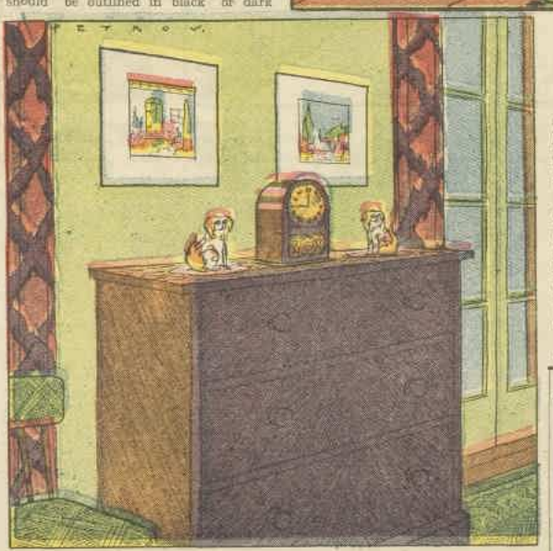
Use threads of all the greens here and there for foliage, just any sort of stitch to suit the spaces.

Then the hollyhocks are a joy to work, round buttonholing with a spot of yellow in the centre, and bits of green for the little leaves. Put gold, brown or deep blue into the centres of some of the other flowers for contrast.

The transfers are suitable for books, blotters, bags and cushions; for pictures the work should be sent to a framer or home-framed in passe partout binding under glass.



A CLOSE-UP in color of Bertha Maxwell's fascinating transfer design entitled, "The Little Green Door." Specially designed for needlecraft pictures, it costs only 1/-. This transfer has many other happy uses.



"THE Little Green Door" and "The Old Stone Seat" framed with passe partout binding, and so much in keeping with the old chest. These needlework pictures, the rage abroad, are at home with antique furniture. They are equally at home with modern furniture.

"THE Old Stone Seat" is the title of this lovely transfer design for a needlework picture. This exclusive transfer is obtainable immediately on application for 1/-; linen squares also available for 1/1

She Keeps Her Slim Figure

Still Stock Size at Age Forty

THE approach of middle-age is certainly no excuse for developing a double chin and for allowing your figure to bulge in the wrong places. If, at forty, you cannot have a body as supple as a young willow tree, you can at least keep it to its proper proportions. Then you can wear the modern flattering fashions with confidence.

The following letter shows how the Kruschen treatment can help you to avoid that pathetic refuge of the over-stout—The Outsize Department.

"I am approaching the dangerous age of 40, and a year ago my hips began to get fuller. This was alarming, for I am a business woman and must keep my slender figure. I then thought I would try Kruschen, and from the day I started it has been wonderful. Not only are my hips normal, but I feel better than ever in health."

Mrs. H. J.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

You are safe when reducing weight with Kruschen Salts. Kruschen is not in any sense a drug; it is a saline—an ideally balanced blend of six natural mineral salts which doctors have approved for many years as a thoroughly safe and rational treatment for obesity. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4613594

BRICK BRADFORD in THE LAND OF THE LOST

BY WILLIAM RITT CLARENCE GRAY

What has happened so far— ESCAPED from the Kingdom of the Sea Folk, Brick Bradford and his comrades arrive at a strange isle governed by Queen Lamak Mayta. Here Brick falls foul of Prince Gorm, a cousin of the Queen. Brick is summoned to the Queen's palace, and after the Queen has removed a hideous mask they talk together. Gorm, mad with jealousy, hurries to the palace. A fight ensues. Now read on.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—This week I got a short letter from a boy who seems very worried as the boys at school and even his sisters and brothers call him "Squib" because he is so short. As he is only twelve I don't think he need worry yet for a while about his height, for he is sure to grow a lot more before he is twenty-one. Anyway, here is one way to get tall. At a meeting of the Educational Associations' Conference in London some time ago a gentleman told the Conference that some children gained or lost in height according to whether their home atmosphere was bright and stimulating, or the reverse. This may sound funny, but it's a jolly easy way to grow tall. It does not matter in the least whether your home is expensively furnished or not, for you can make it brighter by a pleasant countenance. You will find, too, that your brothers and sisters will be better for it; but also you will grow taller. So please adopt the following proverb: Laugh and grow tall!

Prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to GOWAN HAYTON, Woodbrook, Wattle Hill, Tasmania.

Good-bye for one short week.
Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Autobiography of a Dictionary

By PATRICIA RYALL.

I JUST caught that last remark of yours. You say that I am not of much use, being old and shabby. Perhaps you have forgotten the saying "Never judge a book by its cover." You look interested, so maybe you would like to hear the story of my life. You would? Good!

I was made at London in the year 1903 by W. Collins, Sons and Co. I was a dictionary of the "De Luxe" edition, and so I was very proud of myself. On my cover were the words, in gold letters—some traces of it remain—"Anderson's Dictionary of the English Language."

As soon as I had been fixed up I was packed with several other books and sent to one of the publisher's agencies to be put in a place of honor among other books in the shop window.

I remained there for three months, but at the end of that time, my fellow-mates having been sold, I was taken out and sold to a customer, a thin-faced, nervous man with horn-rimmed glasses—just the sort you would imagine to be a schoolmaster, which he was. I was brought here, and, ever since, I have been the school dictionary.

For some time I enjoyed it, but soon the children constantly turning over my pages told on me, and I soon became old and torn, as you see me now.

That being the end of my story, I think you had better go. The school bell is ringing, so good-bye!

Prize of 5/- to PATRICIA RYALL (12), Daley Street, Cowra, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

VERLIE GARRETT, of Inverell (N.S.W.), writes a very delightful letter; JOHN CUMMINGS, of Brisbane, celebrated his fourteenth birthday last week; ALBERT DILOSA, of North Sydney (N.S.W.), always reads our section.

BETTY FROST, of Manangatang (Vic.), is fond of swimming; MIRIAM JOHNSON, of Hurstville (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; HAROLD WILLIAMS, of Bendigo (Vic.), has a big dog called "Tiger."

DORIS GILL, of Nana Glen (N.S.W.), is fourteen years of age. ZILLAH NOON, of Old Bar, via Taree (N.S.W.), writes a delightful letter; JOYCE McLAUCHLAN, of Wynnum Central, Brisbane, is fond of swimming; THORA REDENBACH, of Sale (Vic.), writes an interesting letter; BETTY STACY, of Moriarty, via Latrobe (Tas.), would like a pen friend who is interested in tennis, cricket, swimming and playing hockey; HEATHER GILLIGAN, of Manly (N.S.W.), is another new Pal.

MAXIE NEWBY, of Guyra (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; JACK THOMSON, of Centennial Park (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching; BRIDGET BAILEY, of Yongala (S.A.), is another new Pal.

JOYCE NIHILL, of Camberwell (Vic.), is fond of reading, drawing and playing tennis; ARTHUR GORTZ, of South Brisbane (Qld.), is welcomed as a new Pal; ALEXENIA WENDELIN, of Mitchell (Qld.), writes an interesting letter.

LESLIE GLOVER, of Bowen (Qld.), plays cricket during the summer months and football in the winter; LILLIAN WARD, of Proebugh, is welcomed as a new Pal.

DOREEN KING, of Minto (N.S.W.), is fond of gardening; JOYCE BROCKER, of Kempsey (N.S.W.), always reads Brick Bradford; TOM LENNON, of Eagarah (N.S.W.), has a black cat and an Alsatian pup for his favorite pets; BRUCE BERPS, of Gladesville (N.S.W.), writes clever verse.

GEOFFREY RAYNER, of 3 Bromby St., New Town, Hobart, would like a boy pen friend about 11 years of age; MARY GORDON, of Norwood (S.A.), writes clever verse; HENRY CLARKE, of Port Albert, South Gippsland (Vic.), is fond of sketching.

At Dusk

By M. JESSOP.

DUSK has fallen o'er the sea.
The birds have ceased their evensong.
Softening darkness envelops the whole.
Night comes along!

A silver tip shows o'er the hill.
'Tis the moon's rim peeping out.
Stars appear, way up high.
Whisp'ring zephyrs play about.

A peaceful silence pervades the earth.
All around is still.
An owl hoots in a distant tree.
While softly turns the mill.

Prize of 5/- to MARJORIE JESSOP (Kindly send address).

Above is PATRICIA KELLY, of Chatswood. —Falk.

Magical Moonlight

By HONOR USMAY

THE moon rose slowly above the gigantic forms of the trees; a great, round silvery moon, which almost turned the night into day.

Then, as though captured by the beauty of the moon, the tall stately trees spread their great arms forth, so as to catch every fraction of moonlight. They were washing their leaves, as it were, in the rays of the crystal moon.

But the moon was not going to shed all her rays on the trees; for she went past their lofty branches on to the shy little flowers below, and gently touched their little drooped heads with her soft pale light. The flowers, comforted by her touch, lifting their heads, smiled back their thanks.

The great moon then passed on to the silvery waters of a lake, which wound itself majestically between the tall green trees, and slowly sent her beams on to the clear waters, making them look like gems on a cushion of velvet.

I, drifting leisurely over the waters, saw it all, and had but one wish; that it might last forever.

Two Prize Cards to HONOR USMAY (13), 48 Silver Street, Marrickville, N.S.W.

Best Paintings

Prize of 5/- for the best painting (January 1, 1936) goes to IVA MONCRIEFF (14), Post Office, Frankston (Vic.).

Prize Cards for next best to IRENE BOLDEN, 139 Flinders St., Thornbury N17, Melbourne; LAUREL WILKINSON, 100 Stanmore Road, Stanmore (N.S.W.); and JEAN STEPHENSON, 23 Hosehill St., Parramatta (N.S.W.)

FOR FUN & FANCY

THE contentment smiled happily to think that his donkey was enjoying a free feed. "You're a good little girl to be so kind to a dumb friend," he said, "but who gave you those carrots?"

The good little girl also smiled happily.

"I took them from the back of your barrow," she said.

Prize Card to JEAN WILLIAMS, Towerville, Minnesota Avenue, Firedock (N.S.W.).

Lady: What caused you to become a tramp? Tramp: The family physician, Mum. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after 'em ever since.

Prize Card to PEARL STRATTON, Pearleen, 67 Tennyson St., Kew E4, Vic.

A GOOD TRICK

I AM going to tell you a clever and interesting little trick which can be performed with a sheet of brown paper and a sheet of ordinary paper such as newspaper. First of all, tear the newspaper up into tiny pieces and then tell your friend that you have the power to make a piece of brown paper into a magnet and will make the pieces of newspaper dance about the table. Now take the brown paper and warm it before the fire. Next, pull the paper swiftly two or three times between your sleeve and your body. Then when you hold the paper over the scraps your friend will be amazed to see the tiny pieces of paper commence to dance up and down. You must be careful that you briskly run the brown paper between your sleeve and your body directly after you have warmed it, or it will not magnetise it properly.

Two Prize Cards to MIRIEL MATHIESEN, Glen Oak, Nikenbah, via Maryborough (Qld.).

Who are the strongest people in the world?—Policemen, because they can hold up all the traffic with one hand.

Prize Card to A. E. MEARS, Salisbury, Brisbane, Qld.

Why is a book like a tree?—Because it has leaves.

When are broken teeth useful?—When they begin to knit.

What has a stem but no leaves?—A pipe, of course.

Prize Card to NANCY LODER, Myrtle, Brake Road, via Singleton, N.S.W.

June: I wonder if I shall live to be a hundred?

Mary: Not if you remain twenty-one much longer.

Prize Card to PERCY FREEMAN, C/o Mrs. A. J. Freeman, Dundoo, N.S.W.

FOREMAN: Now then, Jack, how is it these men are taking two planks of wood at a time and you only one? Are you lazy?

Jack: No, sir. I'm not lazy. They're too idle to go twice.

Prize Card to JESSIE COLEMAN, O.K. Bakery, Talbragar St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

Tom (angrily): That referee is no good! He's no judge of fouls!

Jean (surprised): Oh, yes, he is. He raises the best fancy chickens in the whole neighborhood.

Prize Card to Douglas McCulloun, 9 Fourth Street, Ashbury (N.S.W.).

Man (to boy crying): Why are you crying, sonny?

Little Boy: My brothers have holidays and I haven't.

Man: Why haven't you?

Little Boy: Because I don't go to school yet.

Prize Card to PATSY BROWN, 631 Balmain Road, Leichhardt (N.S.W.).

TONGUE TWISTERS

I chased a pup up Upper Parliament Parade.
She shrewdly threw three fresh fish.
The sea ceaseth and suffereth us.
See Cedric's shivering sister sitting shivering since she saw the sea.
I saw three thick shaking thistles through six shiny holes.
A cup of coffee, out of a proper, copper coffee-pot, is a capital cure for a coughing potter's cough.

Prize Card to EDNA WILSON, Pt. Augusta, S.A.

FEEDING THE DOVES. Prize of 5/- to BERYL McNIVEN, 618 Forest Rd., Arncliffe, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

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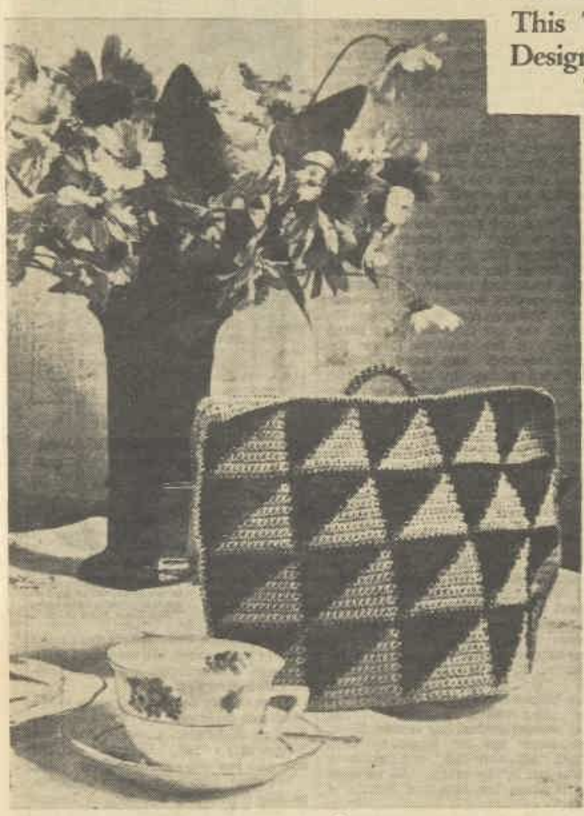
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS
CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

'Twill Brighten-up Breakfast or Tea Table

This Tea-cosy of Geometrical Design Crocheted in Macrame Twine and Sylcord.



GEOMETRICAL SMARTNESS and brightness achieved with macrame twine, sylcord, and a crochet-hook . . . this tea-cosy is the simplest affair to make and will give ages of cheery service. It measures 10½ x 7½ inches

MANY times of late I have been asked for a crochet design in macrame twine, and so I have great pleasure in presenting this new, geometrically-designed tea-cosy, which is, of course, exclusive to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

IN the directions given here, tango and nigger-brown are the colors quoted, but you may replace these two colors with any other two you fancy. The cosy when completed measures 10½ x 7½ inches.

THE MAKING

TO work this tea-cosy of geometrical design, you will require two balls of Strutt's macrame twine, size 10 in tango (shade 582), and three large balls nigger brown sylcord. Use a size 0 steel crochet hook.

In changing the colors throughout the work, crochet the first part of the last stitch with the color about to be altered, and draw off the two loops on the hook with the new color. Work the double crochet into the back loop of the stitches below, and over the twine not in use.

Commence with 65 chain in tango macrame, turn with 1 chain.

First Row: * 12 d.c. in tango, 1 d.c. nigger brown sylcord. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd Row: * 2 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord, 11 d.c. tango. Repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: * 10 d.c. in tango, 3 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord. Repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: * 4 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord, 9 d.c. in tango. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th Row: * 8 d.c. in tango, 5 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord. Repeat from * to end of row.

Continue the rows in this way, decreasing the number of stitches in tango shade and increasing the nigger brown shade stitches until 13 rows have been completed.

14th Row: * 1 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord, 12 d.c. in tango. Repeat from * to end of row.

15th Row: * 11 d.c. in tango, 2 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord. Repeat from * to end of row.

16th Row: * 3 d.c. in nigger brown sylcord, 10 d.c. in tango. Repeat from * to end of row.

Continue in this way decreasing and increasing the shades as before, until 26 rows have been worked. Now repeat the first 26 rows once, and work a second side to correspond.

THE GUSSET (Eight Chain)

1st Row: Miss one chain, 7 d.c.

2nd Row: 1 chain 7 d.c. into d.c. stitches below. Continue with those as the last until a sufficient length of the strip has been worked to fit around three sides of the cosy.

Work a round plait for the top of the cosy in tango macrame and nigger brown sylcord.

Join the gusset to the cosy with d.c. in tango shade.

A DRESSY and befrilled little pillow-case for baby's cot or pram, made in that exquisite organdie over silk—pale pink for a girl, or blue for a boy! To complete the case, in one corner a dainty design is stamped, ready for embroidery, with "Baby's" written beneath. To obtain the pillow-case, send 1/9 to our offices, stating clearly which color you prefer.

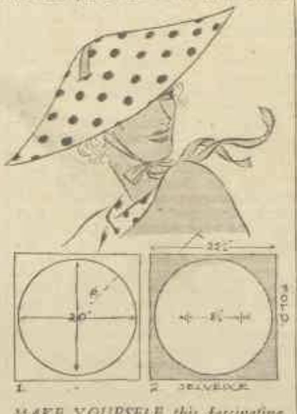
Swiftly Made!

Coolie Beach Hat

. . . Two circles of gingham, cretonne, or linen, a scrap of canvas, and ribbon make it.

DON'T you think it cute—this snappy little beach hat? All you need is one and a quarter yards of gingham, cretonne, or linen; three-quarters of a yard of stiff canvas; one and a quarter yards of two-inch-wide ribbon.

Simply cut a circle 20 inches in diameter from the canvas (note fig. 1), and then place this circle on gingham, or whatever material is used (folded double).



MAKE YOURSELF this fascinating coolie hat for the beach. Diagrams and directions to help you.

Now cut two circles, but in the cutting allow a quarter-inch margin all round for turnings.

Before you move the materials, make two slits with the scissors wide enough to carry the two-inch-wide ribbon (when it is slotted through).

Make the slits 8½ inches apart (see Fig. 2). The next simple step is to sew the three layers together, but sandwich the canvas between the material. Turn in the edges and oversew.

Bind the slits neatly and thread the ribbon through. To materially stiffen the hat begin at the centre and stitch in circles out to the brim.

"CREAM" AWAY
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

THE LATEST BEAUTY TRICK

Quick! Learn about the new toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes. *Never* have you known anything so easy.

'New Veet,' it's called. It looks and feels and smells like a toilet cream. Apply it straight from the tube—wash off. Hair falls away. Skin is left soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves, because the hair is removed *below* the skin surface.

The razor method is prehistoric—out of date. So are old-fashioned, nasty-smelling depilatories. New Veet is the newest of the new. If you are not positively delighted with it, your money refunded in full.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3609 SS (Dept 287.K.), Sydney, N.S.W.

Those Unsightly Grey Wisps

Beautiful hair provides one of the chief allurements of femininity, and Allen's Mexican Walnut Stain restores the natural shade with such perfection that it is used exclusively in the leading beauty salons. Application is so easy that private treatment is safe and sure. Allen's stain provides an inexpensive way to make the hair rich and glorious. All Chemists, 1/- per bottle in brown or black. Made by Felton, Grimwade, and Duerdins, Ltd., Melbourne.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD.

FREE COUPON
Cut out this Coupon if interested and post with 2d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

For years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women both young and old who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

In Seven Days Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Sure Relief

Guaranteed to Completely Satisfy or Cost is Nothing

Here is a surgeon's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more toward helping you get rid of unsightly spots and skin diseases than anything you've ever used.

Not only does this great healing antiseptic promote rapid and healthy healing in open sores and wounds, but boils, abscesses and ulcers are almost immediately relieved and cleanly healed.

In skin diseases its action is little less than magical. The itching of Eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barbers' itch, salt rheum and other skin eruptions and inflammation.

You can obtain Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern chemist. It is safe to use, and failure in any of the ailments noted above is rare indeed.

"Doctor—Will these PIMPLES leave Scars?"

Repellant, pimply skins not only cause "inferiority complex"—they may scar for life! Youngsters and grown-ups, both, can now quickly clear the skin with Kathleen Court's Complexion Pills. These tone the liver, wake up the skin's cleansing apparatus, attack skin irritants that unbalance the blood, and generally give the required purification—directed at the skin in particular. Good Chemists can supply Kathleen Court's Complexion Pills at 2/-. If any difficulty, write to Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney.

KATHLEEN COURT'S COMPLEXION PILLS

END Blotches, Pimples, Blackheads Where these are due to Internal Upset

★ P.S.—Want long, fascinating Eye Lashes? Use Kathleen Court's Eyelash Grower, 1/-.

Why Doctors Prefer 'BAYER' A.P.C.

Doctors the world over ask no better guarantee of purity in the drugs and chemicals they prescribe than the name 'Bayer.' They know that 'Bayer' A.P.C. powders are made with genuine original Acetylsalicylic Acid and Phenacetine, both of which were invented by 'Bayer.' *They know that in their pure state these ingredients are white and that 'Bayer' A.P.C. powders are therefore free from artificial colouring.*

If you have not yet tried A.P.C. Powders made by 'Bayer' a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

Box of 12 Powders, 1/6. Box of 24 Powders, 2/6. Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.

QUICK-SURE-SAFE

"Mon it's a serious matter"

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NO TROUBLE *at* ALL

Continued from Page 42

FOR just an instant Tanis wavered—he was having such a bad time. Then she stiffened her resolution. "That reminds me. Aunt Caroline said something about a tray. She doesn't want much, though. Just strained grapefruit juice, and cereal cooked an hour with milk in the double boiler, and French toast, without crusts, and a banana rubbed through the sieve, and a very soft poached egg. Why don't you get Wilfred to poach it for you?"

When Tanis came back from her swim, breakfast had been served. Each member of the party was equipped with a package of dry cereal. Peter and Paul were throwing theirs at each other. The effect was of a violent local snowstorm. Aunt Caroline, in a gaunt grey bathrobe, sat by the empty hearth mumbling a banana. She appeared to be just finishing a speech. "... And of all the lawless shameless, vicious, demoralised, infernal, misbegotten goings-on that I ever saw in all my born days ..." Tanis was astonished at the words Aunt Caroline knew. Still, you could not blame Aunt Caroline for being heated. Peter had found Wilfred's bottle of purple ink, and Paul had found Aunt Caroline's false switch. ... She flung her banana skin the length of the room.

Tanis stepped over the banana skin carefully, so that she would not slip. "Berk," she said. "How would you like to go fishing? I think it would be nice to have fish fried in corn meal. It will take quite a lot of fish; there are so many of us——"

Berk started promptly for the door. "I'd be glad to," he said hastily. "I'll go right away. I'll get a lot of fish. I'll be gone all day. I ..."

AT the terrible eagerness, the relief that leaped in Berk's harassed face, Tanis felt her determination shaken. (See how you'd like being married to me ...) Memory gave her courage. "Oh and Berk," she said sweetly. "Why don't you take the twins along? They could help you fish. They wouldn't be a bit of trouble all day if they were with you."

Berk came to a stop so suddenly that he fell back a step as if he had dashed headlong into some unseen and unsurmountable obstacle. He looked as if he had been hurt—and was not sure yet just where. "They can't go," he said then with violence. "I won't take them. They'd get killed. They'd get drowned. They'd sink the boat. They can't fish. There isn't"—he brought it out triumphantly—"there's only one rod."

Peter and Paul trotted in together. Their blond curls were angels' crowns and their eyes were heaven's own blue. Paul carried the axe. Peter carried in each hand half of Berk's fishing rod. "Look," he said happily. "We made two."

Berk Larren chose the more flexible half of the rod. He tucked it under his arm. He took Peter and Paul Dremer, those dear resourceful children, by the slack of their small breeches. He went out.

"Wait a minute," cried Angela Bustard. "I want to come along and observe."

Tanis did not, after all, enjoy her day much. It should have been perfect. But it wasn't.

Tanis put on her favorite sunbacked dress—the one that showed the little brown dimple under her shoulder blade—and took a packet of sandwiches and fruit, and two of the softest cushions, and a book. She walked along the shore at first. Then she turned inland and climbed a hill. She found a place where the birch trees made a fairy circle on a carpet of pine needles ...

Berk's face came between Tanis' eyes and the book. The way it looked when the boys brought in the fishing rod. Tanis was sorry about that. It had been Berk's favorite rod. (A job making work for everybody else ...) The way it looked when she suggested his taking the twins with him. Not so much angry. Surprised and hurt, like a child who has been slapped without reason. A mute look of pleading and dismay. (She'll have plenty of practice ...) Tanis turned a page firmly. The book was not very interesting.

Tanis ate her lunch at one o'clock. The sandwiches had begun to curl, and she hadn't brought any water. The oranges tasted warm and flat. Probably Berk could have found a spring ... She wouldn't go back to camp till five o'clock anyway. It was hot on the hill, and the lake glared under the sun. The woods seemed very large and empty. The small rustling of wild things made her jump. She was tormented by tiny red spiders. Berk never let red spiders bother her.

The truth was that Tanis was lonesome. She had never been lonesome. She had never been lonesome ... with Berk.

Tanis sat up abruptly with the smell of smoke in her nostrils. It must be supper time. At once she realised that she was too far away to smell the oil stove. Maybe there was a forest fire. She stood up. But the woods lay quiet and empty about her in the warmth of later afternoon. She didn't smell anything now. She must have imagined it. Still she might as well be starting back. It was four nearly. If she walked slowly enough she wouldn't be there much before five.

Tanis walked very slowly at first. She stopped to pick flowers, to skip pebbles. The wind was freshening, and Tanis thought again that she could smell smoke. It wasn't anything, of course. But she walked faster. All at once Tanis was sure. It was smoke. It came from the direction of the camp. Tanis began to run.

The smoke thickened as she went. Tanis ran wildly, frantically, stumbling over roots, bruising herself against the trees that saved her from falling. There was a faint, distant greyness like a low-lying fog. All the stories of forest fires that Tanis had ever heard rose up

THIS simple-looking broderie anglais frock is favored by Maxine Doyle, Warner Bros. and Vitaphone player, for beach wear. Large buttons at neck and waistline are its sole trimming. The shoes are admirably suited for hot weather wear.

to snare her feet. People trapped. Wild things fleeing in terror, as she fled. Her breath came hard and hurtfully. She burst into the clearing. The cabin was on fire.

"Berk," screamed Tanis. "Berk! Berk!" There was no answer.

The smoke drove Tanis back when she tried to go in. She tried again. And again. She cried aloud in fear, calling out their names. Berk. Aunt Caroline. Angela. Wilfred. Peter. Paul. Berk. What if they were ... in there. What if ... they couldn't answer.

TANIS ran round to the back. Above the kitchen flames licked along the eaves. She ran to the well and pumped the bucket full, and staggered up to the back door, and threw the water in. The flames drank it up as if they were thirsty. She ran to fill the foolish little bucket again.

There were pine needles lodged in the gutter spout under the eaves. They burned merrily. A gust of wind caught a bundle of the burning needles and dropped it at the edge of the woods. Tanis ran with her bucket. The splash of water put the small fire out. But two more wisps of burning needles fell beyond. Tanis ran and pumped and dashed water on those, too ... and ran ... and pumped ... and ran.

Tanis never knew afterwards how her dress caught. It might have been from one of those flying bundles of fire. It might have been as she stooped to empty her bucket. She didn't know it was burning till she felt the heat round her ankles. The bucket was empty. She tried to run back to the well, and the whole skirt blazed up. She wrenched frantically at the buttons.

"BERK!"

"All right," said Berk's voice. "Steady." His arm held her while his big hand grasped the burning skirt and tore it loose at the gathers. He threw it on the ground and stamped out the flames. He was white, but very quiet. "Hurt?" he said.

"No," said Tanis. "The house ..."

"Come on," said Berk.

Berk found the soot-covered broom he had thrown away that morning and dipped it in the well. He gave it to Tanis. "Watch the sparks," he said. "Beat them out. Every chance you get, wet the broom." He brought the fire extinguisher that he kept in the car, and climbed the big pine at the back of the house and trained the chemical on the burning eaves. There wasn't nearly enough, but it helped. He brought the car rugs and the porch pillows and the mattress from the couch hammock and some blankets that were airing on the line, and dumped them down under the pump and spurted water on them. He climbed the tree again and flung wet blankets on the roof. The flames died under the smothering weight, and the sparks did not fly any more. Tanis left her broom and passed up dripping pillows. She passed the bucket a hundred times while Berk soaked the roof.

BERK tied a wet handkerchief over his mouth and nose and went in the front door. He opened the windows at the top to let the smoke out. When he came back, he was dragging the living-room rug. They carried it to the well and pumped water on it. "It's the stove," Berk said. "If I can get this over it ..." Tanis helped him carry it as far as the door. She waited, in cold terror, her hand pressed against her mouth. When Berk came out his eyebrows were burned off—and he was grinning. "We've got it," he said. "All we need now is about ten thousand barrels of water."

They had a tub and a foot pan and a bucket and a pail. They pumped them full and carried them to the house again and again. The flames died into smoke, and the smoke into the evil stench of charred timber. The kitchen was badly burned. But the house was saved. And the woods. Tanis' hands were blistered from the pump handle, and her arms ached, and her eyes smarted, and her shins were scraped, and her skirt was torn away ... and she didn't care. Berk marched beside her, a scorched and blackened scarecrow, with an invincible grin. A wild sweet singing sprang in Tanis' blood. Berk always knew what to do. You could trust Berk. She and Berk were conquering elemental fire. She and Berk ... together.

TANIS lay quite still in Berk's arms. She was trembling a little, but she wasn't frightened. You couldn't be frightened where Berk was.

Berk was holding Tanis hard and close. Berk didn't have any lashes, and half his hair was singed away, and he had never been so handsome, and Tanis loved him wholly and without reservation ... and he was her Berk.

She sat up suddenly. "Where's Aunt Caroline?"

"I took her to the hospital."

Tanis' small face paled. "Was she ... badly burned?"

"She wasn't burned at all," Berk said. "I took her there for a special diet. She said she'd never had such a good rest and change." He added: "I sent up to the local hairdresser for a selection of false switches."

"Where ..." began Tanis.

"The little fiends," said Berk cheerfully. "They must have started the stove before we went—I got a woman to take care of them. She used to be an attendant in a reform school so she ought to be good."

"Where ..?" began Tanis again.

"They left," said Berk. "I told Angela I felt my Alexander complex coming on worse, and I couldn't answer for the consequences. I told her Wilfred had a Shakespeare hallucination, and she'd never get a chance to observe a thing like it. I told Wilfred Angela would help him write a psychological sonnet sequence. I put them on the train together."

Tanis was shaking in Berk's arms with helpless laughter. Berk was grinning, but his grey eyes were grave. "Tanis," he said. "Could you ever love such a complete fool as I've been?"

"You're not," said Tanis. "And anyway I always did."

"... I think," said Berk, "that a desert island would be nice for a honeymoon. Do you know any desert islands?"

"I'll get the atlas and find one," said Tanis. "It's no trouble at all."

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EDMUND LOWE PICKS MOST ALLURING LIPS IN LIPSTICK TEST

HERE'S WHAT EDMUND LOWE SAW

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Movie Star tells why he chose Tangee Lips

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Picture shows Edmund Lowe, making lipstick test between scenes of his latest Columbia release, "The Best Man Wins".

As you apply Tangee, it changes to the blush-rose shade your lips should naturally have ... soft, kissable, womanly. And since Tangee isn't a "paint" lipstick it will not coat your lips with a smear of greasy paint.

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TANGEE

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Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for seaside and the tropics. ZINCOID (Electro Galvanised)—standard weight, in widths from 10 in. to 48 in. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

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That there is a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel?

Do you know that there is a harmless internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonhardt and known as Vaculoid, now sold by chemists everywhere, that is guaranteed?

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WHY WORRY *About* THE DAVIS CUP?

Australia Has Waited 17 Years for Contests

Build Up a Team for the Future!

By RUTH PREDDEY

In a few weeks the Davis Cup team for 1936 will be in readiness to sail from Australia.

This will mark the fifteenth year in which our "hopes" have sailed forth in an endeavor to wrest the Davis Cup from overseas holders, so that we may have the Cup competed for in Australia.

MESSRS. CRAWFORD, Turnbull, Quist, and McGrath comprised the members of the last Davis Cup team, and it is doubtful if any of them have seen a Davis Cup match played in Australia.

Sydney was the scene of the last series of contests in 1919 when Australia beat the British team. The following year the games were played in Auckland, and the American team, which comprised Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston, two of the finest tennis players ever seen here, won for America the cup which with persistent regularity Australia has fought to regain ever since.

It would appear more practicable if the lawn tennis authorities here would forgo the Davis Cup competition for a year or two, and in the meantime concentrate on bringing to Australia the best players available, and at the same time train juniors in such a manner that they will be mentally and physically fit to stand the strain of the continuous travel and match play at present necessary in Davis Cup games.

An innovation that would appeal to the majority of tennis enthusiasts would be for Australia this year to send abroad our two leading men and women to compete at Wimbledon and to play challenge matches against other countries.

In Jack Crawford, Adrian Quist, Joan Hartigan, and Thelma Coyne, Australia has a quartet of players whose equal it would be hard to find in any part of the world.

For many years now Crawford has been Australia's mainstay in overseas matches. With Adrian Quist in the doubles we have one of the most outstanding pairs in the world.

Joan Hartigan has on numerous occasions stated that Australia has a world beater in Thelma Coyne, while Joan herself is so well in the front rank of players that there is every reason for confidence in their winning abilities.

Good Chances

WITH a team of this calibre, four singles matches, four mixed doubles, and two doubles matches could be played, and each game would prove a great draw.

The two strongest opponents would be England and America, and surmising that Fred Perry, "Bunny" Austin, Dorothy Round, and Kay Stammers were their representatives, Australia could still prove superior.

The men's singles would probably end with the points equal. The men's doubles should favor Australia. Joan Hartigan has already proved what she can do with Dorothy Round on her own home courts, and Thelma Coyne should be able to account for Kay Stammers. Even in the mixed doubles the contests should be so close that tennis enthusiasts would be sure to get their money's worth.

The match against America should prove easier, for although Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs are America's outstanding tennis personalities at the moment our men players should more than even up matters.

Matches of this kind would be an innovation, but they would be of a type likely to bring more satisfaction to tennis lovers than the present method by which the Davis Cup matches are contested for.

MR. JACK CRAWFORD, who has represented Australia in the Davis Cup matches for seven years.

Women at the present time comprise half the tennis players in Australia, and it is only natural and justifiable that they should wish their sex to be represented at Wimbledon and in the bigger overseas tournaments.

A scheme of this kind should find favor with all tennis enthusiasts, and would at clast ensure Australia having return matches against overseas adversaries within a reasonable period instead of having to wait for nearly 20 years, as is the case with the Davis Cup.

AUSTRALIAN *Tennis* CHAMPIONSHIPS

Thelma Coyne in Junior and Senior Events

By JOAN HARTIGAN, from Adelaide.

Miss Alison Hattersley, who was again successful in winning the singles championship in the County of Cumberland tournament recently completed, is a fine, all-round athlete, and must find it difficult to accommodate all her trophies.

While at school at Redlands, and later at the Sydney University, she carried off no end of championships for swimming, running, and tennis, and had the honor of gaining a triple blue as well as a B.A.

SINCE leaving school Miss Hattersley has represented N.S.W. on several occasions in interstate tennis contests, and has always given a good account of herself. This is the fourth successive year she has won the County of Cumberland singles—a very fine performance.

While it was pleasing to see Jack Crawford annex the men's singles championship, his form was not impressive. However, this may have been due to the fact that he was suffering from a very heavy cold. We all look forward to his return to form in the Australian championships as so much will depend on whether we will again have his services in the Davis Cup contests.

Hard at Work

WITH the Australian championships in view, the players have been hard at practice. The nominated women players from N.S.W. are Miss Coyne and myself for the seniors, and Misses Coyne, Colless, and Bubb for the Wilson Cup.

Mr Wilson, the donor of this valuable trophy, gave a great uplift to junior tennis when he presented it to the Australian Tennis Association for junior interstate competition so that the juniors of different States might have an opportunity of playing against one another. At the time of the presentation his daughter Jean was a great tennis enthusiast, but she has not played much of late.

All "On Their Toes"

THE N.S.W. selectors had a difficult task, as there is very little separating a few of our girls, but I feel sure the best team has been chosen. It must be a little disappointing for those omitted, but their turn will come.

South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria will also be entering teams. The first two should not offer much opposition to us, but Victoria, the present holders, have a very strong team in which Miss Theameyer (the Victorian junior champion), Miss Berriman (who was a member of the last Victorian interstate team to visit Sydney), and Miss Margaret Wilson are included.

Our No. 1 player, Miss Coyne, should have little difficulty in disposing of Miss Theameyer, who I should think will play No. 1 for Victoria, but it is doubtful if Miss Colless has had enough experience to beat Miss Berriman. If not the final result will depend on the doubles, and the question is can Misses Coyne and Bubb defeat the Victorian doubles combination? I think they can.

OUR BOOK OFFER!

Here is Token K11 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer.

TOKEN K11

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN D16

Here is Token D16 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

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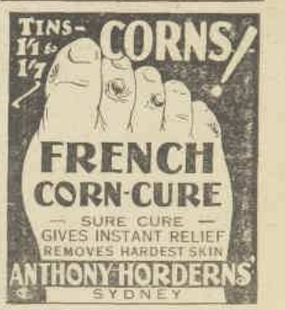

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No more fear of a stroke or sudden death.

Your blood pressure has gone and gone for ever.

Price 12/- 5 weeks 22/-, 10 weeks (full course), trial supply, 5/6.

Obtainable all leading Chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 63 Wellington Street, Kew, E.4, Victoria.***

2GB *and* 1936

RADIO LEAPS AHEAD

NEW TALENT—ORIGINAL IDEAS—CREAM OF WORLD PROGRAMMES PROVIDED FOR 2GB LISTENERS

AS forecast by Mr. A. E. Bennett recently, the year 1936 will see greater developments than ever before. New Talent, Original Ideas, the cream of the World's programmes will all be used to make the programmes from 2GB outstanding in every respect.

Plans to this end have been in hand for several months past and have involved negotiations for new features from England, U.S.A. and Australia.

The cream of Australian writing talent is under engagement to write new radio plays and presentations; and the most outstanding actors with radio experience are under contract. Other outstanding artists are being trained for radio. 2GB is determined to use all star casts. As Mr. Bennett said in a recent statement:

> *"Undoubtedly the calibre of the artists to be employed will be higher, and also there must be more artists—many more. The radio presentations of 1936, to be successful, will need large casts. Radio has arrived at the point where the listener demands a full cast. The novelty of a mere two or three man radio play, with perhaps a dozen or more parts being played, has worn off, and the listener now wants to feel that each major part at least is being played by a separate actor."*

Arrangements have been completed in England for a series of special programmes, under the direction of 2GB's own organisation in London.

At least one of the world's greatest artists will come to the microphone in Australia during 1936 in presentations by 2GB. Other world famous artists are being arranged for. From America has been secured the pick of America's 1936 production of recorded features.

All this will, of course, mean the passing of many present features, but radio is advancing, and it is in the nature of advancement that features which have fulfilled their purpose must disappear.

A. E. BENNETT.

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FARMER'S SALE of WHITE SHOES

"Facial Make-up for the New Fabric Colours"
MISS MARGARET VYNER

Fresh from her triumphs overseas, Miss Vyner comes to discuss this topic in the Blaxland Galleries next Monday (Jan. 20th) at 3 p.m. 1/6 includes afternoon tea. No extra to book, Information Bureau

This season's! All perfect!

REGULAR LINES which are short perhaps in one size only! Sacrificed Many half price! Some even less!

Farmer's Foot-Vision X-Ray

There's no possibility whatsoever of imperfect fit in your child's shoes with this marvellous invention. No extra charge, either. *Third Floor.* . . .

According to key letters, they are —

A.—**White Nubuck** court saves you 4/9. Black patent pipings, perforations. Black patent heel. 2 to 7½, except 3½. 14/9. **Sale, 10/-**

B.—**A snow-white** punched calf one hole tie that's absolutely new! Low covered heel. Genuine pumps. Sizes 4 to 5½, 21/-. **Sale, 15/-**

C.—**Fawn Linen** whole cut court, brown stitched collar. Stilt heel. 2 to 5½, 14/9. **10/-**

D.—**A jaunty** white calf court with medium heel, 2 to 7½, except 3. Usual, 12/9. **Sale, 9/9**

E.—**The "Orient"** cruise Sandal, white silk toyne ankle tie. 3/6. Leather sole. 5/11. **4/11**

F.—**Smart Court** of brown, printed on natural fabric. Genuine pumps, stilt heel. All sizes except 3 and 3½. 21/-. **Sale, ... 9/6**

G.—**A Louden** white calf court, with black patent. 2 to 7½, except 2½ and 3. 32/6. **10/-**

At sensational events like this the wisest course is to lay-by again and again!

Shoe Salon Third Floor

6d per pair! Heel Repairs

The whole process is only a matter of moments. From the time you arrive at Farmer's third floor until you leave with your heels expertly strengthened and rebuilt, you'll be continually amazed by the speed and efficiency of this REAL FARMER'S SERVICE. 6d. per pair, not per heel.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL MIDSUMMER MONEY-SPINNER!

Sale of Hankies

The loveliest linens and lawns you ever saw! Many at half!

You've Farmer's large-scale buying policy to thank for these huge reductions! Lay-by!

Hankies Ground Floor

A.—**Usually 8/6 doz.** Perfectly gorgeous colours on an excellent quality lawn. Fascinating checks, blocks and stripes. Narrow hems. 11 x 11 ins. Sp., 6 for 2/6. doz. **4/11**

B.—**Usually 10/½d. each.** An ideal school hankie of coloured woven linen in checks and stripe designs on beige. 1/16 in. hemstitched hem. 11 x 11 ins. Special, each **5½d**

C.—**Usually 2/3 each.** Self coloured linen in pastel shades of green, beige, lemon, fawn, saxe, salmon, old rose. Spoke stitching. 1/16 in. hem. 11 x 11 inches. Special, each **1/6**

D.—**Usually 16/6 dozen.** Neat haircord borders round the sheerest of white Belfast linen. Hand rolled hems. Sizes 10½ x 10½ inches. Special, 6 for 3/-, or, dozen **9/11**

E.—**Usually 7½d. each.** Hosts of snappy printed spots and gay florals, on bright coloured linen. 1/16 in. hem, neatly hemstitched. Size 11 x 11. And the special price is, each **3½d**

F.—**Usually 10/6 doz.** And they're from Belfast! All white, hand-embroidered linen. Three very dainty designs. 1/16 inch hem. Special, 6 for 2/9, 12 for 5/6. Each **5½d**

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FOLLY'S DEBT

A Long, Complete Book-length Novel

Free Supplement
to
The Australian Women's Weekly
Issue of
January 18, 1936

This Supplement Must Not Be Sold Separately.

By Elizabeth York Miller

Author of "The House of Delamont," "The Tangled Web," "The Runaway Wife."

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FOLLY'S DEBT

By Elizabeth York Miller

CHAPTER 1

"WHAT a heavenly morning! Oh, I'm so glad to be home for good and all. London in the springtime. Mother, your daffodils are too wonderful!"

Rosemary Westburn's voice, soft, gentle, nevertheless held a thrill of enchantment. Her satiny hair reflected the color of the pale flowers she mentioned. Her eyes, a deep blue, had been likened to violets. A springtime girl, if ever there was one—so tenderly young and ardent. Rosemary was a great one for enthusiasms. At home they had always called her the champion of lost causes. Yet if they sometimes laughed at her it was with full appreciation of her innate kindliness.

Her rhapsody fell a little flat on this occasion. Something curious, difficult of recognition, had come over the collective face of the family. That is to say, of Daddy and Mother and Francis. Juliet wasn't down yet. She was usually, almost punctually, five minutes late for breakfast.

"It's lovely to have you home again, Rosie." Mother said with a wan smile. "Yes, the daffodils are fresh and pretty . . . just now. But the soot will soon spoil them."

She spoke absently. Her mind was on something else. On Francis, perhaps, for she threw him a covert glance that held a trace of sharp anxiety.

Francis, son of the house of Westburn, did not catch that look. Nattily attired for the office, properly bathed and shaven, he yet lacked the freshness which belonged to the twenty-three years of his youth. He crunched his toast as one without appetite. It might have been sawdust. What could have happened to Francis? Something, undoubtedly. He was changed, but not too subtly so for Rosemary to notice.

And then . . . Father. Father, always the gay, hearty friend—he had said nothing to Rosemary at all except a blunt, preoccupied "Good-morning," and retreated immediately behind his newspaper again. That wasn't his usual way by any manner of means.

She felt a little snubbed. Helped herself from the hot dishes on the sideboard, and slipped into her seat at the table. Evidently the family was not in a cheerful mood.

It had been so late when she finally arrived home last night, past eleven—and that was very late for Rosemary—and she had been tired after her long journey. There had just been time to greet them all affectionately before mother insisted upon putting her to bed with a cup of hot milk and biscuits.

"Yes, I know you're excited, darling, and want to hear all about Julie's engagement and everything, but you'll have plenty of time to-morrow," mother had said very firmly.

So Rosemary obeyed, as she always did.

She remembered now that as she lay in bed sipping the hot drink and luxuriating in the joy of being here mother had called rather sharply down the stairs to Francis, asking him if he was going out again, so late.

Rosemary had spent the past year in Brussels having the finishing touches put to her education. She had enjoyed it, as she enjoyed everything, but she was essentially a home girl and now she was glad that schooldays were over and she could be home always, helping her mother, fussing over her father—whom she worshipped slavishly—and generally making herself useful. Especially as Juliet was soon to be married.

His name was Gavin Steed. Rosemary had never heard of him until mother wrote a week ago to tell her of the engagement, and to say how pleased they all were. Juliet was too busy, herself, to write. Juliet was always busy, always in a dash after something. You would think she was having a race against life and never could quite catch up.

Rosemary noted, now, a huge pile of letters by Juliet's plate. She possessed so many friends, and they would all be writing to congratulate her. The announcement had appeared in the papers a couple of days ago.

The Westburns' house stood in one of the old Chelsea squares. It was quiet and almost peaceful, particularly at the back where the bow window of the dining-room overlooked a length of flagged garden with ample flower-borders where daffodils were now blooming.

At the bottom of the garden was the old playhouse—they had called it Wendy House when they were children. Rosemary felt a slight constriction in her throat and took a gulp of tea to swallow it down. They were not children any longer; even she, the baby of the family, had done with schooldays, and Juliet was going to be married; while Francis obviously could go out at midnight without saying where, although he was two years younger than Juliet.

IT seemed to Rosemary that the family was not being very kind to her this first morning. None of the usual chattiness, although it was true mother offered a remark or two between her silent pre-occupation with the jaded-looking Francis. But it was all so perfunctory; a surface politeness which did not ring in the least true.

"Aren't you well, Francis?" Rosemary asked, thinking perhaps he was sickening for something, which, of course, would clear up at once the mystery of mother's concern.

At the sound of his name her brother jerked himself back to earth, but Rosemary had to repeat the sense of her question. This time she asked if he were ill.

"Ill? Me? Certainly not," he replied in a reserved voice. "What on earth put such an idea into your head?"

Snubbed again. Rosemary sighed and tried her father. "Anything interesting in the paper, daddy?"

Daddy showed her his mouth with the corners turned down. "It gets worse and worse," he muttered. "If it goes on much longer I'll be ruined." But he was talking more to himself than to Rosemary. She saw now that it was a financial newspaper which so engrossed him.

"The Stock Exchange is in rather a bad way at the moment," her mother murmured, putting a cautionary hand on Rosemary's.

"For some people," growled Harry Westburn.

Just then Juliet's step was heard, and Rosemary looked hopefully towards the door. The sun was shining, but what gloom brooded over this breakfast-table! Could Juliet dispel it? She was a cheerful soul. Juliet, and, of course, now she had everything to make her happy. Rosemary had always looked up to and admired her. Sometimes envied her a little for her buoyant spirits. Nothing ever seemed to daunt Juliet.

The elder sister came in blithely. As dark as Rosemary was fair, she took after her father; a strikingly beautiful girl, tall, fashionably slender, with an absurdly impertinent profile and the temperament of quicksilver.

YOU never knew what Juliet would do or say, except that it was bound to be interesting. She made you hold your breath. As a child she had led them often to glory and sometimes to disaster.

The only person who had ever been able to control Juliet, and who claimed to understand her, was their old family friend, Dr. Jim—otherwise James Malcolm, now fearfully grown up, and becoming famous as a specialist in nervous troubles. Dr. Jim must be within a year or two of forty. How time flies, thought Rosemary! They had all travelled a long way since the days of Wendy House.

Juliet looked radiant this morning. But it seemed queer for her to have reddened her lips so early. Rosemary thought it wouldn't taste at all nice with eggs and bacon.

"Hello, people. Am I late?"

"No more so than usual," said her mother with a duplicate of that wan smile she had bestowed on Rosemary.

Juliet stopped to give her sister a warm-hearted hug as she went to the sideboard. "It's gorgeous to have you home again, chicken! We'll have some marvellous times together."

"Oh, thank you, Julie." Rosemary's spirits went up. "Look at all your letters. Getting engaged must be great fun."

"It is—it's the best part of the battle," Juliet agreed.

SHE came back to the table and her mother passed her a cup of tea.

"Well, what's the bad news this morning?" she demanded. "I see Daddy's getting his—and Mother got hers last night."

A tremor shook the little circle. Juliet's lack of tact was always deliberate. She grinned at the gloomy Francis—a fiendish sort of grin it was, that in her brother's opinion made her look like a female Mephistophales.

"You shut up," he growled rudely.

Could it really be Francis who spoke like that?

"What for? Because you've got burnt fingers? You deserve it, my lad. Little boys should leave widows alone. In my young days they called that game playing with fire."

"Julie—please!" murmured Mrs. Westburn.

"Mother, darling, he needs a wigging. Daddy gives him his head, and you're afraid of him. Somebody ought to tell him the naked truth for once. He's making an ass of himself over that woman, and the whole square is laughing at him. Everybody knows she's crazy mad in love with Dr. Jim, and only using Francis——"

"Will you shut up!"

Francis was vehement now. He rose

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hastily, pushed back his chair, and strode from the room. But at the door he turned back to fling bitterness over his shoulder.

"Perhaps you can discuss me with even less restraint if I'm not here."

Rosemary shuddered and closed her eyes. Her mother's face was so very white—like chalk.

Harry Westburn got to his feet, a well-built and still handsome man in his early fifties; not much grey in his dark hair and trim moustache; complexion healthily ruddy. He played a great deal of golf and liked his glass of port after dinner. Alice, his wife, raised her faded fairness to him with a wistful smile that had tears in it as he bent down to kiss her good-bye before leaving for his own office.

"Don't worry about the boy," he said. "He's got to take his knocks. Julie's tackled him the right way. Mrs. Amery isn't likely to marry him. If she were, I'd do some worrying myself."

Rosemary gave a convulsive sigh. Mrs. Amery. That would be the widow Juliet had mentioned. The name was new to her. She must make Julie tell her all about it—but not when mother was around. Obviously she felt too deeply on the subject to bear hearing it discussed. In fact, mother was getting ready to burst into tears at this very moment, and so followed hard on daddy's heels as he quitted the dining-room.

Now there were only the sisters left.

"Julie——" Rosemary asked in a shaking voice, "I wish you'd tell me. Why, darling, what's the matter?"

Juliet was sitting there like a stone image, an icily-frozen image, staring into space with white vacancy. But still she could not be quite frozen, because the sheet of notepaper she held in one hand was shaking like the proverbial aspen-leaf.

"Julie—have you had some bad news, darling?"

Rosemary was about to come to her aid, but Juliet roused herself and motioned her away. Juliet had to gasp a little, as for fresh air, before she could speak, and even then her voice sounded as though she were choking.

"It's nothing—nothing at all. Something—something just occurred to me—an appointment I'd forgotten all about." She gave a strained laugh and passed a hand across her forehead with a hard, sweeping gesture. "Really, darling, I wish you wouldn't stare like that. It makes me nervous."

"I'm sorry, Julie. Only you look so—so queer, and your voice sounds different."

Juliet gathered up her letters, most of them unread, and crumpled the one she had been holding into the pocket of her jersey. And she, too, rose from the breakfast table.

"You haven't eaten a thing," said Rosemary. "Have you been getting into debt again? Because I could lend you——"

"For heaven's sake, chicken, leave me alone, can't you! Forgive me, darling, for seeming so rude. I suppose I'll have to telephone Gavin. What I need is a little medicine."

NOW, somewhat like daddy, Juliet was talking as though to herself, and to Rosemary's scandalised amazement she went to the sideboard, opened the cupboard part, and brought out the brandy decanter, from which she poured herself a stiffish dose.

"You needn't mention that," she said, when she had gulped it down and stood for a second with blinking, watery eyes. Then she, too, like the others, fled the room.

Rosemary discovered that her own appetite was more than satisfied.

Of course, one need not take Juliet's moods too seriously, but that stoniness that white face—brandy at breakfast, or, indeed, at any other time. What on earth had happened to this family? Every one of them was carrying a burden of some sort—secret or otherwise.

Juliet went up to her own sitting-room, a sanctum on the third floor, which had once been the day nursery, and locked the door behind her.

There was no impudence on her face now. It was drawn and pallid. She sat down heavily on the divan to read that letter again and recall the "adventure" to which it alluded. The envelope had been addressed by typewriter, but the letter itself was in a man's handwriting that she knew very well indeed, although it was five years since she had seen it, or the man himself. How it all came back to her in a wild rush of memory—a tormenting, unhappy memory that she had thought to leave far behind her.

That little inn near Stoke Poges—she had long forgotten its name—but now it was recalled easily enough. Hugh Conody, whom she had loved unwisely and too well. Madness! What could have come over her that summer? Hugh, with his lazy, drawling ways; the gay impertinence of his eyes, the smudge of black on his upper lip which he called a moustache, and his eternal bickering with Eileen, the wife who didn't understand him. Since those days Juliet had come to despise married men who pleaded to young girls that they were misunderstood at home.

"How could I have been so absolutely mad?" she muttered.

For six months they had held out against their secret love. "I was only nineteen," she told herself. Could youth excuse such folly? And then they decided to elope and let the world go hang. It had seemed not only the right thing to do, but they had managed to hedge the idea about with a sort of nobility.

YET flat it had fallen. Mercifully, of course, although at the time Juliet hadn't realised that Providence was intervening to save her.

Down had come that solicitor person—apparently his name was Mark Factor—and told Hugh that his little son, whom he idolised, was critically ill, and about to be operated upon for appendicitis. At first Hugh and Juliet had thought it was a trick of Eileen's—his wife—to get him back. But Eileen had never known about that romantic interlude any more than anybody else, except this Mark Factor. It was true enough—the little boy was not only ill, but he actually died.

Hugh went back to London, and Juliet returned to the aunt she was supposed to be visiting. It all just fizzled out, somehow, and she had never seen Hugh since, nor heard from him until this morning.

Now the past had come back with a vengeance, dealing her a crushing blow just when she was so happy that she seemed to have wings.

She spread out the crumpled sheet and read it again, hoping against hope that the contents would reveal some loophole which might have escaped her before.

"Juliet, My Dear.—You will be surprised to hear from me, and I certainly wouldn't intrude upon your happiness without reason. The reason, unfortunately, is dashed serious. You remember that solicitor chap, Mark Factor, who barged in on us at The Three Feathers bringing the bad news about Sonny? He's gone over to the enemy—that's to say to Eileen—who's looking about for evidence to divorce me. Frankly, his mouth could be stopped where you are concerned, but it will cost something and I haven't got much more than the proverbial brass cent. Could you meet me at Genta's for lunch on Tuesday, about 1.30? If I don't hear from you, will expect you to be there. We'll have to talk this over and see what can be done.—Ever thine,

"H.C."

There it was. Almost a flat command, and Juliet felt she dared not disobey it. And to-day, of course, was Tuesday.

Gavin Steed had invited his fiancee to bring her little sister to lunch with him to-day, at a much smarter restaurant than Genta's, but that would have to be put off. After all, Gavin was dining here to-night, and it would be easy enough to make an excuse to him. Gavin was the sort of person who would never suspect one of double-dealing. Somehow, just because he was so trustful, the very thought of deceiving him made her feel an utter hypocrite.

A shudder ran over Juliet and shook her slender frame.

Blackmail. She had heard such terrible stories, how it went on and on from bad to worse until in the end one got so tangled up that there was no possible hope of ever getting out of it again.

Still, suppose that man—Mark Factor—had merely put the evidence in Eileen's hands without giving Hugh warning? Perhaps it wouldn't take such an awful lot to placate him.

Juliet ran over her own resources in her mind.

As Rosemary had intimated, her allowance was usually over-spent, but she would be getting some money presents for her trousseau and there was that old-fashioned diamond pendant Auntie Lou had given her on her twenty-first birthday, a star-shaped thing that she never wore, except when Auntie Lou came to town, and then only at family dinner-parties. The stones were fairly good and it ought to fetch something.

She went into her bedroom which adjoined, and rummaged the pendant out of her little jewel-case.

Of course, she would have to see Hugh, and a trembling overcame her on that account.

CHAPTER 2

SHE dressed herself for the street at once, although it was still far too early, and then went down to telephone Gavin.

As she knew he would be, Gavin was very sweet and accepted her excuses without question. Yes, he realised she must be very busy indeed. They had decided to be married before the end of the London season, and it was now April. Short engagements, these days. He would see her at dinner. Little sister arrived safely? That was good. Gavin knew he was going to be very fond of Rosemary.

"You couldn't help it," Juliet told him. "She's a darling, and one of the very best. Perhaps we can manage lunch with you to-morrow. Let you know to-night. Well, darling——"

"Wait a minute!" Gavin shouted, as she was about to ring off. "Where can I get hold of your father? Has he left the house yet?"

"About an hour ago," Juliet replied, a little mystified. "He ought to be at the office by this time."

"Oh, well—I'll ring up there again."

"What is it, Gavin—about daddy?"

"Nothing much. Just a little matter of business I want to discuss with him. You'll learn in good time."

"I warn you, he's a bear with a sore head this morning," Juliet said.

"All the bears on the market are suffering from the same complaint," Gavin replied. "Good-bye, my sweet!"

Juliet hung up the receiver with a trembling hand.

That had gone off very well. Gavin hadn't suspected for one single second that it had taken every ounce of strength she possessed to sustain their light-hearted conversation. Perhaps it would all go off well; she might be making a mountain out of nothing more than a tiny little molehill. One shouldn't allow oneself to get over-excited about something which may never happen.

Rosemary came trailing down the stairs looking worried and disconsolate, and Juliet was seized with remorse.

"Poor chicken! What self-centred beasts we all are!—your first day at home, too. Listen, darling! I've simply got to fly now, but I'll be home about three o'clock or perhaps sooner, and then we'll have a grand old pow-wow. Tell mother, will you that I won't be in for lunch?"

Why couldn't Julie say what was bothering her? And if she was just going shop-

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"It would be ghastly if you had to run the risk of losing him."

She looked at Hugh with a stony expression. He wasn't to think he could make her flesh creep.

"There's no danger of my losing Gavin, whatever happens," she said coldly.

"I suppose you're head over heels in love with each other?" There was the faintest suspicion of a sneer on Conody's lips.

"You and I don't need to discuss that," Juliet replied.

He took a long drink from his wineglass while she waited in trepidation for what would come next. She was far from feeling as calm as she seemed.

He set the glass down and leaned across to her with a change of tone.

"I told you the bare facts in my letter. At first—when he approached me in the matter—I said to myself, 'This is blackmail and should be dealt with as such.' But in a manner of speaking it's not quite the same thing. Eileen went to Pastor, telling him she wanted to get rid of me. She hadn't any evidence for divorce, but knowing what he did, he could have supplied her with her evidence on the tick. He's a fairly decent fellow, and he didn't do it. He came to me, instead."

"And asked you for money," Juliet put in.

"Naturally. Somebody's got to pay him for all the trouble he's taking. He doesn't want a great deal, either—only fifty pounds. There are costs and all that sort of thing. God knows, if I had it, you'd never have heard a word of all this. You mustn't be dragged into the wretched business, Julie. You must not! If there's no other way out, I'll make a hole in the river and that'll settle the affair without any further trouble. Anyway, I haven't got much to live for. It isn't as though the boy had lived."

"Oh, no, Hugh! Please—please don't say a thing like that. It hurts me. I simply can't bear it."

She was genuinely distressed now. There was a little of the old charm left, after all; she couldn't forget that once she had loved this man enough to plan to run away with him.

She passed the pendant across the table to Hugh.

"I'm a bit hard up myself," she told him. "Do you think you could get fifty pounds on this? It's an awful-looking thing, but the stones are genuine."

Hugh Conody lowered his eyes to examine the pendant, and Juliet did not see how eagerly they glistened. He was careful in his reply.

"I might—if you let me sell it outright," he said dubiously.

JULIET thought quickly. She was reluctant to part with Auntie Lou's gift for good and all. Still—if there were no other way?

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Hugh, a shade more briskly. "If I can get enough by pawning it, I will. If not——"

"If you can't, you'd better sell it," Juliet finished for him. "I'm sure it would bring that much money if you sold it outright."

"I suppose it's safe to write to you?" he ventured.

"Of course. Perfectly safe. Nobody ever interferes with my letters. They're not that kind of a family."

"Then I'll send you the ticket—if I'm lucky. The trouble is, money is so confoundedly tight these days. People aren't spending, or else they haven't got it to spend—particularly on luxuries. I believe the diamond dealers are having a very thin time."

"Yes, I know," Juliet said hurriedly.

She had been hearing a song like that at home for many weeks past and knew it by heart.

The important thing was to get away, now. She didn't want to give Hugh a chance to become sentimental, and she could see that he wanted to be.

She looked at her watch and exclaimed in dismay: "Oh, dear, I shall have to rush! Look here, you must let me pay for this." He began to protest, but Juliet laid a pound note on the table and was very firm about it. "I insist, Hugh. After all, in the old days I always stood my whack."

"Ah, Julie—the old days! If only——"

"Finish your lunch, Hugh. I really must fly. It's been so nice seeing you again. No, please don't come out with me. Good-bye—good-bye."

She walked rapidly away from Genta's, wondering if she had been cruel. Hugh had shaded his eyes when she left him. Probably there were tears in them.

But, oh, it was such a relief to get out of the place and away from him. She felt that if she had stayed another moment she would have had hysterics.

Thank heaven the ordeal was over! She had allowed herself to make far too much of it in anticipation, for, after all, it had not amounted to anything. She felt confident he would be able to get the money for that odious solicitor by pawning the pendant. Obviously Hugh didn't know the value of diamonds. Even in difficult times you can't pick them up for nothing.

Thus reassuring herself, Juliet returned home prepared to give some attention to her neglected little sister.

CHAPTER 4

"I THINK Miss Rosemary's in the little garden house, miss," said the parlor-maid, in answer to Juliet's question.

Mother, it appeared, was lying down in her bedroom. Of late she had taken to "resting" in the afternoon, particularly if some extra exertion was in store for the evening. No visitors were expected for tea, but Dr. Jim, as well as Gavin, was coming to dinner.

Juliet turned towards the garden door, and then the parlor-maid said:

"Oh, Miss Juliet, would you mind telling madam when she comes down that Mr. Francis telephoned to say he wouldn't be home to dinner to-night?"

"Very well, Parker," Juliet replied.

She felt a little resentful at that. Why should such an unpleasant task be assigned to her? Parker had received the message, and she should be the one to deliver it. But, no! Everybody in the house knew there was a widening breach between Mother and Francis and dreaded having anything to do with it. So the cub wasn't coming home to dinner. Was it because Dr. Jim would be here?

Juliet shrugged her shoulders, and went down the flagged path to the Wendy House, noting with amusement that smoke was curling from the miniature chimney. What a child Rosemary was—playing all by herself, sentimentalising, probably, in that dreamy way of hers.

But when Juliet stepped over the threshold of the little house and saw what Rosemary had done, she was smitten with a pang of regret that the self-same idea had not occurred to her long before. Juliet had her own private sitting-room, but this was much more fun.

Rosemary had spent the whole morning sweeping and scrubbing and tidying; there was a smell of fresh paint and some basket chairs and other oddments of furniture had been brought down from the attic. At the moment, Rosemary was involved in yards of gaily patterned cretonne, snipping and cutting with the end in view of making covers and curtains for her small domain.

The little brick fireplace had been newly reddened and, as foretold by the curling smoke, a blaze enlivened the hearth.

"Good heavens, did you do all this yourself?" Juliet asked.

"Parker helped me with the cleaning," Rosemary confessed. "She did the floor and the grate while I ran out to get the cretonne."

"Oh, Rosie, it's going to be lovely!"

"It will be when it's finished—when I get some shelves put up and arrange my books and photographs." She saw the bargaining look in Juliet's eye and added quickly: "Mother said I could have it for my very own. You see, my bedroom's not very big and there's no other room I can use for a study."

Juliet nodded. After all, she was going to be married soon. Why on earth should she want to steal Rosie's toy?

"But I suppose you'll let me call on you sometimes," she said.

Rosemary smiled. "I expect you'll be too busy to call often."

"Darling, I really am sorry. I hadn't meant to leave you alone all day, but—well, it just happened that I'd clean forgotten something that was most important."

"Is it all right, Julie?"

"Is what all right?"

"What was bothering you at breakfast," said Rosemary.

"You silly chicken! There wasn't anything bothering me."

Remembering the brandy and her sister's stony face, Rosemary decided to change the subject. She had been useless. In the old days—even a year ago—everything had been so different. They were all so friendly, so hearty with one another. Juliet, of course, had always been high-spirited and Mother said she was "difficult," but none of them had ever seemed to have strange secrets.

"Now tell me all about Gavin," Rosemary said. "What's he like?"

"Haven't you seen his photograph? No, perhaps not. Well, you'll see him to-night darling. He's simply an angel."

Rosemary tittered as she measured a length of cretonne held from cheek to outstretched hand in the old-fashioned way.

"I shouldn't care to marry an angel," she commented.

"A DARK angel," said Juliet. "Only he's got yellow eyes, I think—at least, there's some yellow in them. He's tall and very good-looking——"

"Clean-shaven?"

"Rather!"

"Does he—does he kiss you, Julie?"

"What do you think?"

"Of course he does. And you adore him, Julie?"

"Almost as much as he adores me," Juliet assured her. "And he's rich, Rosie. Daddy says he must be worth at least half a million."

"Oh, how dreadful!"

"Why, darling, that's almost the best part of it. We're going to have the loveliest time. Did mother tell you we're going round the world on our honeymoon? Absolutely right round it. And I'm to have a maid of my own, Rosie, and everything. And if I can't wangle at least a thousand pounds out of daddy for my trousseau, I'll die of the disgrace."

Rosemary drew in her breath. The whole thing sounded preposterous—like a fairy tale. But then, of course, some delicious and unusual fate had seemed to be in store for Julie since childhood's days. She had always been able to command and get more than anybody else in the family, although Francis was really mother's favorite, and Rosemary suspected that she herself was daddy's.

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The important thing was to get away, now. She didn't want to give Hugh a chance to become sentimental, and she could see that he wanted to be.

She looked at her watch and exclaimed in dismay: "Oh, dear, I shall have to rush! Look here, you must let me pay for this." He began to protest, but Juliet laid a pound note on the table and was very firm about it. "I insist, Hugh. After all, in the old days I always stood my whack."

"Ah, Julie—the old days! If only——"

"Finish your lunch, Hugh. I really must fly. It's been so nice seeing you again. No, please don't come out with me. Good-bye—good-bye."

She walked rapidly away from Genta's, wondering if she had been cruel. Hugh had shaded his eyes when she left him. Probably there were tears in them.

But, oh, it was such a relief to get out of the place and away from him. She felt that if she had stayed another moment she would have had hysterics.

Thank heaven the ordeal was over! She had allowed herself to make far too much of it in anticipation, for, after all, it had not amounted to anything. She felt confident he would be able to get the money for that odious solicitor by pawning the pendant. Obviously Hugh didn't know the value of diamonds. Even in difficult times you can't pick them up for nothing.

Thus reassuring herself, Juliet returned home prepared to give some attention to her neglected little sister.

CHAPTER 4

"I THINK Miss Rosemary's in the little garden house, miss," said the parlor-maid, in answer to Juliet's question.

Mother, it appeared, was lying down in her bedroom. Of late she had taken to "resting" in the afternoon, particularly if some extra exertion was in store for the evening. No visitors were expected for tea, but Dr. Jim, as well as Gavin, was coming to dinner.

Juliet turned towards the garden door, and then the parlor-maid said:

"Oh, Miss Juliet, would you mind telling madam when she comes down that Mr. Francis telephoned to say he wouldn't be home to dinner to-night?"

"Very well, Parker," Juliet replied.

She felt a little resentful at that. Why should such an unpleasant task be assigned to her? Parker had received the message, and she should be the one to deliver it. But, no! Everybody in the house knew there was a widening breach between Mother and Francis and dreaded having anything to do with it. So the rub wasn't coming home to dinner. Was it because Dr. Jim would be here?

Juliet shrugged her shoulders, and went down the flagged path to the Wendy House, noting with amusement that smoke was curling from the miniature chimney. What a child Rosemary was—playing all by herself, sentimentalising, probably, in that dreamy way of hers.

But when Juliet stepped over the threshold of the little house and saw what Rosemary had done, she was smitten with a pang of regret that the self-same idea had not occurred to her long before. Juliet had her own private sitting-room, but this was much more fun.

Rosemary had spent the whole morning sweeping and scrubbing and tidying; there was a smell of fresh paint and some basket chairs and other oddments of furniture had been brought down from the attic. At the moment, Rosemary was involved in yards of gaily patterned cretonne, snipping and cutting with the end in view of making covers and curtains for her small domain.

The little brick fireplace had been newly reddened and, as foretold by the curling smoke, a blaze enlivened the hearth.

"Good heavens, did you do all this yourself?" Juliet asked.

"Parker helped me with the cleaning," Rosemary confessed. "She did the floor and the grate while I ran out to get the cretonne."

"Oh, Rosie, it's going to be lovely!"

"It will be when it's finished—when I get some shelves put up and arrange my books and photographs." She saw the bargaining look in Juliet's eye and added quickly: "Mother said I could have it for my very own. You see, my bedroom's not very big and there's no other room I can use for a study."

Juliet nodded. After all, she was going to be married soon. Why on earth should she want to steal Rosie's toy?

"But I suppose you'll let me call on you sometimes," she said.

Rosemary smiled. "I expect you'll be too busy to call often."

"Darling, I really am sorry. I hadn't meant to leave you alone all day, but—well, it just happened that I'd clean forgotten something that was most important."

"Is it all right, Julie?"

"Is what all right?"

"What was bothering you at breakfast," said Rosemary.

"You silly chicken! There wasn't anything bothering me."

Remembering the brandy and her sister's stony face, Rosemary decided to change the subject. She had been tactless. In the old days—even a year ago—everything had been so different. They were all so friendly, so hearty with one another. Juliet, of course, had always been high-spirited and Mother said she was "difficult," but none of them had ever seemed to have strange secrets.

"Now tell me all about Gavin," Rosemary said. "What's he like?"

"Haven't you seen his photograph? No, perhaps not. Well, you'll see him to-night darling. He's simply an angel."

Rosemary tittered as she measured a length of cretonne held from cheek to outstretched hand in the old-fashioned way.

"I shouldn't care to marry an angel," she commented.

"A DARK angel," said Juliet. "Only he's got yellow eyes, I think—at least, there's some yellow in them. He's tall and very good-looking——"

"Clean-shaven?"

"Rather!"

"Does he—does he kiss you, Julie?"

"What do you think?"

"Of course he does. And you adore him, Julie?"

"Almost as much as he adores me," Juliet assured her. "And he's rich, Rosie. Daddy says he must be worth at least half a million."

"Oh, how dreadful!"

"Why, darling, that's almost the best part of it. We're going to have the loveliest time. Did mother tell you we're going round the world on our honeymoon? Absolutely right round it. And to have a maid of my own, Rosie, and everything. And if I can't wangle at least a thousand pounds out of daddy for my trousseau, I'll die of the disgrace."

Rosemary drew in her breath. The whole thing sounded preposterous—like a fairy tale. But then, of course, some delicious and unusual fate had seemed to be in store for Julie since childhood's days. She had always been able to command and get more than anybody else in the family, although Francis was really mother's favorite, and Rosemary suspected that she herself was daddy's.

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"Where did you meet Mr. Steed?" she asked in awed tones.

"How Gavin would roar with laughter if he heard you. Mr. Steed, indeed! He's only a boy, darling, and not a bit of side to him, either—such a really nice boy. It was his grandfather who left him all that money, but he's awfully keen on business. Shipping trade. I met him at one of Lady Matlow's parties. He looked so woebegone and out of place among all those celebrities she collects that I took pity on him and told him I was a low-brow myself. Then he cheered up and we had a lovely time together. I didn't even know his name until the end of the evening, when he asked if he might call. And even then I didn't know how rich h. was."

"It was love at first sight, then," said Rosemary, with a romantic sigh.

Juliet wrinkled her impudent nose.

"Not exactly—a least, not on my part," she confessed. "But I liked him. Nobody could help liking Gavin.

A shadow had fallen over Juliet's sensitive face, and she looked a little sad and pensive.

Just then a step sounded on the path, and there was Parker coming towards them with a letter on a tray.

"For you, Miss Juliet," she said. "By messenger, and he's to wait for an answer."

This time the envelope was not addressed by typewriter, bu in Hugh Conody's hand.

CHAPTER 5

THE sight of that envelope did not strike any terror to Juliet's heart, but she thought it was both stupid and unnecessary of Hugh to have communicated with her by special messenger. Undoubtedly he had sent her the pawn ticket for Auntie Lou's pendant.

She moved a little aside to open the envelope, while Rosemary suddenly discovered that the fire needed attention and knelt down to replenish it. A little gasp from Juliet brought her to her feet again, but she did not ask what, if anything, was the matter. Rosemary had been taught a lesson in reticence earlier in the day.

Poor old Juliet! Something seemed to be pursuing her, determined to give her no peace when she ought to be so happy. Juliet, with that haggard, driven look was a strange spectacle to her adoring little sister. What wouldn't Rosemary have given to be able to comfort or help her! If only Juliet would confide in little sister!

"Tell the messenger I'll give him the answer in a moment." Parker took herself away.

Then Juliet turned impulsively to Rosemary, and there was deep trouble in her eyes. Anger, too, but that was not for her sister. She spoke rapidly, as though she feared an interruption which might mean refusal.

"Darling, this morning you said you could let me have a little money. Only temporary, of course. I'll be able to pay you back in a few days. Have you got as much as fifteen pounds to spare? I hope you have. It will just about square me with something that's bothering the life out of me."

"Not more than eight, I'm afraid," Rosemary replied. She was deeply worried. That frozen look was back on Juliet's face again; just like when she had been driven to brandy at breakfast.

"Well, if you could let me have it, chicken, I'd be ever so grateful. It would be a great help." Juliet's voice was different, too. She had been obliged to clear her throat before speaking.

SHE hurried off towards the house, and Rosemary followed her with a quaking heart, wondering what it could be about, but not daring to ask a single question.

In the hall sat a withered, elderly man with a nut-cracker jaw, holding a bowler hat on his knees. He shambled to his feet when Juliet spoke to him.

"You are from Mr. Conody?"

"Yes, miss."

"Well, I won't keep you waiting long." She ran on up to her sitting-room with a sense of panic that could scarcely have been equalled had the house been on fire.

It was all a lie of course. She didn't believe a word of it. But what could she do?

Hugh had dashed off a note to say that he had only been able to get thirty-five pounds for the pendant by selling it outright, and he must have the rest of the money at once if Mark Factor's mouth was to be stopped. He had written as though he, himself, was a little panic-stricken. Indeed, a hysterical note rang through that message—plainly a cry for help. Yet Juliet doubted; she couldn't be at all sure that the cry was genuine.

Rosemary brought her the eight pounds, laid it on her desk and tiptoed out of the room as though in the presence of grave illness. Rosemary would be a fool not to know that something very much out of the ordinary had happened. But Juliet knew she could trust her sister. She could trust Rosemary even without confiding in her.

There was nothing for it but to add two notes from her own depleted store to Rosemary's loan, and then make out a cheque for five pounds. The bank would probably honor it although it would be certain to advise her that she was over-drawn.

She enclosed a severe note to Hugh, warning him that this was all he could possibly expect from her, and that on no account was he ever to send a messenger to the house again. She tried to make that warning emphatic, particularly on the score of the messenger.

In fact, it was the presence of that withered old man sitting there in the hall that had played havoc with Juliet's wits.

She raced down the stairs, thrust the bulky envelope into his hands and got him out of the house with just two minutes to spare before her mother emerged from seclusion and tea was served.

Rosemary tried to shake off her feeling of distress, and found it impossible. She couldn't be happy all by herself when everybody else wore a mask to hide secret sorrows.

ROSEMARY heard the doorbell ring, but it was too early for either Dr. Jim or Gavin. Yet it must be somebody. Parker's prim voice could be heard giving welcome.

"Will you wait in the drawing-room, sir? I'll find out. I think Mr. Westburn is in the library."

Parker obviously didn't know that Rosemary was in the drawing-room, or else whoever it was knew his own way about, for she did not trouble to announce him.

A few seconds later the door opened and there entered the young man who Rosemary Westburn correctly guessed was Gavin Steed. There was no mistaking him, for he was exactly like his handsome portrait.

He looked surprised to find what appeared to be a strange young woman waiting to receive him, but recovered quickly when Rosemary came forward with a questioning smile.

"Are you Mr. Steed—I mean, Gavin?" she asked.

"Yes—but it isn't possible—you aren't Rosemary, are you?" She thought he seemed very much taken aback.

Juliet had not exaggerated in rhapsodising over Gavin. He was all that Rosemary had expected him to be—even more, perhaps.

"Of course I'm Rosemary. Why not?" she challenged with a laugh and blush. She gave him her hand, and to her embarrassment he held it while he looked at her intently.

"But you're not a little girl at all," he protested.

"Do you mind?" Rosemary gently drew away her hand.

"No, not exactly, but I had an impression you were about fourteen."

"I'm twenty," Rosemary confessed. And then she wondered if she should have said that. Perhaps Juliet had put back her own age a few years. Girls sometimes did when they had passed their early twenties.

AT that moment Parker appeared at the door and said, "Mr. Westburn will be pleased, sir, if you will come into the library."

"Oh! Yes—thank you," Gavin replied a trifle absently. He turned again to Rosemary. "You'll excuse me, won't you? I wanted to see your father a few minutes before dinner. That's why I'm here so early."

"Certainly," Rosemary murmured.

She felt dazzled and thrilled. Really, Julie had wonderful luck. Gavin Steed was, indeed, a charming "boy," worth a dozen and more of all the others that had gone before to swell the list of Juliet's admirers.

Rosemary loved her sister too much, and was too loyal to venture even a mental criticism of Juliet, but it struck her forcibly several times that evening that Julie, for all her brave display of lip salve and rouge, looked utterly dragged and weary. Of course, Julie had a secret worry about money, but in the ordinary way Rosemary would have been inclined to regard that as nothing unusual. Anyway, it had never seemed actually to have preyed on her sister before.

She wondered if Dr. Jim noticed it, too, for he was constantly looking at Julie in a puzzled, anxious way.

Dear Dr. Jim—how they all loved him! Except Francis, and even Francis had been fond of him until recently. He was the dearest man in the world, after Daddy, in Rosemary's opinion, yet not handsome, like Gavin Steed. Dr. Jim wore eye-glasses and a prim, sandy-colored moustache, and had a reputation for great shyness. Funny idea, that, for he was never shy with Juliet and Rosemary. To-night, because Gavin was there, probably, he hadn't a great deal to say. As with Rosemary, it was the first time Dr. Jim had met Gavin.

Juliet buttonholed him after dinner and dragged him into a corner. She had always regarded Dr. Jim as her special little bit of property, and had no mind to relinquish him now, merely because she was engaged to marry somebody else.

"Well?" she demanded. "Do you approve of my young man?" But suddenly she found Dr. Jim's gaze too much for her, and her eyelids drooped. "Say something, please, even if you don't like him. I can bear it. I can bear pretty well anything from you."

"Of course I like him," Dr. Jim assured her. "Who could help it? He's a splendid young fellow."

"Thanks for those few kind words," gushed Juliet. "But why were you looking at me so funny-like? Perhaps it's me you don't approve of?"

"What put such an idea into your head, my dear?"

"Oh, I know! I can read your mind. I look simply appalling—too much paint and powder—but everything went wrong to-day, and I'm fagged to the bone."

"I can see that," said Dr. Jim. "I hate being professional, but aren't you overdoing things? You're too highly-strung, Julie. If you will try to live on your nerves, one of these days you'll come to the end of them. What time did you go to bed last night?"

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL MIDSUMMER MONEY CONTEST!

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"About twelve. Don't be silly. Midnight's nothing—merely the shank of the evening."

"And the night before?"

"Earlier—that was Sunday. By the way, I had the pleasure of getting better acquainted with your dear friend, Mrs. Amery. She drove me to Bond St., and said she was on her way to see you. Heavens, how she gabbled about your cleverness. Bored me to tears. She's vamped Francis, you know. I was wondering how you are faring at her hands. Probably not much better.

Dr. Jim frowned. Juliet had intended to annoy him and succeeded. He was not likely to discuss his patients even with her.

She glanced across the room and saw Gavin and Rosemary deep in some apparently engrossing conversation. How sweet Rosemary looked. And so vivacious. She wouldn't have suspected her little sister of possessing such animation. Juliet's thoughts raced ahead at lightning speed and already was she not only married, but had circled the globe with Gavin and was established in a house of her own as a society matron, taking Rosemary under her wing and choosing just the right man for her sister to marry. Rosemary mustn't be allowed time in which to make mistakes and perhaps be sorry after.

CHAPTER 6

DR. JIM left at ten, and then Juliet said, "Oh, Gavin, dear, will you come up to my sitting-room? I want to 'discuss' things with you."

Of course it was only natural that Juliet and her lover should steal a little time together by themselves. Mrs. Westburn smiled indulgently, and her husband took this as a sign that he might retire to the library again.

"I'm very tired," Mrs. Westburn told Rosemary, "and I think I'll go straight to bed, although it's still so early."

"Isn't there something I can do for you?" Rosemary's voice was anxious. Still none of them seemed to notice that mother looked really ill; fretting herself to death, probably, over Francis.

"No, darling, there's nothing I want. I'm so glad you like Gavin. He's a dear boy and I hope Julie realises how fortunate she is."

"Oh, I do like him! You're quite sure there isn't anything I can do for you, mother? I wish you'd let me."

"Nothing at all. Good night, Rosie, and God bless you, y dear."

Again Rosemary was left to her own devices, but this time she was determined to break through somebody's armor. She went to the library and intruded boldly.

Her father was sitting behind his desk with stacks and stacks of crisply-folded documents held together with rubber bands before him, but at the moment he did not appear to be doing anything at all. His shoulders had a huddled look, and his head had fallen forward a little. In fact, his whole attitude was one of extreme depression.

"I'm not going to be sent away," said Rosemary. "You've got to tell me what the trouble is, daddy. We're pals, aren't we? And I'm grown up, now. Are things awfully bad with you?"

Harry Westburn's lips parted as though he was about to say something, then he shook his head and said something else.

"You're looking very pretty to-night, my Rosebud."

Rosemary went over and perched on the arm of his chair. She laid her cheek close to his and whispered in his ear: "Tell me, daddy. I want to know. I wouldn't tell mother or anybody. But I've just got to help you somehow. Perhaps you think there is nothing I can do—but you can't be sure. Stranger things have happened in this world."

The warmth of her sympathy gripped his heart and wrung tears from him.

"Very well, Rosie, but I don't see how you can help—how anybody can. The old dad is a ruined man. Next week this time he'll be filing his petition in bankruptcy."

"So bad as that?" Rosemary's voice trembled.

"It couldn't possibly be worse," her father replied.

Rosemary embraced him silently for a moment; then she said, "Daddy, was it anything very secret Gavin wanted to see you about before dinner?"

SHE seemed to be changing the subject and Harry Westburn recollected himself with a sigh.

"Not so very secret," he replied. "It was about Julie's marriage settlement. Gavin's a generous lad. Gad, I did feel such a pauper. In the ordinary way I should have told him I meant to make her an allowance as well—just to keep my end up——"

"But he didn't want you to do that, did he?"

"Oh, no, it was the last thing in his mind."

"Daddy—does Gavin know the hole you're in?"

"Of course not. He knows I've been stung a bit. Everybody knows that, but I'm not a big enough fish in the Stock Market to cause any great concern. I shan't drag anybody down but myself, and that's one blessing, anyway. I haven't fallen to the length of using my clients' money. I won't go to gaol, if that's any consolation to anybody."

"And if you could hold on, Daddy—would everything come out all right? I mean, could you pick up again?"

"With luck, I daresay I could. But I can't hold on . . . Oh, so to bed, Rosie. I've no right to tell you all this."

"Yes, you have indeed every right, and I'm not going to bed. Not just yet anyway . . . Daddy, Gavin Steed is such a nice boy, so very generous as you said. And he's going to be Julie's husband. Why don't you tell him all about it? I'm sure. I'm positive, he'd be only too glad to help you. More than that, I'm certain he'll feel hurt and unhappy if you don't. I don't care a bit for myself. I could get a post teaching or something, and Francis has his accountancy job. He can live on it, if he tries. But you've worked so hard and it would be such a pity, and an awful wrench for Mother to give up her home. She doesn't look well——"

"I know—I know," Harry Westburn interposed sharply. "It's your mother I'm really thinking about."

"Then speak to Gavin," Rosemary urged. "Speak to him at once—this very night!"

"Do you think I might?" He was amazed at himself; amazed at Rosemary too. That he should be discussing his business affairs with her had its grimly amusing side.

"I think it's your duty," she told him, with the severity of a maternal parent. "I'm perfectly convinced that lots of people go under just because they're too proud to ask for help. Pride is stupid if it holds you back at a time like this. What's the meaning of life, Daddy, if we don't help each other?"

"Ah, now you've asked something. But how many of us can answer that question? Hullo!—what's the matter? What's happened, I wonder?"

Somebody was clattering down the stairs at a great rate. It turned out to be Parker, and she burst into the library with scant ceremony, breathing hard and holding a hand to her heart in true dramatic fashion.

"Oh, sir!—come quick! It's madam! She's been taken bad, sir! I went in with her hot water bottle, and there she lay——"

Parker got no further, for Harry Westburn was out of the room and half-way up the stairs before she could finish. Rosemary rushed after him.

They found mother in a cold sweat, groaning in agony, and there was nothing they could do but give her a little stimulant and try to keep her warm until the doctor came. Not Dr. Jim, of course, but their family physician.

Gavin had his car outside, and went for the doctor himself.

It was appendicitis, and mother must be operated upon at once within the hour. So suddenly it had happened that the household was well-nigh stunned.

The doctor rang up a famous surgeon. He himself would administer the anaesthetic. An ambulance was ordered and a room engaged in the surgeon's pet nursing home. Everything must be done that could be done—and quickly.

Juliet wept on Gavin's shoulder as they carried mother down to the ambulance. She thought of Hugh Conody's little boy, and could not be persuaded that appendicitis was not necessarily fatal. The world had caved in, swallowing up all their other troubles. Nothing at all mattered now but mother.

Rosemary did not weep. She had to comfort her father, fetch his hat and overcoat, and see that he put them on; and after that there was Francis, who came home just as the ambulance clanged away. Francis was slightly—but only slightly—tipsy. Rosemary was glad that he had not returned even five minutes sooner.

CHAPTER 7

IT was Gavin Steed who put Francis to bed, after he had taken a little more drink and threatened to become first maudlin and then quarrelsome, when Juliet pounced on him with all the fury of which she was capable.

"The rotten little beast! If Mother dies I wonder how he'll feel for the rest of his days. I wouldn't care to be in his shoes."

Francis would have retaliated as well as his wits permitted, but Gavin took him firmly in hand and led him away.

Rosemary was grateful to Gavin for saving them a distressing scene. Juliet had gone all to pieces. It had been a dreadful day for her—no one but herself and perhaps Hugh Conody knew just how dreadful—and now those overworked nerves of which Dr. Jim had cautioned her gave way with a splendid crash.

If they lost mother!

Juliet was reminding herself and Gavin and Rosemary how it was all her fault that this had happened. She ought to have noticed more when mother complained of pain, although really she hadn't complained very much. It wasn't mother's way to bother about herself. And Francis—that horrid Francis! It was his fault, too. He had worried mother to death by his sickly infatuation for the Amery woman. Now he was sleeping like a pig—like the pig he was. How anybody who cared one tiny atom for mother could sleep!

But curiously enough, well within the hour, Juliet herself was sunk in slumber.

Rosemary had discovered some bromide tablets in the medicine cupboard, and Juliet was persuaded to take a couple and lie down on the couch in the library, wrapped in a wadded satin dressing gown with a rug tucked about her. Presently her eyelids began to droop. "Daddy will telephone, won't he?" she murmured drowsily. And then she slept. Gavin softly made up the fire.

"We'd better leave her," he whispered to Rosemary.

They left the door ajar and tiptoed into the drawing-room, where it seemed very cold, so Gavin made up one of the fires here, too. How kind and thoughtful he was; nothing seemed to escape his watchful eye.

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Rosemary was still in her flounced net frock and shivering.

"Go up and put on something warm," he advised her. "We don't want you to be catching a cold."

He seemed to take for granted that she had no intention of going to bed herself, and by the same token, Rosemary realised that Gavin Steed meant to stand by her—and by Juliet, too, of course—until the dawn, if need be. It gave her a wonderful sense of protection for which she was deeply grateful.

She came down in a rather grubby woollen dressing gown, but she was so cold that she didn't care at all how she looked.

Parker brought them in sandwiches and cocoa, and was told she needn't wait up any longer. It was now past one o'clock.

So the two of them settled down to their vigil. It would be a long one, they knew.

NEITHER Rosemary nor Gavin would ever forget that night as long as they both lived. To Rosemary, indeed, it was the beginning of conscious life. She was no longer a child, but a grown woman with responsibilities.

There was something beautiful about the vigil, despite its long-drawn-out suspense. They talked of many things. It didn't seem possible to talk about mother, however, although each was alert for the telephone, or any sound in the street which might betoken the return of Harry Westburn.

At intervals, Gavin went to the door of the library to see if Juliet was still sleeping. She was. It seemed to Rosemary that she, herself, wouldn't have been able to close her eyes despite any amount of bromide . . . But she was not criticising Juliet, even privately. It was just the difference between their temperaments. Juliet was all up in the air one moment and down the next. She simply could not help herself.

Nor had Rosemary been violently disgusted with Francis. What had happened to him, she agreed with Gavin, might be called an accident. She was grateful to Gavin for describing it in that way. Francis was only twenty-three. Gavin was secretly amused and a little touched by Rosemary's grave assumption of maturity in this family crisis.

At last when they parted the curtains for the twentieth time, a faint, pearly grey had swept over the face of the sky. It was after four, now, but to-day would not be sunny like yesterday. Already raindrops were falling.

Rosemary was feeling cold again, although Gavin had kept the fire up bravely. Her teeth began to chatter and she wondered if her courage was going to fail her. One didn't want to be a coward.

"I think I'm getting a little frightened," she said. "Why doesn't daddy telephone?" He saw that her chin was trembling and something strange stirred in Gavin's heart. She was going to be his sister-in-law . . . could he put his arm around her and comfort her, as though she were the little girl Juliet had somehow led him to expect? But Rosemary was decidedly not a child; she had rare and mature qualities. Gavin took her hand and pressed it tenderly.

"You've been so brave," he told her. "You mustn't let go, now. I'm rather proud of you. You've been a plucky child, and this isn't the moment to acknowledge defeat."

Rosemary nodded and tried to smile.

A little later she said: "I can't remember the name of the nursing home. Perhaps it's just as well. Otherwise I'd ask you to ring them up."

Full daylight now.

The milkmen were clattering and banging on their rounds. A newsboy on a bicycle sped along whistling the refrain of a popular song at the top of his bent, and within the house were signs of stirring life.

Juliet appeared, wiping sleep from her eyes, and saying she had a headache, and the servants in morning garb were going silently about their business.

At seven o'clock a taxi drove up, and Harry Westburn got out of it.

Rosemary flew to open the door for him. He looked dazed from lack of sleep and anxiety.

"It's all right, Rosie—at least I think so. She was splendid. They're a little afraid—you see, it's her heart now. I'm going back as soon as I've changed, and had some breakfast. Do you think there'll be any hot water, so early?"

Rosemary led him in, and saw that he had all that he needed. Poor daddy! He did not seem to be able to look after himself at all.

CHAPTER 8

ON the day when the doctor's report permitted them all to draw a free breath, Rosemary read an account in a newspaper of a poor man arrested and tried for stealing a bicycle, which he had sold for one pound. He said he had done it because his wife was very ill and needed certain delicacies which he hadn't the money to buy. Fortunately it was his first offence against law and order, and the magistrate bound him over on condition that he refunded the money.

A commonplace little story, but in some curious way it reminded Rosemary of her father. Daddy would have done anything in this world, she felt sure, even cheated the nursing home out of its fees, for the sake of saving mother. You couldn't cheat the surgeon, because he always got his cheque in advance.

But now, thank heaven, the worst was over, and they could allow themselves to hope; they could even smile and think of taking up life again.

Of course, Dr. Jim was in and out every day, and they were swamped with callers and inquiries. The children—that's to say, Juliet, Francis and Rosemary—had been allowed to see their mother, one at a time and only for a few moments.

She smiled on them and reassured them all. She would be about again in no time, she said; and, indeed, it seemed to Rosemary that she looked much better than before her collapse. She was very sweet and young-looking in a pink bedjacket edged with swan's-down. The room might have been filled twice over with flowers, but the head sister didn't approve of too many, so there were only the violets which Harry Westburn ordered fresh for every day. This devotion reached the sublime, and one felt that as far as daddy was concerned, heaven and earth could collapse if only mother was spared to him. He scarcely seemed to realise that any of the others existed. They all might have been dream children.

It was something like a revelation to Rosemary, this tender attachment between her father and mother. She had never though much about it before. In fact, she had always thought them a trifle humdrum and casual.

She found herself covertly watching Juliet and Gavin. Would they love each other always? What trials were in store for them? How would they meet life?

Money was all very well, but there wasn't enough wealth in the world to compensate for the loss of a dearly-loved one. Juliet seemed to think that because Gavin was immensely rich, everything else would be easy for them; but Gavin himself was so accustomed to the fortune which had been his from birth that Rosemary suspected he attached little importance to it. He was only glad he had it now, because he could give so much to Juliet.

AFTER an outstanding row with Juliet, followed by a week of depression and anxiety shared with the rest of the family, Francis Westburn retired again into that shell of reserve he had lately fashioned for himself. No one could properly get to the bottom of Francis' trouble or help him in any way, because he kept them all at a little more than arm's length.

As long as Mother was in real danger he behaved properly; that is to say, he was fairly human. Afterwards he went on being human, but in quite a different way, and one which admitted none of his family.

Francis, as they suspected, was in that unenviable state of being desparately in love with a woman whom reason should have told him—had he possessed any reason—would never be his. Mrs. Amery was kind to him; she let him kiss her and squire her to night clubs, and perhaps she was a little fond of him in her own fashion, but Francis could not fool himself, however hard he tried, that she really loved him. And, heavens, how he tried!

That might not have been an insuperable difficulty, but there were others. People said she was in love with Jim Malcolm, and Francis had had it pointed out to him ad nauseam by well-meaning friends that Camilla Amery was only just about 13 years his senior. One, a special friend, who had had rooms in the same house with him at Cambridge, had tackled the problem mathematically, and by a simple process of addition submitted to Francis that when he was thirty-nine Mrs. Amery would be well away in her fifties. There really is nothing very romantic about arithmetic, and Francis tried to believe that his Camilla—or the Camilla he longed to make his—wasn't anything like as aged as gossip said. But he didn't care if she was.

Mrs. Amery made him feel young and poor, yet he adored her. His salary, £350 a year—and so he had considering his age and inexperience—served for little more than pocket-money. He lived at home and his father still paid his tailor's bills. He couldn't even afford a car of his own—which was a grievance. There was scarcely anything he could afford, in his own opinion, and least of all could he afford himself the luxury of falling in love with an extravagant woman.

In this miserable, poverty-stricken frame of mind he ventured late one afternoon to drop in at Mrs. Amery's without specific invitation.

The show room of her little mansion was at the back. It had a fig tree growing up through it, the branches adroitly trained against the domed glass roof. The floor was tiled, and for conspicuous ornament there was an enormous aquarium glittering with gold-fish. Also an up-to-date cocktail cabinet and cushioned divans.

Mrs. Amery looked surprised to see Francis Westburn, and he gained the disturbing impression that she was expecting someone else. She was reclining on one of the divans with a book of poems to keep her company, and her raiment consisted of a pyjama suit of ring velvet, in that shade of ivory which is the color of well-creamed coffee. She was very much made-up, too; more than she usually troubled about when only Francis was coming. To his rather inexperienced eyes never had Camilla looked so lovely, and seldom had she been so unapproachable.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I've got a really splitting headache. I told Dolores"—that was the maid who had admitted Francis—"I wasn't 'at home' to anybody, not a living soul, but I suppose she thought I didn't mean you. You are always an exception, darling. But even so, I don't feel I can let you stay very long."

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL MIDSUMMER MONEY-SPINNER!

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It was not by any means a warm welcome; nevertheless Mrs. Amery was amiable enough, although obviously putting forth an effort, submitted to his unskilled but tremendous embraces, and made cocktails for him. She offered him two in rapid succession, asked him about his mother; arranged a tentative engagement for to-morrow evening, and then gently threw him out. He hadn't been in the house more than a quarter of an hour altogether, and his heart was heavy when he found himself in the square again with nothing at all that he wanted to do, and no particular place to go but home. Also, dark suspicions were forming in his mind.

"Darling boy, I do love you so much! What are we going to do about it all? I nearly go crazy, wondering and worrying."

She had said that in farewell and the words still rang in his ears. They had almost compensated for his quick dismissal at the moment they were uttered in that soft, caressing voice.

But now he, too, was wondering something. Suppose it was all a lie? Suppose—? Oh, he must trust her, or go mad himself!

HE lit a cigarette and gloomily pondered the ethics of spying upon his beloved. Juliet, who seemed to know everything, had hinted more than once at Camilla's having a secret affair with Jim Malcolm, but in her brother's opinion Juliet was nothing less than a scandal-monger. Camilla, herself, swore that she never saw Dr. Jim outside his consulting-room. After all, her nerves were in a pretty bad state. She was so highly-strung; poor little woman. Other women were notoriously uncharitable about young widows. It was lucky for Juliet she was getting married soon, else she would find herself on the acid road to spinsterdom in less than no time.

He began, as lovers will, to turn the ill-feeling against his adored one into other channels of spite, and Juliet's admitted shortcomings made likely material for his unhappy brooding.

So ran Francis' thoughts until the train was suddenly shattered by the very thing he had been half expecting to happen, yet at the same time reviling himself for admitting could happen.

There was no mistaking Dr. Jim's Dextro saloon car nor its occupant. It flashed unconcernedly past the Westburn mansion and came to rest before that of the fig-tree. Dr. Jim got out and was admitted. Francis waited to see if he would be received or be told by the soulful Dolores that her mistress was "not at home." In fact, Camilla's love-sick swain waited nearly an hour, before, half-blind with misery, he stumbled on in the direction of his own abode.

So engrossed was he with his feelings that he was actually on the point of fitting his key in the lock before he realised that someone else, a man, was beside him in the portico and apparently had just rung the door-bell.

"I'm sorry," Francis mumbled. "Were you—er—coming in?"

The fellow's face was vaguely familiar, but he could not place it.

"Evidently you don't remember me," said the visitor. "I'm Hugh Conody."

Parker opened the door.

It was something of a tour de force that Francis Westburn accomplished in detaching himself, even briefly, from his own woes.

Now he remembered Conody. He was the fellow, who, several years ago, had partnered Juliet to glory in the mixed doubles in those days when she rather fancied herself as a future tennis champion. Conody had always been hanging around Julie in one way or another, turning up at Ranelagh whenever the young Westburns' crowd was there, or appearing out of the blue at dance-clubs or almost anybody's party.

There had been a rumor that he possessed a wife somewhere, and suddenly—possibly for that reason—Juliet had dropped him. It was more likely, however, that she had tired of him, as she did of most of her cavaliers.

HE hadn't been missed at all—at least not by Francis—and here he was ringing the door-bell and politely explaining that although it was a little late for an afternoon call, happening to find himself in the neighborhood he thought he really ought to look in and offer Juliet his felicitations upon her recently announced engagement. Juliet must have thought it strange, considering their old friendship, that he hadn't called before.

Parker said she would tell Miss Juliet; and Francis, with the hot anguish of Mrs. Amery's perfidy searing his brain, and the bitter taste of her dry Martini's still reminiscent on his palate, was moved to invite Hugh Conody into the dining-room for a drink.

It was some little time before Parker returned to say that Miss Juliet was in the drawing-room; and so, in fact, two drinks were consumed, both of them stiff. Francis had done his share, and on top of Mrs. Amery's cocktails results were beginning to show.

"S'long, ol' man. See you later, p'raps. We might make a night of it, if you've nothing speshul a'do."

Francis' head was not built for this sort of thing—which fact he might discover some day—but nothing had happened to Hugh except a slight tautening of his audacity, which had threatened to let him down.

CHAPTER 9

JULIET was standing in the centre of the drawing-room when Hugh entered, wearing a hostile air and something ravishing in rose velvet and gold. She had been dressing to go out to dinner with Gavin and Rosemary when Hugh was announced and decided to let him wait until she had finished her toilet in the leisure with which she had begun it.

She was smoking a cigarette and doing her best to look fierce; but it was not easy to keep her hand steady, and her heart felt like a lump of lead. Would Hugh realise that her pose of cool indifference was no more than a magnificent bluff? One swift glance told her that at least he looked presentable on this occasion; not so much like an actor on his uppers. He was decently groomed and his navy-blue lounge suit had the appearance of being new.

"What do you mean by coming here? What do you want now?" she demanded.

Although she had determined not to give herself away, to remain calm and wholly self-possessed, she was aware that her voice had a cracked, strident quality.

Hugh stopped dead and gave her the bewildered look of a child who has been smacked for nothing at all.

"Why Julie—Julie!" he exclaimed in a sorrowful, hurt tone.

"Oh, you can't fool me. You might as well out with it at once. More money? Is that what you're after? You won't get any. And I don't believe for a minute you only got £35 for that diamond star. Oh, I have been a prize idiot! I ought to have seen through your game from the very beginning. It is a pretty old one, isn't it? And I can't even console myself by thinking you played it very cleverly."

Conody smiled, his little moustache twitching ironically.

"Have you finished? Why this abuse, my dear? Somebody might hear you and wonder. Will you sit down or are we to stand like this for ever?"

Juliet threw her cigarette into the grate and lit another, but she did not sit down. She now lounged against the mantelpiece with an elbow and drew at her cigarette so hard that the sparks flew.

"Be careful. You'll set yourself afire," Hugh admonished.

"That would be a pity," she replied.

"Julie, I'm awfully sorry—I really am——"

"But you want more money," she finished for him. "You needn't trouble to beat about the bush. Come straight to it—you want more money."

"Factor does."

"Ah, yes, your friend Mr. Factor, I seem to have heard of him before."

"Good lor', he isn't my friend. I could strangle the swine."

"Why don't you? That would solve our problem beautifully."

"Look here, Julie, do you think I enjoy all this? The costs mounted up more than we thought they would. I can show you the receipts if you like, and the outstanding items. In fact, I brought them along to show you." He began to take out a well-filled letter-case, but Juliet made a gesture of disdain.

"I don't want to see anything. I'm through."

"Very well," Conody said in a reserved tone. He bowed, restored the letter-case to his pocket, and turned as if to go.

"Wait a moment!—just what are you going to do?" Juliet's voice was noticeably shaky now.

"Do? Me? Why, nothing. What can I do? Factor wants another fifty to stop the case, and I haven't got it. It's a little over fifty, really, but I can raise the odd pounds and shillings. I had the luck to sell a car last week, but the commission didn't amount to much, and only came in the nick of time to save me from actual starvation. I'm perfectly willing to help what little I can. I only wish I could do more."

He looked so thoroughly woe-begone that Juliet's common sense began to fall her. She happened to have some money at the moment. Only that morning a cheque had come from Auntie Lou—whose heirloom had vanished forever—a cheque for £100 intended for a wedding gift. Julie was to buy something she particularly wanted. Already some of it had gone to mend her damaged bank balance and return what she had borrowed from Rosemary. The remainder Juliet had meant to spend on her trousseau. Daddy was being so stingy that she needed every penny that came her way.

SHE bit her lip vexatiously. It began to look as though any benefice from Auntie Lou was destined to an ill-fate.

Seeing her hesitate, Conody played another card. It was a risk, but he took it. Since she hadn't called his bluff after all, it might be a safe move.

"To tell you the truth, Julie, I'm so fed up with Eileen that I'd be as glad to get rid of her as she would to chuck me. There's a chance, you know, that even if we let this case go through, your name wouldn't come out in court. Sometimes it doesn't."

"No—no—no!" Juliet cried.

Conody tried not to smile. She hadn't called his bluff even now; he thought she wouldn't. Juliet was the easiest dupe that had come his way in a long time.

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"If I give you this money, will it be the very last?" she said breathlessly.

"Of course. I keep telling you that Factor isn't blackmailing us. With him it's merely a matter of business. A solicitor's time is worth something. He's a thoroughly good sort, really, although I did call him names just now. Nothing shady about him at all."

"Very well," Juliet said. "Shall I make the cheque out to him?"

"Better not. You don't want to be in this. Make it out to me or bearer, and don't cross it. I'll give him the cash. Then the matter will be over and done with, and no back kicks coming."

She hesitated again, but briefly. The man's personality had worked on her without her realising that she was so impressionable. His voice, his manner, and above all her recollection of her old fondness for him, combined to do the trick. Besides, any moment Gavin would be here, or Rosemary might come down. Hugh, of course, would carry off the situation, but Juliet did no want him and Gavin to meet.

The sight of those two together would have been too painful for her. It was just about the one thing she couldn't have borne at this moment.

SHE left him and raced up the stairs to her sitting-room, scribbled off the cheque in hot haste, blotted it crudely and flew down again.

Francis was coming from the direction of the dining-room with a suspicion of unsteadiness in his gait. She crumpled the folded cheque in the palm of her hand when he spoke to her.

"'Lo, Julie. Blown the old flame out yet?"

She paused just long enough to ascertain his meaning. He had met Hugh at the door coming in; they were going to have a festive night together.

Not if Juliet knew it!

She slammed the drawing-room door in Francis' face, gave Hugh the crumpled cheque and a piece of her mind about her brother. What did he mean by making an appointment with Francis? She wouldn't allow it; wouldn't have it.

Hugh thanked her politely for the cheque, but was withering on the subject of Francis. He had no intention, he told her, of wasting his precious time on tipsy college boys. Francis was about the last person he would choose for a boon companion.

To make sure of that, Juliet saw him off the premises, herself. Francis appeared to have vanished.

Suddenly Juliet found herself completely exhausted, and threatened with a sick headache.

It had come on her out of the blue, the prospect of a restaurant dinner with dancing to follow was simply appalling. Moreover, although she soon ascertained that Francis had gone to his room, she could not be sure he hadn't plans up his sleeve for prolonging the evening as he had begun it. Hugh might have lied to quiet her fears. There was no telling when daddy would return, either, for he scarcely ever had dinner at home now, always going straight from his office to see mother, and then generally back to the office again after a meal snatched on the run.

It was not often Juliet allowed a sense of duty to interfere with pleasure, but it was easy enough to-night to persuade herself that duty demanded her presence at home to keep an eye on Francis. She would simply have gone to pieces had she tried to make normal conversation with Gavin and Rosemary.

Gavin arrived about half-an-hour after Hugh Conody had departed and listened with sympathy to that part of Juliet's tale of woe which concerned her brother.

"But you must eat somewhere, my dear," he said.

"Do I look as though I could eat?" she demanded hysterically. "I'll have some soup or something. That will be quite enough. No, I simply cannot go out to-night."

Indeed, she looked tragic. There were dark shadows under her eyes like bruises, and her lips drooped pitifully. Gavin felt he would enjoy administering a hiding to his future brother-in-law. He offered to go up and investigate what was happening to Francis at this precise moment, but Juliet said, "No, he mustn't! so vehemently that he relinquished the idea. The truth was she feared Francis, in his present condition, might make some jovial reference to Hugh Conody—her old flame!— and that would have been the last straw for Juliet. Gavin's nature was far from suspicious, but he might for once in his life try to put two and two together.

But immediately Rosemary appeared, all unconscious that anything whatever had happened, and festively arrayed for their little party, Juliet's better nature reproached her. Somehow she was always interfering with Rosemary's peace of mind. It was downright wicked of her, and she knew herself for a hypocrite. A lot she would have worried about Francis if there had been nothing else to upset her.

"Julie's got a headache coming on," Gavin said. He, also, was sorry for Rosemary. "So our little binge is off."

"No, it isn't," Juliet contradicted. "Not for you and Rosie. Take her out, Gavin, and give her a good time. I should be twice as miserable if you didn't. After all, there's no reason why your evening should be spoiled because I'm feeling seedy."

There was some slight demur from Rosemary, but none at all from Gavin, to Juliet's surprise. He thought it was an excellent way of deciding the matter; in fact, it had occurred to him before Rosemary came into the drawing-room, but he was glad that Juliet, herself, had suggested it.

"I won't keep her out too late," he said, as he kissed Juliet good-bye. "But probably you'll be abed and asleep when we get back. For your own sake, I hope so."

"I'll be all right," Juliet replied.

At heart, she was a little nettled. She had made a noble gesture, but somehow had not expected it to be accepted so readily. Everybody was selfish—even Gavin and Rosemary. How could they go off and enjoy themselves when she was feeling so ill!

CHAPTER 10

FOR Rosemary Westburn that evening began in heaven and ended at the bottom of that swift and easy slope to the other place.

Heaven was Gavin's car and the smart dance-club restaurant, the delicious food, the music and the brilliant assembly of well-dressed people. It was all so new to Rosemary and she brought the fresh enthusiasm of her unspoilt youth to enjoy it. She saw nothing below the surface, and the surface glittered like gold. She was going to have a good time. She did have a good time with only a backward thought now and again for poor Julie who was missing all this. But Julie's whole life was made up of parties, and this was Rosemary's first really important one. Her cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

Gavin nodded to friends and acquaintances and introduced her to some of them. Each time he explained who she was. That was only fair to Juliet, of course. It wouldn't do for his friends to think that he, a recently engaged man, was taking a beautiful flapper out to dinner without some warrant.

But he suddenly found himself a little annoyed when a man of whom he did not wholly approve showed signs of settling down near them and claiming Rosemary for as many dances as he could.

Gavin cut in and claimed her himself, and thereafter she danced only with him. She was far too young and innocent to be allowed to dance with blase men of the world.

It was towards the end of the evening that Rosemary discovered with horror just exactly where she had landed. A small thing revealed it to her. Her hand was still in Gavin's at the end of a dance, when everybody was waiting for the music to begin again. Gavin kept hold of it while he turned to exchange a jest with a woman he knew who stood near them with her own partner.

While she spoke to Gavin she allowed her glance to stray in Rosemary's direction. There was a quizzical look in her eyes—perhaps only a reflection of the little joke passing between her and Gavin—but it seemed to ask a question of Rosemary, and utter a warning at the same time. Blase men of the world are not the only danger to be encounterd by pretty flappers.

Then the orchestra crashed into a foxtrot and the whole floor moved on. Gavin's hand gave Rosemary's a slight pressure and they started off with the rest.

She stumbled a little and had difficulty getting into the step. What had happened to her? Sudden knowledge, perhaps.

"Are you tired?" Gavin asked. His voice was more tender than he realised.

"I think I am. It's so hot and stuffy in here."

"Then we'll go home. It's nearly one o'clock and that's quite late enough for us. Fetch your wrap and I'll meet you in the foyer."

Before a dressing-mirror in the ladies' cloakroom, Rosemary discovered that her cheeks were hot and flaming. She put on a little powder, but it didn't help much.

Such a dreadful thing it was that had happened. She had fallen in love with Gavin.

How could it have come about? Was it because he had kept hold of her hand when he turned to speak to that woman he knew, and then pressed it gently as the music began again? Such a small incident. Or had she really fallen in love with him that very first time they met, when he was surprised to find she was not a little girl but almost as grown-up as Juliet? Anyway, she was in love with him and nothing more terrible than such a situation could be imagined by Rosemary Westburn.

There was a dull ache in her heart as she sat beside him in the big car, and she did not have very much to say during the drive home. In fact, her mind was in too great a confusion to admit of coherent conversation.

Gavin seemed not to notice her silence. He was rather silent himself, throwing away a cigarette before it was half smoked and lighting another in a queer, abstracted fashion.

Once he said: "I do hope Julie's head is better;" and again, as the car turned into the square: "I don't think I'll come in with you. Julie will be abed by now. Have you a key?"

Yes, Juliet had given Rosemary her own key.

Gavin opened the door for her.

"Good-night . . . little sister. I hope you enjoyed your evening and are not too tired."

"It was lovely," Rosemary replied. "Thank you so much."

She crept up to bed and cried a little. What a cruel world! How could such a thing have happened to her?

IN the morning Juliet professed that her headache had gone, but she looked dreadful and was in a pettish mood.

They had recovered by this time from the

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alarm the telephone had been giving them lately, for mother was really out of danger, but suddenly it began to affect Juliet again, and in a different way. Whereas before she had avoided answering its summons, she now sped at the first tinkle, and unless her father reached the instrument ahead of her, she jerked the receiver out of anyone else's hands.

"I think this is for me," she would say and stand tapping an impatient foot and biting her lips if one of the others ventured to linger near.

Three times it happened within the hour after breakfast and not one of the calls had been for Juliet.

Rosemary, burdened with her own unhappy secret, wondered if her sister had guessed it. Yet that scarcely seemed possible, unless it was written plainly on her features for all the world to read.

At breakfast everybody had been preoccupied and Juliet did not even trouble to lash out at Francis. Perhaps that was because daddy was there, thought Rosemary. The mystery about Francis had deepened. Under his pale and sullen demeanor there was a savage quality, and Juliet had been grim. Fortunately daddy's mind wasn't on any of them.

That day stretched before Rosemary as a grey waste. Would all her days be the same? Rain was falling and the air struck chill. She had to confer with cook, for Juliet had repudiated any responsibility for the housekeeping, and it was difficult—indeed, impossible—to make sane arrangements for the day's catering.

JULIET wasn't certain if she would be in for lunch; daddy said it was just possible he might dine at home to-night, but it would have to be either very early or very late, so as to fit in with his evening visit to the nursing home. Francis thought he would be dining out, but he wouldn't know until later.

Rosemary coped with all this indecision as best she could, and was rewarded dubiously by cook, who said: "I'll be glad when your ma's back home again."

This might be a reflection on Rosemary's housewifely assistance, or it might be that cook felt the family would know its own mind better if Mrs. Westburn were there to direct it. The household was like a rudderless ship without her.

As soon as she was free, Rosemary dashed through the rain to Wendy House and lit the fire for company. She had to get away by herself with her miserable thoughts. No peace for her again ever in this world!

Juliet had scarcely asked her a thing about last night.

She wished she had stayed in Brussels. There was a Belgian girl who had invited her to spend the summer in her home, a chateau near Liege. Only, of course, she couldn't accept that attractive invitation because Julie was to be married so soon; and in any case, mother's illness would have recalled her.

No, it was just one of those beastly tricks Fate dealt out to some people. But why had she been selected for such unkind attention?

"I am not in love with Gavin!" she told herself fiercely.

If you said a thing often enough you could make it come true. So she said it over and over again, each time a little less angrily, until at the last it was a mere quaver and ended in a wail: "But I am—oh, I am!"

She could think of nothing but Gavin—the way he brushed his hair; the suspicion of a cleft in his chin that Julie was always teasing him about; the feel of his hand in hers and the other hand lightly supporting her waist; his friendly, generous smile, and the eyes that Julie had said she couldn't remember the color of, but thought were yellow. Rosemary knew they were that sort of greeny brown called hazel.

She felt that she knew Gavin Steed far, far better than Julie, who had known him so much longer. She felt that he was as the very breath of her life, and she counted her love for him by each throbbing heartbeat.

At twenty, Rosemary was discovering that the world can be exceedingly bitter; that love, far from being the most beautiful thing, can be utterly horrible.

Life stretched ahead, taking for its inspiration this chill, grey day of rain. She might live to be ninety, like Grandfather Westburn, who had only died last year. Auntie Lou, his eldest daughter, was sixty-six. There was a rumour in the family, however, that once Auntie Lou had been in love, but "something happened" and she had never married.

And while Rosemary was still thinking of her aunt, one of those strange coincidences occurred which seem to prove the existence of telepathy.

Parker came down to Wendy House sheltered under an umbrella, to inform Rosemary that Miss Westburn had called, and that Miss Juliet had unfortunately gone out. Consequently, it devolved upon Rosemary to do the honors of the family to this important and not always sweet-tempered relative.

Parker didn't say, however, that Juliet had only gone out after hearing of her aunt's arrival and learning that she had been shown into the library, where there was a fire, and not into the drawing-room where they seldom wanted one until tea-time. So it had been easy for Juliet to slip away without risk of being seen from the front windows.

Rosemary felt no particular enthusiasm for Auntie Lou's impromptu descent. She liked the old lady well enough, but this morning she wanted to contemplate her own misery, and not be obliged to put a good face on it for anybody.

However, there was nothing to do but to go in and welcome Auntie Lou.

CHAPTER 11

MISS WESTBURN was as thin as a rake, as withered as a beanstalk and as inquisitive as a child. She lived in the country, about ten miles from Stoke Poges, and seldom came to town; but when she did so it was always unannounced and that often made her arrival disconcerting.

It seemed a little odd of her to choose a day like this for one of her impulsive incursions, but, as she explained to Rosemary, she felt it her duty to see how Alice was getting on—Alice, being Mother—and had already paid a short visit to the nursing-home. Also she was curious about Juliet's young man. So disappointing that Juliet wasn't in. However, Auntie Lou had all day on her hands and would wait. It was raining so hard, she would postpone a trifle of shopping she might have done.

"Of course you'll stay for lunch," said Rosemary.

Auntie Lou had become invested all at once with a romantic sort of mystery where Rosemary was concerned. She had been in love, and "something had happened." One regarded her with new eyes, as it were.

Her bony hands glittered with rings, diamonds in old-fashioned settings; and her head-covering was of plum-colored velvet in a jaunty shape vaguely suggesting a beret. There was something gay, decisive and sharp about her that reminded one of Julie. Her bright eyes saw everything without the aid of spectacles, and her laugh was Juliet's at its worst and most cynical. Auntie Lou had the manners of the ladies of her own generation. She could be shockingly rude if she chose, and the presence of a man in the room, however mediocre his intellectual status, always reacted upon her favorably.

Having disposed of Mother with: "She looks the picture of health—I can't see what all this fuss has been about"—she tackled the subject of Juliet and Gavin, which was really ever so much more interesting to her.

Rosemary had to say how much in love they were, and try to describe Gavin. It was torture, but there was no possibility of Rosemary evading or side-tracking the questionnaire. Auntie Lou wanted to know every mortal thing that her wretched niece could tell her about Gavin.

This subject ran them well into lunch and part way through it, for still Juliet had not returned. They waited for her until Auntie Lou said she was famished. The lunch itself wasn't a success either, for it suffered through being kept back.

"That cook of your mother's is the world's worst," boomed the old lady, right in front of Parker, who was serving. "Every time I come here I'm given food I wouldn't serve to pigs."

Rosemary flushed scarlet and tried to explain, and Parker had the impertinence to titter.

"Now tell me," the dragon went on, "what's Juliet going to buy for herself with the cheque I sent her?"

Rosemary was bewildered and considerably embarrassed. She hadn't heard about any cheque, although, to be sure, she had wondered a little at Juliet's repaying that loan so soon. Usually one had to hint at her before it happened.

"I expect Julie forgot to tell me," Rosemary said.

"She would have had it by the first post yesterday morning." Auntie Lou was slightly affronted. "I sent her a hundred pounds. I can't imagine her forgetting to mention anything so important. I don't suppose she gets a cheque of that size every day of the week. One hundred pounds!"

"How kind it was of you," murmured Rosemary. "I'm sure Julie is most grateful."

"She'd ought to find a handsome piece of furniture for that much money."

"Indeed, yes!"

ROSEMARY had told Parker to light the fires in the drawing-room ahead of schedule time, and they repaired thither for their coffee.

Oh, if only Juliet would come home! Rosemary's endurance was being strained to the breaking point.

Again it was Gavin, Gavin, Gavin. She had to fetch down his photograph from Julie's sitting-room, and somehow the fact was betrayed that she, herself, had been taken out to dinner last night by Gavin, Julie being indisposed.

"In my young days that would have been considered improper," said Auntie Lou. "Juliet must be very trusting. Why are you blushing, Rosemary?" It was like a series of raps on the knuckles.

"What time do you have tea? I want to see Juliet and I'll sit here till midnight, if need be. After that morbid lunch I shall want my tea early."

Rosemary excused herself and went out with the intention of asking cook to serve tea early and extra special, and in the hall she ran into Juliet, who was just sneaking up the stairs.

"Julie, where have you been! Auntie Lou's——"

"Sh-sh!" cautioned Juliet in a hoarse whisper. "I don't want to see her. That's why I went out. I simply couldn't stand her to-day."

But for once Rosemary wasn't pandering to her sister's whims.

"You've got to see her. She says she'll stay until midnight—she came on purpose to see you. I'm worn out with her, Julie,

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Honestly, it's your turn now. I've got to see about tea. Lunch was awful, because we waited so long for you."

Juliet's lips tightened. "If you weren't so stupid you would have got rid of her ages ago," she said unkindly. "Very well—if I must I suppose I must."

Rosemary marvelled at her sister. Julie couldn't be so grateful for that cheque, after all. It wasn't very kind of her to be so rude about poor Auntie Lou.

JULIET managed to pull her face into a semblance of pleasure and kissed her auntie warmly. On the whole she was satisfactory, and after she had gushed over the cheque and kissed Auntie Lou again, and said, "Of course I want to tell you all about my Gavin, but you'll see him for yourself soon," she felt that she was firmly re-established in the old lady's good graces. She had always been Auntie Lou's favorite, and at times had traded shamelessly on that fact.

"Glad you're going to be so happy, Juliet. There was a time I was a little worried about you. Do you remember that handsome scoundrel who used always to be coming down the summer you were staying with me? What was his name? Kennedy—no, Conody. Something like that, anyway. I came very near wiring your father, but you never knew that. I had a terrible fear you were going to run off with him, or something, and I felt it in my bones he was married. That sort of man always is married."

Juliet closed her eyes and wondered if she looked as pale as she felt. What on earth had reminded Auntie Lou of Hugh Conody at this particular moment, when his name hadn't been mentioned for years!

"Oh, I daresay I thought I was in love with him," she heard herself reply. "Girls are silly creatures."

"Well, it's all right now, isn't it?" Auntie Lou patted her hand. "Sometimes that sort of silliness gets a grip on people. I'm glad you got over it so quickly."

"It didn't amount to anything at all," Juliet assured her.

How strange it was—if Auntie Lou only knew! But thank heaven she hadn't the slightest suspicion.

"Now about that money I sent you," the old lady said briskly. "I thought perhaps we could get together and choose what you'll buy. I'd like you to put it all into one piece, say a handsome chest—Chinese Chippendale, or that Italian painted stuff. Or perhaps you'd prefer silver. Of course, it's for you to choose."

Juliet's heart sank.

"I was thinking of spending it on my trousseau," she said miserably. "Clothes are so expensive just now—especially the dainty things one wants—and one really needs so many of them."

That was Auntie Lou all over: her gifts always had a string to them. Juliet ought to have thought of that before.

THE old lady was scandalised and indignant. "You'll do nothing of the sort," she snapped. "When your presents are shown everybody will be looking to see what I gave you. Of course, you could display the cheque——"

"I'm afraid that's impossible," said the wretched Juliet. "You see, I've already paid it in, and—well, I bought some things to-day and had to draw against it."

Auntie Lou was thoroughly out of patience with her now. The modern girl, apparently, had no thought for to-morrow, let alone for the more remote future; everything went on to her back.

"And what's your father about that he can't provide you with a trousseau?" she demanded.

"Things have been going rather badly with him lately," said Juliet. "Mother's illness is costing such a lot, too. I really need a decent trousseau, and I thought it would be such a help to daddy——"

"What's done can't be undone," said Auntie Lou with a sigh of exasperation. "But what will people think of me when they view your presents? And I can't afford to give you another cheque. In any case, I wouldn't, for you'd probably only embezzle it as you seem to have done this one."

Julie started to protest, but Auntie Lou wasn't finished yet. She had a horrible inspiration.

"Now, I've just thought of a way out," she went on. "That diamond star I gave you. You hardly ever wear it. At least I never catch you wearing it unless I'm specially asked to dinner. We can do something about that. Really, it is quite a splendid idea."

Juliet bit her lip and held her breath. What on earth was coming now? Trust Auntie Lou for dragging out the skeletons in one's closet.

"It's a little old-fashioned, Auntie Lou," she murmured.

"M'm, that's what I surmised was the matter. That's probably why you didn't wear it. But it could be reset as a bar brooch. There are seventeen diamonds in that pendant, all of the first water. My Uncle Henry brought them from Kimberley, where he had an interest in a mine, and he was a fine judge of diamonds. You fetch it, Juliet, and I'll take it to Carteret's and have them reset the stones in platinum. You can come with me if you like, and choose the design yourself. Then you won't have any excuse for not being satisfied."

IF anything, this was just a shade worse than the "embezzling" of that cheque. Julie had no difficulty whatsoever in bursting into tears.

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you," she sobbed. "It's been hanging over me ever so long. I've lost it, Auntie Lou."

"You've what? Say that again. I don't think I could have understood you."

"Lost it—the beautiful pendant you gave me," Juliet replied in muffled tones. "The catch must have slipped, or something. Anyway, I haven't got it now. And I was afraid to tell you. I knew you'd be awfully upset."

But this bald statement was not good enough by any means. Auntie Lou was twice as horrified as she had been over the cheque, and demanded chapter and verse. When, where, how had it happened? Had Juliet advertised? Had she been to Scotland Yard? Hadn't she done anything at all?"

The questions were fired off at top speed, and Juliet had to be a ready liar, indeed, to answer them with any sort of conviction. But the thing the outraged Miss Westburn found most difficult to understand was that Juliet, apparently, had made no mention of this great loss to her family.

The old lady gathered her sable stole, and began to draw on her gloves, just as Rosemary was on the point of preceding tea, which would be really worthy of Auntie Lou, she hoped. There were muffins and cinnamon toast, several kinds of sandwiches, and a crumbly cake.

"No, thank you. I can't stay any longer. I'll have a basket on the train. Good-bye, both of you."

It seemed that Auntie Lou's annoyance extended to Rosemary

"Whatever have we done to her!" Rosemary exclaimed in dismay after she had gone.

"It isn't you—it's me."

"Why, Julie, you've been crying!"

"Tears of rage, my dear." Juliet blew her nose violently. "As though I could help losing that ghastly old relic! And if she didn't want me to spend the money as I liked, what did she give it to me for?"

Rosemary had to hear the whole story; that is to say, the version Juliet had related to Auntie Lou. Juliet, as usual, managed to command her sister's sympathy. It really did seem as though Julie was out of luck all over the place. Rosemary did her best to comfort her.

CHAPTER 12

AS half predicted by himself, Francis was not dining at home that evening.

Mrs. Amery rang him up at his office midway of the morning and invited him to take her out. At the sound of her voice he began to forgive her for her seeming perfidy. Possibly she would be able to explain. Experience had taught him, as well as it could teach him anything, that she always did explain. At least he owed her the chance to do so on this occasion. But it would have to be a good story before he believed it. He wasn't going to swallow just anything she chose to spoon out to him.

She said she wanted to be very gay, tonight. It was a sort of special day for her. Francis insisted on knowing why, and was informed a little shyly that it was Camilla's birthday. She had a new evening frock, and had been saving it for this occasion—to spend with Francis.

The color was browny-gold, she told him, so when Francis went out at his lunch hour—he did not lunch, unless coffee and biscuits may be called such—he stopped at the City florist's where he had established an account, and ordered a spray of yellow orchids to be sent to the fig-tree house. That cost him nothing actually out of pocket, but, of course, he had to augment the floral attention with something more enduring.

This took the form of a gold-brocaded evening bag, and was, the attractive saleswoman told him, really dirt cheap at five guineas. He was careful to make sure that the price-tag was removed before the young woman packed it up in the decorative box that cost six shillings extra.

It really did look to be far more expensive than its actual price, and having no great illusion about his Camilla on that score, he felt that the more costly his gift, the higher his lady-love would esteem his devotion to her.

After that, Francis made a rough estimate of his depleted finances, and discovered them to be far from satisfactory.

Another lesson learned from experience told him that for entertaining Camilla Amery in the style to which she was accustomed he would require at least ten pounds in cash. It could be done for that amount, but it couldn't be done for much less. She liked moving about, and in the night-life of London shifting from dinner at one place to supper at another was a rich man's game. She liked champagne, and that wasn't cheap either. However, it was her birthday, and she had elected to spend it in his company. That was one in the eye for Jim Malcolm.

Francis returned to his office, empty except for the coffee and biscuits, but hopeful.

It was the middle of the month, and according to a recently-formed habit already he had slightly anticipated his next salary cheque. The sum in his pocket at the moment was a little over two pounds. Well, that wasn't enough by any manner of means.

HE tried to borrow off one of the clerks, a man named Skinner, who sometimes helped him out, but it appeared that Skinner's wife was on the point of presenting her lord and master with an heir, and the occasion was something in the nature of a financial as well as a domestic crisis.

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Couldn't be done. In fact, poor Skinner had been obliged to anticipate his own salary cheque.

Francis then tackled the cashier and was cruelly rebuffed. This individual was a hard-crusted bachelor who not only lived on his own salary, but saved out of it for the future, and he had no sympathy whatsoever for improvident sparks like Francis Westburn. He suspected that Francis' living cost him nothing, and that his faultless raiment cost old Westburn a pretty price. And in both surmises this heartless curmudgeon was correct.

It was impossible for the baffled Francis to ask his father for a loan. That subject had been thrashed out long ago and definitely settled. He had everything necessary provided for him at home, and if he couldn't get along on his salary for the small luxuries of life, then Harry Westburn said he must forgo some of them.

Francis would certainly have pawned his watch for this emergency, but unfortunately it was already in pledge, and the ghastly silver object the pawnbroker had loaned him for a substitute was worthless as a fairly reliable timepiece.

He did not know what he was going to do, and yet it was vital that he should do something. To borrow of Camilla herself was the very last resort; it was almost unthinkable. He hadn't yet descended to a thing like that, although heaven alone knew what a man will permit himself to do when driven.

Juliet? Catch her helping a fellow out! She'd be only too delighted to be given the chance to refuse. Something grim had come over Juliet lately. Strange that getting engaged should take her like that.

Francis then tried a few people over the telephone. One, like himself, was broke; another, the fellow who had been mathematical about his and Camilla's ages, refused flatly to accommodate, and was thus eliminated for ever from Francis' list of friends; and the last one whose number he rang up was out of town.

FRANCIS hurried home as soon as the office released him, the bag for Camilla in his pocket, and the hope in his heart almost diminished.

He would have to tell her, after all, because he wasn't going to give up his evening for anything on earth. A post-dated cheque might solve the problem. He would say: "I'm awfully sorry, Camilla, but I've run a little short this month. I wonder if you could cash me a cheque for a tenner and let me date it ahead?" That wouldn't exactly be borrowing of her, would it?

She was a good-natured sort, and the plan—while a little humiliating—had this advantage: Camilla would know exactly how much he had to spend. There had been times when she hadn't seemed to realise. This might give her a little hint of how much he sacrificed in cold cash for the enjoyment of her society. It might make her feel more tender towards him.

He saw Parker when he went in, and told her he was going out again almost immediately, as soon as he had had a bath and changed. Was there plenty of hot water? Would Parker be kind enough to lay out his evening things while he was in the bath? Tail-coat and the pearl studs (These last had been a Christmas gift from Camilla.) If he was short on white ties, Parker probably knew where his father's supply was kept.

The parlormaid was pleased to assist him. She liked Francis, and was much intrigued by his romance with the widow Amery. But she was not above prodding his conscience.

They had rung up from the nursing-home saying that his mother wanted to know when he would be coming to see her again. Miss Rosemary was going around this evening. Juliet, it appeared, was dining out early with Gavin and going to a theatre. Francis muttered that he would make time to see his mother to-morrow.

But Parker's shaft had sunk in. He wondered if Camilla would mind waiting in her car for ten minutes or so outside the nursing-home while he paid a little call on his mother. But no, that wasn't much good. Mother would want to know where he was going and with whom; even if she didn't ask him outright, there would be a question in her eyes. She would guess that Camilla was in it somewhere. No sense in worrying Mother and giving her a bad night for nothing. To-morrow, without fail, he would go to see her and spend the whole evening with her. It would make her so happy; and as he dressed, Francis himself glowed in anticipation of the happiness he was going to give his mother twenty-four hours hence.

Pristine, immaculate, shining, he descended, his opera hat crushed under his arm; complete with overcoat, white silk scarf, white gloves and a carnation in his button-hole. Incomplete, however, as to the contents of his purse.

He went first into the dining-room where he mixed himself a cocktail without benefit of ice, and then into the library to restock his cigarette case from his father's box.

There by chance he found Rosemary who was curled up on the couch with a book of poems on her lap, and the sight of her gave him an inspiration.

It turned out to be a very happy one, indeed, for in less than five minutes later Camilla's gallant swain departed from his father's house with eight crisp one pound notes added to his own meagre store. By some blessed miracle, Rosemary was able to lend him the money. The kid evidently had a saving disposition; and Francis tabulated the discovery for future reference. A thing like that was useful to know.

HEAVENS, but a load was off his mind! He trod the paving-stones as though on air. What an evening it was, now that the rain had left off. The earthy, wet smell of the gardens was sweet to his nostrils; birds were chirping in the budding branches of the old trees. Spring had come once again to old London.

As he rang Mrs. Amery's door-bell he felt the gold bag in his pocket.

Perhaps they wouldn't go straight off—she hadn't had her car brought around yet—and no doubt she would make some of those delicious cocktails with grapefruit juice and a dash of curacoa added to the nobler ingredients. Camilla always looked after a fellow's creature comforts. Perhaps that was because she liked good things herself.

Dolores came to the door and regarded him a little blankly.

"Didn't Mrs Amery send you a message?" she asked.

"If she did, I didn't get it," Francis replied. "What was it?"

But already he knew the answer, although not the exact form it would take. Camilla had let him down again.

"Mrs. Amery is awfully sorry," Dolores said glibly. (When she told lies she spoke like a parrot.) "But her sister's very ill. She had to go to see her. It's in—in Bedford. Mrs. Amery won't be home until to-morrow, or perhaps the day after. It's too bad, Mr. Westburn! She was so upset and worried, I expect she forgot, but I know she meant to send you a message."

Already Francis was turning away. He didn't want to hear any more of the ghastly details. They were nothing but lies anyway.

He might have given Dolores the gold bag to pass on to her mistress with his love, but he did not.

There was a lump in his throat, but his heart was steeling itself.

All set for a night out, he was of a mind to have it, without the benefit of Camilla, and make it a wild one. Instead of which, obeying some strange impulse, he went home, had dinner with Rosemary and returned her the money he had borrowed. That one not so simple act set the crown on his renunciation, and marked an important change in his life and habits.

Afterwards he replaced his tail-coat with a dinner jacket, and went around to the nursing-home with her to call upon their mother.

Rosemary, thank heaven, was not cursed with curiosity, and accepted without comment his bare statement that he had changed his mind. He gave her the gold bag that had been intended for Camilla.

CHAPTER 13

AS we know, what with one thing and another, Juliet Westburn's peace of mind was fast approaching the end of its tether, and Juliet possessed a temperament which could not bear mental anguish without sharing it with others. If she was unhappy, it followed as naturally as night the day that everybody within her radius suffered with her.

For the first time since their engagement she achieved a fairly serious quarrel with Gavin.

She kept him waiting nearly forty minutes after the hour specified when he called that evening to take her out, and even so was by no means satisfied about her appearance. She knew that she looked ravaged and all the make-up she had put on did not hide the fact.

Gavin was pacing the hall when she came down and he spoke to her more like a husband than a lover.

"What on earth's been keeping you? Do you realise that we'll have about twenty minutes to bolt our food if we're to be at the theatre on time?"

Juliet said she didn't care whether they were on time or not. Time was made for slaves. And why bother about dinner, anyway? Did men never think of anything but food? Gavin said he was sorry, but not having had time for lunch that day, he felt in need of a little sustenance.

They dined with an undignified rush, and then Gavin had a row with the waiter over a flagrant error in the bill. Juliet said she could not stand men who made scenes in restaurants. She went into the foyer and smoked a cigarette while Gavin carried his grievance to the head waiter and made the row a thoroughly good one.

The first act was well in its stride when they reached the theatre and then it developed that their seats were in the middle of a long, closely-packed row. Everybody had to get up to let them pass, there was grumbling and mumbling, the play had reached a vital moment, and a few outraged people in the pit hissed the late arrivals. Neither Juliet nor Gavin was pleased with the other. She blamed him for not getting aisle seats and for the delay in the restaurant, and he blamed her for the late start they had made.

When the curtain went down on the first act, Juliet was all ready to deliver a tirade, but Gavin said: "If you will excuse me, I think I'll have a drink." He went out and didn't return until the theatre was darkened for the rise of the curtain. It was the first time in their acquaintance that he had done such a thing, and should have served as a warning to Juliet.

Afterwards, neither of them remembered what the play was about, except that it was too morbid for words. The chief male character—you could scarcely call him a hero—was a mental specialist who went mad, himself, and ultimately murdered the girl he loved to save her from the fate of marrying him.

During the second interval, Juliet's mind was taken off Gavin to some extent by the fact that she discovered her beloved Dr. Jim and Camilla Amery to be in the audience, and she transferred her ill-temper to them.

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"What can he see in that woman!" she demanded furiously.

Gavin's reply was scarcely tactful.

"What does any man see in any woman?" he countered. "It's one of the mysteries of human nature." Evidently something had bitten him hard that evening and he seemed to have forgotten that his temper was habitually sweet and easy-going.

Juliet felt angular and spiteful—all bones and venom. She took a look at herself in her little mirror and was for repairing damage with puff and lipstick when Gavin said savagely: "For heaven's sake, don't do that here. Next thing you'll be combing your hair in public."

Juliet's lips tightened and she paid no attention to what he said except to be a trifle more elaborate in re-establishing her complexion.

As the theatre darkened again he hissed in her ear: "So that's all you care about my wishes! I've only got to say I don't like a thing and you make a point of doing it."

"I won't have you dictating to me, you bully," Juliet retorted.

So the pleasant evening wore on.

As they were pushing their way out when the play was over, Juliet manoeuvred herself into the proximity of Dr. Jim and his companion, although it was patent that Mrs. Amery was doing her level best to avoid the encounter.

"Hullo, people! What a putrid play. But I expect you enjoyed it. Nerves—and all that sort of thing."

Gavin marvelled at the change in Juliet's voice. So light and friendly all of a sudden.

Mrs. Amery said she hadn't exactly enjoyed the play, but she thought it was interesting, and Jim Malcolm said, in his opinion, it was morbid rot, thus agreeing with Juliet.

In another moment Gavin heard himself being committed to the entertainment of the other couple at supper. Juliet invited them and Mrs. Amery accepted for herself and Dr. Jim.

She and Juliet gushed a great deal over each other when they were all in Gavin's car, and Juliet had to listen to a long story about Mrs. Amery's sister in Bedford being taken ill, but reported better by telegram at "the eleventh hour," which saved Mrs. Amery a journey, only it was too late, then, to let Francis know about some arrangement they had had on hand.

Juliet nodded as though she understood and sympathised. She understood well enough. Mrs. Amery had let Francis down again. Well, that wouldn't do him any harm, but more and more it was pointing to the fact that Camilla Amery was setting her cap at Jim Malcolm. Juliet gritted her teeth and wondered how men could be such fools.

At supper the two men were little more than ciphers. Juliet scarcely spoke to Gavin, and flatly refused to dance, so—since Jim Malcolm had no gift in that direction—Gavin had to partner Mrs. Amery.

Juliet turned fiercely upon her old friend the moment they were left alone together.

"Jim, are you going to marry that woman?" she demanded.

"I thought my reputation as a bachelor was fairly safe?" he replied. "I say, Julie, I wouldn't smoke any more if I were you."

"Go to blazes! You're as bad as Gavin. You haven't answered my question either. Are you going to marry her? And give me a light, please."

"No!"

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"I mean I don't intend to give you a light; Julie, as one who is very fond of you——"

"Fond of me!" she jeered. "Waiter!" she waved her cigarette, and a passing waiter obliged.

"You've had more champagne than is good for you, too," Dr. Jim said with maddening complacency.

Juliet was on the point of "seeing red," but suddenly she found herself held by Jim Malcolm's eyes and she wanted to lay her head down on the table and bawl. There was something about Jim that took you like that. When he looked at you it was as though his eyes bored straight to the depths of your miserable little soul and knew you for the hypocrite you were.

"You don't know what I've been through lately," she said with a tearful catch in her voice.

Then the other two came up, and somehow it was suggested that it was time to go home. Mrs. Amery did not want to leave so early, but the consensus of male opinion was against her, and Juliet was indifferent.

It was when they were back home that Gavin made his really fatal mistake. He said he would come in for a few moments, although Juliet had not pressed him to do so, and he began to behave like a husband again.

Why had she dragged those people along to supper with them?

"Because I thought their presence might curb your bad temper," Juliet explained acidly. "Do you mind if I make up my face, now?"

"What for? You're going to bed, aren't you?"

"I like to look pretty in my sleep."

He said: "Faugh!" Or a word to that effect.

"Look here, Gavin, if you don't like me as I am ——"

"I never get a chance to see you as you are," he interrupted. "That's the trouble. You're always hiding yourself from me. Oh, it isn't merely a matter of rouge and lipstick. But that's a symbol, nevertheless. For me, it's a symbol of artificiality, say what you please."

A feeling of goose-flesh ran over Juliet. A quarrel—a horrid, really vicious quarrel—that was what was happening. She had never known Gavin to be like this.

And then he piled on the last straw.

"Rosemary doesn't plaster herself with make-up, and she's nice enough for anybody."

Juliet stared him up and down. Her body was rigid, and she clenched her hands until the nails dug into the palms. Gavin did not know that when she was a small child she had "thrown things," and once had blackened a governess' eye with a hair-brush.

He did not realise what it cost her in self-respect to say, "Good-night," and walk out of the room, leaving him to make his own exit when and how he chose.

JULIET went up to her little suite on the third floor. It was nearly one o'clock, but she was in no mood for bed. Who on earth could sleep after all the dreadful things that had happened?

She changed her gala attire for a silk dressing-gown that had sprigs of pink roses on it, and a becoming edge of swan's-down. Then she cold-creamed her much-discussed face, and rubbed it clean with a soft towel.

For a long time she regarded the result in a hand mirror. She was too thin, and there were caverns under her eyes. She felt that she looked like a witch. Was that what she was instinctively trying to hide from Gavin—the fact that she was a witch? In the old days they used to burn witches alive.

What was the matter between her and Gavin? Didn't they really care for each other? It was cruel of him to have dragged in Rosemary. The child had five years of youth ahead of her that she, Juliet, had already spent. It made a big difference. And, anyway, Rosie, herself, was altogether different. It was a matter of temperament. If Gavin had a taste for milk-and-water, then naturally he would admire a sweet child of Rosemary's ilk, but Juliet gave him credit for preferring something a little stronger. She, herself, wasn't a witch merely because she had character. She felt convinced of that. But she doubted if Rosie had very much. Anybody could dominate Rosie—she was one of those "Yes" girls.

A TAP came at the sitting-room door, and interrupted Juliet's reverie.

"Are you still up? May I come in?"

It was her father's voice, and she bade him enter.

"I met Gavin just going out," he said. "What's happened, Julie?"

She smiled wryly and shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose he told you we had a beastly row. Sit down, daddy."

"No, he didn't. Only—well, I guessed something was the matter. For one thing, it seemed odd you weren't showing him off the premises, yourself. I hope it's not serious, my dear."

"I don't know," said Juliet. "He's been coming the 'heavy' over me, and I simply could not stand it. If he goes on like that—well, I simply won't stand it, that's all. I'm not going to take any more nonsense from him."

"You mean you'll break your engagement? Is that what you mean, Julie? I thought you were serious this time. I thought you really did care for him."

Until this moment, Juliet had not dreamed of breaking her engagement. She was fond of Gavin—she loved him—any girl would think twice before casting aside too lightly a man of his solid worth, but the devil himself had got under her skin to-night, and she was out to torment all and sundry.

"You may be sure my heart wouldn't suffer very much if I did send Gavin about his business," she said.

Her father looked at her a little sadly. This wasn't the time to tell her that he was heavily indebted to her lover, that Gavin had loaned him money which literally had saved the roof over their heads, and incidentally given him—Harry Westburn, a man old enough almost to be Gavin's father—some excellent advice on weathering the storm that threatened his destruction. With luck, he would pull through and emerge with a handsome profit, but he owed that chance to Gavin Steed.

He wondered what Juliet would say if he did tell her. No, better not. She might think he wanted to influence her; might, in fact, question his motives, and he couldn't have borne for one of his children to form such an unworthy opinion of him.

"It needn't depress you, daddy," she said, a shade more kindly. "Unless, of course, you had set your heart on getting rid of me."

He did not reply. He was thinking that Juliet, all her life so far, could be depended upon only for one thing, and that was, paradoxically, her unreliability. Nobody had ever been able to cope with it. She was merely being herself, now; true to recognised form. He got up and moved towards the door, the load of care he carried seeming to bow his shoulders.

"Perhaps you'll feel more cheerful in the morning," he said. "Often one gets quite a different view of things after a night's sleep."

Juliet flew to him and put her arms around his neck.

"Darling, I'm not quarrelling with you, anyway. Kiss me, and say I'm forgiven whatever I do."

He let her kiss him, instead, and he said of course whatever she did about Gavin was entirely her own affair. She was old enough, he believed, to know her own

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mind. Yet in his heart of hearts he wondered if she would ever reach that sort of maturity.

Juliet made a little face at the door after it had closed upon him.

"Old enough, am I? I daresay he thinks Gavin is my last chance. Just because mother was only nineteen when he married her he thinks I'm ready to lie up on the shelf. Daddy's a thousand years behind the times."

It did not occur to her that she had sent her father to bed with a sleepless night ahead of him, but she rather hoped Gavin was suffering.

THE quarrel was patched up, but it left scars. Something a little disfiguring had crept over the beauty of love's young dream.

What had seemed to be high spirits in Juliet now took on the aspects of temper, and Gavin saw it as such. Her uncertain moods no longer had the charm of mere wilfulness, but developed shrewish qualities. She tormented everybody; but perhaps it was herself she tormented most of all.

As for Gavin, who was naturally a quiet, good-humored sort of fellow, his reaction to the exaggeration of Juliet's faults was peculiar. Gavin became quiter than ever, but less good-humored. He did not criticise her; he was devotion itself, but it was easy enough to read disapproval in those eyes of his, and in the very way he kept his mouth shut. It was as though, despite himself, he could not help measuring her by the standard of some indefinite ideal—and that always he found her to be lacking.

Rosemary crept about like a furtive mouse, and spent most of her time in Wendy House. It was her only refuge. Francis was dallying with the pleasant idea of committing first a murder—that of Camilla Amery—and then suicide, but so far had not worked out the exact method by which the double tragedy was to be effected. Harry Westburn was still burdened with the uncertainty of the Stock Market, and Auntie Lou came up from the country again. Truly there never was such a house of trouble.

CHAPTER 14

MISS Westburn's second visit was timed purposely to coincide with her sister-in-law's return from the nursing home.

For this important occasion the Westburn family collectively rallied from its individual preoccupations to give mother a warm welcome. Rosemary emerged from the seclusion of Wendy House, and Juliet from her tantrums. Even Francis forgot his dark plotting and showed a spark of decency. Gavin overwhelmed the house with flowers and choice fruit, and loaned his car to bring Alice Westburn home.

Mother looked very sweet, if still frail, and was happy to be here again, in her own drawing-room, wrapped in woolly shawls, and as tenderly cared for as though she had been a piece of priceless china.

Parker beamed radiantly as she brought in the tea; cook, in her basement, was rumbling a lugubrious hymn-tune, which with her betokened a state of perfect content.

Mother had come home, and now surely trouble must fly out of the window. Hadn't they all lived for this day? Hadn't there been a terrible time when they feared it was a day that might never dawn?

Rosemary poured the tea, and Juliet sat on a hassock beside her mother. Everybody was there, including Auntie Lou.

Juliet hoped she had heard the last of that cheque-and-pendant affair, and, anyway, this was no time to bring it up. Auntie Lou seemed pleased with Gavin—she didn't know, as Juliet did now, that he could be very disagreeable on occasions—but the old lady had never been distinguished for her tact.

She made a great deal of Gavin, but since he was the only male person in the room who was not actually a relative, this was to be expected. Miss Westburn's weakness for the other sex was well known.

Finally, she seemed to have arrived at an important conclusion about him, and nodded her head slowly with a sly smile.

"I like your young man, Juliet," she announced in her booming voice, as unconcernedly as though the young man himself were well out of earshot. "So much nicer than the other one."

Harry Westburn laughed. "Which other one, Lou? There have been so many. I think we've lost the tally."

"There was only one that counted," replied Auntie Lou. "That fellow, Conody. You must remember him? There was a time when he seemed to live in Juliet's pocket."

"I'm learning things," Gavin said. He looked at Juliet, hoping to meet her eye with a wink, and was astonished to see the baleful expression that had swept over her face. Francis' sentiments towards Mrs. Amery were nothing to the Gorgon's glare Juliet was offering her aunt. Looks, however, do not kill, and in this instance they failed even to wither. It took considerably more than that to daunt Auntie Lou.

Juliet understood well enough, now: her aunt had not forgiven her and never would forgive her for "embezzling" that cheque and "losing" the diamond star. Those were two black marks she could not hope to wipe out.

Auntie Lou was cackling merrily. She had a rather snorty, senile laugh that caused her to double up and throw her absurd toque over her eyes.

"I think I remember Mr. Conody," Alice Westburn said kindly. "He played an exceptionally good game of tennis. Perhaps that was why Julie liked him."

"They didn't go in for tennis the summer she spent with me at Stoke Poges," said the terrible old woman. "Not that I ever noticed."

There was no stopping Auntie Lou once she had got well away.

"I saw him the other day—bad tea with him, in fact. Very civil he was, I must say, although I'm as certain now as I was five years ago that he's up to no good. That sort never is. Seemed mightily surprised to hear that Juliet was going to be married. There were tears in his eyes when I told him—ha, ha!"

"Where did you see Hugh Conody?" Juliet asked in a razor-edged voice.

"At a little country inn—a place called The Three Feathers," Miss Westburn replied. "Perhaps you don't know it—and perhaps you do."

"Never heard of it," said Juliet.

SHE must make an effort to seem indifferent, and did so by pretending to stifle a yawn. Would nothing shoot of murder stop that dreadful old woman's tongue?

"It's about five miles from Stoke Poges as the crow flies," Auntie Lou informed her. "I drove over because I'd heard they had some early spring chickens to sell. And there, if you please, was Mr. Conody. I never saw anybody so cast down as he was when I told him you were going to be married, Juliet."

Francis suspected his aunt of mischief-making, which was what might be expected of her, and thought he would help Juliet out, but unfortunately his effort was the reverse of successful.

"When was this?" he asked. "Because I think you must be mistaken."

"Only last week," replied Miss Westburn.

"Then Conody's a liar," said Francis, "It must be nearly a month ago . . ."

In vain did Juliet throw a warning signal. Francis did not catch it, but Gavin did and wondered. What was this mystery?

"Quite a month ago, if not more," Francis went on glibly. "Conody called here. Didn't he, Juliet? You remember. I ran into him on the doorstep. Didn't know who he was at first. You can't remember everybody. Said he'd heard about Julie's engagement and felt he'd like to offer her his good wishes, or something of that sort. I gave him a drink and shoved him in here when Julie came down. I should think he stayed a good half hour."

Suddenly Hugh Conody had assumed an importance out of all proportion to his merits.

Auntie Lou and Francis were arguing heatedly, and Juliet was called upon to referee their dispute.

"Oh, what does it matter!" she exclaimed wearily. "Francis is right. Hugh did look in for a few moments—he said he had heard I was engaged to Gavin. I can't think why he should fib to you about it, Auntie Lou. It all seems so silly."

"It does, rather," said Gavin in a reserved voice.

Miss Westburn snapped him up. "It was silly from the start. Juliet needed smacking that summer."

At this point Harry Westburn decided that his wife had enjoyed enough of the family's society for her first afternoon, and insisted on taking her up to her own room. His sister, he remembered regretfully, always managed to stir up something. Although by this time he had heard about the cheque-cum-pendant outrage, he did not realise it was at the bottom of Auntie Lou's reminiscences. He thought she was merely behaving much as usual. But that was no reason why he should allow his wife to be upset. A great pity Lou had happened to choose this day for one of her visits to town.

The old lady took her own departure hastily. She had had her little say and didn't want to give Juliet a chance to get back at her.

By the same token Francis and Rosemary disappeared. They had been treated recently to quite a number of Juliet's outbursts and were on the verge of becoming adept in dodging them.

So Juliet and Gavin were left alone with the remains of tea. It was an awkward moment for them both.

Juliet poured herself a well-watered cup and pretended a vast unconcern while she drank it, although she was well aware that Gavin had brought a thoughtful eye to bear on her. She didn't like the look of it at all.

"It's nice to have mother home again," she observed. "It wasn't the same place without her." If only Gavin would show himself for the civilised person he claimed to be and help her break the ice.

Gavin shifted his position nearer the mantel where he could rest his arm, but still he said nothing.

"Ring for Parker, will you, darling? It's time this wreckage was cleared away." Juliet was getting edgy now.

But Gavin did not ring.

"Just who is this Hugh Conody?" he asked. "Strange I never heard of him before. Were you—were you very much in love with him?"

Juliet turned on her lover in a fury of exasperation.

"Why do you ask that?" she demanded. "Oh, I knew you'd bring it up! Men are all alike."

CHAPTER 15

WERE men all alike? Gavin thought that over and wondered what Juliet meant by it. He had a pleasant mind, and it did not occur to him to suggest that she had probably gained her knowledge of his sex by comprehensive

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experience. There was nothing catty about Gavin Steed.

The question he was asking himself at that moment, ran: "Why am I not jealous?" And he was asking that question dispassionately.

He ought to be suffering a little at the thought of another man whom Juliet had loved, even though it happened long ago. And he wasn't suffering; he was merely irritated.

Should she have told him about this Hugh Conody? Was there anything really mysterious in her silence? Was he exceeding his rights as an accepted lover in questioning her? He wanted above all things to be quite fair to her.

As she stood there glowering at him, it strick Gavin that Juliet was ages older than himself—ages that were not to be measured in mere years. He felt incompetent to deal with her, and a little bored that it seemed necessary to attempt the difficult feat. Also, there was a sickening sense of futility about all this quarrelling. He did not relish the prospect of any more of it.

"I don't think I care very much," he said finally. "You needn't tell me anything."

Instantly Juliet abandoned her air of defiance and was at his side.

"Darling it was nothing—nothing! When you know Auntie Lou better you'll understand. She's always out to make mischief. Heavens, I'd almost forgotten Hugh Conody's existence until he turned up here that afternoon. Was there anything very terrible in his calling to wish me happiness? Do you object to that?"

"Not at all," Gavin replied.

"Are you jealous, darling?"

"I'm trying not to be," he said with a wry smile.

"I don't believe you are a bit!"

"That shows how clever I am at hiding my feelings."

"But I'd be horribly jealous—of any other girl in your life," Juliet assured him. "I want to believe there never was anybody but me, and never will be. Tell me there isn't, Gavin. I don't care whether its true or not—I've just got to believe I'm the only one."

THIS was Juliet at her sweetest and most coaxing, but Gavin wondered if she was really sincere about it all. She sounded like a woman on the stage gabbling a part without understanding it.

She kissed and petted and fussed over him with little mannerisms that aggravated. Anything to get off the subject of that Hugh Conody. That was all Juliet wanted. It was just camouflage. Gavin was neither astute nor over-suspicious, but he could not help knowing that he was being "managed."

He surprised himself by experiencing an almost overmastering impulse to tell her flatly that he realised all this was mere acting, and that she couldn't fool him any more.

No one in this world ever achieves happiness; there is no such thing as a happy man. This depressing theory had come to Gavin Steed via an essay by that prize pessimist, Freud. He wished he had left the book alone, but, unfortunately it had fascinated him to the very bitter end. People should not know too much; ignorance could be a friendly safeguard when it came to such things.

Gavin, himself, had expected to achieve happiness in perpetuity, and in another mood he would have pooh-poohed the German metaphysician, but now he felt that the man had some sense on his side.

Well, if you can't be happy, be as happy as you can! That at least was sound philosophy. Probably all engaged couples quarrelled, and marriage in some mysterious way set them right with each other. Only it would be pretty awful if one discovered too late that getting married does not change people very much.

JULIET tucked her arm through his. She wanted to divert him more and more; smooth out that ruffled brow of his, and get him to laugh. How was it to be done?

Suddenly she had an idea.

"Darling, I want to show you something. I don't believe you've ever seen our Wendy House. You know, that little play-house at the bottom of the garden. We've fixed it up again. Or has Rosemary shown it to you?" A swift dart of suspicion flashed across her mind that perhaps Rosemary had at least told him about Wendy House and taken the rightful credit for making it pleasantly habitable.

Gavin shook his head. No, Rosemary hadn't mentioned it.

"Then come along!"

Juliet tugged at his arm, and he followed her through the doorway that led into the garden.

By this time Mrs. Westburn's daffodils had gone, but there were tulips and wallflowers in the borders, and the lilac bush had actually burst into leaf and bud. The sun was far down now, and a shadow lay over the little playhouse. Its two windows looked opaquely dark.

Juliet thought that if the fire was laid she would put a match to it, and make up a game with Gavin about love in a cottage. That might cheer him up a bit, and take his mind off the ugly scene Auntie Lou's mischief-making had produced.

Rosemary had affixed a shining brass knocker to the door, intended as a hint which Juliet always ignored. She opened the door straightway, ushering in herself and Gavin.

And then—too late—they discovered that Rosemary herself was in residence. There she sat, all huddled up in one of the basket chairs, apparently engaged in crying her eyes out. She hadn't heard their approach. But now she sprang to her feet and greeted her visitors with an appalling lack of hospitality.

"What do you want? Why didn't you knock? C-can't you see I'm busy?"

"Why, Rosie—Rosie!" exclaimed Juliet. "We've come to call on you—Gavin and I."

"Go away—go away!"

"But, darling, what's the matter? You must tell me—tell us," Juliet persisted.

"Oh, leave me alone," wailed Rosemary. "I don't want to see anybody."

There was shame and despair in that muffled voice.

Gavin spoke a little fiercely to his fiancee. "It's not fair. Do come away, Julie! Can't you see she's upset?"

"But Rosie's only a baby," Juliet argued. "I've got to know why she's been crying. Somebody's done something to her—hurt her. I won't have it. I'll wager it's Francis. Please let me go back to her, Gavin."

Rosemary had shut the door of Wendy House on them, and there was the sound of a chair being shoved against it.

"I suppose the poor child has a right to cry if she wants to," Gavin said gruffly.

He was terribly moved himself. Juliet would never guess how much so. The sight of Rosemary in tears had torn at his heart. He didn't know how he would ever get over it. Rosemary unhappy—and she was going to keep it to herself, too.

Undoubtedly old man Freud was right. Nobody in this world could be happy.

ROSEMARY, left to the solitude she had demanded, groped wildly for a plausible reason to explain the state of utter misery in which she had been caught. Amongst the books on her shelves was an old copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she remembered how, once, many years ago, she had been deeply stricken by the description of little Eva's death. Could she give that as a reason for her tears on this occasion? Or could she say she had just remembered that awful time when Foxey, her little terrier had slipped his leash and disappeared into the jungle of London, never to return again? Once she had wept over things like that—wept and recovered. But from this terrible thing she would never recover. It meant weeping all one's life.

No, she wasn't going to invent lies, but, on the other hand, it was impossible to tell Julie she had succumbed to an overpowering misery because she was in love with Gavin Steed. With her dying breath she would guard that secret from Julie, and from Gavin. It would have made them both as utterly wretched as she was herself. You couldn't confide a secret of that sort to anybody. You just had to bear it, and try to smile through the tears sometimes. There wasn't any other way out.

After all, having Gavin for a brother-in-law would be better than losing him altogether. Or would it be? Was it possible to transmute the sort of love she felt for him into a calm, sisterly emotion?

JULIET had cast her for the role of chief bridesmaid at the wedding, and she thought of that ceremony with a shudder. To precede Juliet up the aisle, to behold the eager bridegroom come forward to take Juliet's hand—oh, it wasn't to be borne! There are limits to what flesh and blood can stand.

If it wasn't for Mother, Rosemary would have asked to be sent down to visit Auntie Lou, and then she felt she might be able to develop a slight illness to coincide with Juliet's wedding. But she knew that Mother needed her, and in a way it was a comfort to be needed by somebody. She would have to lend useful as well as ornamental assistance to that wedding. It was what people meant when they talked about carrying one's cross. But who so young should be asked to bear a cross? Such things were supposed to come when one was older and more resigned.

When she deemed the coast to be clear, she slipped into the house and raced for dear life up to her bedroom. This door had a lock which Wendy House lacked. To-morrow Wendy House would have at least a bolt. One was entitled to one's privacy whatever Juliet might say. Julie guarded her own secrets very strictly. Rosemary had been rather shocked by Auntie Lou's revelations, and she had by no means forgotten the morning one of Juliet's letters had driven her to the brandy decanter.

At dinner that evening Rosemary showed a serene if somewhat serious countenance to the family. Gone were the traces of tears and every sign of emotional distress.

If Juliet had not known she would never have suspected anything had happened to upset her little sister.

"Couldn't have been very deep," she thought.

Yet, whatever it was, Juliet was intensely curious to know, and she bided her time with more patience than she usually displayed.

As soon as the meal was over it was to be expected that daddy would go straight up to mother's room, which he did. Francis, also, took himself off.

Still Juliet waited until some time after Parker had brought coffee into the drawing-room.

Rosemary thought: "She's being uncommonly decent," but the reflection came too soon.

Juliet went down on her knees by her sister's chair. "Now tell me all about it, darling. We've always been good pals, haven't we? And you're not going to have any secrets from me."

Had they? They loved each other

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dearly, but certainly Juliet had never been pals with anybody.

Rosemary did not hedge by pretending not to know what her sister meant. That would have been too stupid.

"I'm sorry, but I can't tell you," she said firmly. "And I'd be grateful if you'd drop the subject."

"You're not going to tell me?" Juliet was amazed to the point of indignation.

"No, I'm not," Rosemary replied, even more firmly.

"Then it must be something important."

"It's utterly trivial," said Rosemary.

In the end Juliet rose from her knees and paced the floor angrily, talking as though to herself.

"It's monstrous . . . refusing to confide in me. You're too young to have secrets that make you unhappy. Mother ought to know. I feel I should tell her."

"If you tell mother, Juliet Westburn, I'll never forgive you to my dying day! If you mention it to anybody, I swear I'll never forgive you. It's bad enough that Gavin knows. You hadn't any right to walk into Wendy House without knocking, anyway. I wouldn't dream of barging in on you like that, and you'd have something to say if I did."

This was a strange and almost terrifying Rosemary. Not so much milk-and-water as Juliet had thought.

"Oh, very well—but you needn't storm at me."

"I won't, if you'll kindly mind your own business," retorted the metamorphosed Rosemary.

"I suppose it was some silly little thing you're ashamed to confess," prodded Juliet. It seemed almost impossible for her to drop the subject.

"You are perfectly at liberty to suppose exactly what you please," said Rosemary, and left it at that.

There was no getting anything more out of her, and at last Juliet was forced to realise that she had come up against something in the nature of a stone wall.

CHAPTER 16

THE shadow of Hugh Conody had fallen across Juliet's path with a fateful significance, thin and sharp like a sword.

She tried to tell herself that really there was nothing in that miserable little past of hers which constituted a menace to her future, but the danger had been presented in such a subtle way that the shadow was now substance. She had been badly frightened and her own concerns soon put to flight the problematical woes of Rosemary.

But for some little time, now, Conody had remained quiescent, and Juliet regained the feeble temerity of a mouse which imagines hopefully that the cat dozes. Perhaps the danger was all over; perhaps that man, Mark Factor, was indeed an honest solicitor who nevertheless could not afford to forgo his legitimate fees.

Auntie Lou had contributed an atmosphere of insecurity, but that was blowing over, too. Gavin seemed no longer curious about the man with whom Juliet had once been in love.

The time had come when one had to think seriously of practical details concerning the wedding, and as that entailed spending much money, it offered a sort of safety valve to this excitable young girl.

But Juliet began at the wrong end. She should have gone first to her father for the assurance of how much or how little he could afford. Instead of which she called a little meeting of Gavin and Rosemary, with herself in the chair. It had been agreed that mother was to be spared as much as possible. Rosemary would have spared herself, but there was no way of eluding Juliet once the latter's mind was made up. Juliet needed her sister for a sort of maid-of-all-work as well as chief bridesmaid. Rosemary was a very useful sort of person in the matter of errand-running and lots of other little things.

They held the conclave in Juliet's sitting-room, and the month was now May. The date of the all-important affair was more or less determined. It would take place early in July, just before the break-up of the London season.

Juliet was annoyed when she saw the attenuated list of guests Gavin had drawn up on his own behalf. There were only about 20, and most of those were relatives.

They argued, as they had taken to doing lately. Juliet was almost in tears. He had left out many big names which he might have included.

Gavin paced to and fro. He was so restless he could scarcely contain himself. Rosemary, on the other hand, sat as immobile as a statue. She dared not look at Gavin and kept her eyes for the most part on her lap.

Something strange had been happening lately between her and Gavin. She began to fear he had read her secret, and the shame of that suspicion was breaking her heart. Although she did not look at him, his nearness was the only thing of which she was acutely aware. It seemed as though her whole being was centred in him and she had no will or power of her own at all.

Now Gavin was explaining to Juliet, as though she were some stupid child and must be dealt with patiently, that he had his reasons for wishing to keep the nuptial ceremonies within modest bounds.

First, her mother's delicate health. A big wedding might easily prove to be too much for Mrs. Westburn's strength.

Juliet tossed her head and would have interrupted to protest that they had already agreed to spare mother everything, but Gavin waved her to silence.

"Wait a moment, Julie, please. Another thing—this house is roomy, but even a hundred people would make it uncomfortable for the reception. If you could only realise——"

Now Juliet did intervene, fast and furious.

"Don't be an idiot. We'll hold the reception in an hotel, of course. I intend to give a tea-party the day before to show off the presents, and, of course, I won't ask everybody to that. The list I've drawn up, including the people you've omitted, comes to nearly four hundred. I've been around to various hotels to get estimates, and the Marlborough in Park Lane will do us for two guineas a head, including floral decorations and champagne. If that isn't cheap enough, I don't know what you call it."

ROSEMARY raised her eyes and stared at her sister. Had Juliet gone mad? Apparently, for she now announced that her entourage was to consist of ten bridesmaids, besides Rosemary, who was to be maid-of-honour, and four pages. These attendants alone, with their near relatives, numbered more than double Gavin's whole list.

"What's at the bottom of your objections?" Juliet demanded heatedly. "Anyone would think you were being asked to foot the bills."

Gavin flushed darkly and Rosemary followed suit.

How could he tell Juliet that in a way he was going to foot the bills, that except for his timely assistance to her father any wedding worthy of the Westburn traditions would have been impossible? But, of course, to tell Juliet anything of this would have sounded caddish. It was the one thing she must never know.

Gavin had a great respect for Harry Westburn, and was doing his best to keep the plans as small as possible to save his father-in-law's feelings.

"Have you said anything to Daddy?" Rosemary ventured.

"Not yet," Juliet replied. "He doesn't want to be bothered. All he'll be interested in is the size of the cheque he'll have to write. And, of course, he'll storm down the house, no matter what it is. Daddy's peculiar in that way, and it's best not to pay the slightest attention to him."

"Julie—Daddy, really is short of money."

"Because he's always pulling a long face?" Juliet laughed. "My dear chicken, you'll get used to that when you've been home a little longer. It doesn't mean a thing."

Her voice was so hard, so utterly devoid of feeling, that Gavin winced.

ALTHOUGH secretly he had been guilty of criticising Juliet of late, he had never quite realised how merciless she could be, if anything threatened to stand in her way.

"Now what about the bridesmaids' presents?" she went on briskly. "Or do you feel stingy about them, too?"

"If you will excuse me," said Gavin, "I'll leave you to settle that point with Rosie. You may count on me for whatever you like to select."

Juliet laughed again when the door closed on him.

"I daresay I've annoyed him," she said. "Gavin's funny. You'd never think from the way he behaves that he's a millionaire."

"You've hurt him, Julie."

"Oh, he's developed a thin skin lately. I can't do anything that's right. I only need to suggest something—it doesn't matter what it is—and Gavin gets up on his ear. If he goes on like that after we're married . . . well, I don't mind telling you I won't stick it."

Rosemary was horrified.

"Julie—you can't mean what you're saying!"

"Why not? It will be entirely his own fault if he loses me, and I think he's setting about the right way to do it."

"Don't you love him more than everything else in the world put together?" Rosemary faltered.

Juliet pinched her ear fondly.

"Fairy tale language, my darling. Of course I love him, but that's no reason why I should let him walk all over me. It's fatal if you let men get that way. It is what is called the thin end of the wedge. Give 'em half a chance and they become lords of creation."

After dinner that night Juliet tackled her father, but she opened her campaign with an acid criticism of Gavin. They had been at loggerheads, she explained, and from the way Gavin behaved one would think that the wedding outlay was his affair.

"There must be a miserly streak in him," she said with a sigh. "I've noticed that it's often an attribute of the very rich."

"Quite," observed Harry Westburn. "It's only beggars who can afford to squander—beggars like me."

"Now, Daddy, I've heard all that before. Surely you don't grudge me a decent send-off!"

"I grudge you nothing."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk."

"I haven't done talking yet. Juliet, I'm going to give you a cheque for £500, and you must make it do for everything—your trousseau as well as the wedding festivities. And no bills, if you please. Gavin is absolutely right. I understand his motives perfectly, and they do credit to him. You must cut down everything to the minimum."

Something of the look that had preceded the throwing of the hairbrush at her governess came into Juliet's eyes, but she could scarcely assail her father.

"I—I think—you're preposterous!" she said, fiercely. "You paid more than that for your last car."

"I may remind you that the car has been sold."

"Only because you said you were going to buy a new one."

"I haven't bought it yet. There's no

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argument, Julie. I'm up against long odds. I'd do more for you if I could, but I'm not warranted—on borrowed money."

Juliet raised her eyebrows.

"So you have got it? I thought as much."

Harry Westburn looked at her in a stricken way. He was afraid to trust her. Her moods and tempers were so uncertain, and just now he was guarding his wife's peace of mind. Yet, in the circumstances, he must take a gambler's chance and tell Juliet the truth. If she had any heart at all—not to mention family pride—the truth might pierce it.

"Julie, I've borrowed two hundred thousand from Gavin to tide me over the worst crisis in my life. If he hadn't come so generously to my rescue we'd all be in the poorhouse this very minute. So you see how it is."

There was a breathless silence, then Juliet slumped down in a little heap beside him, hiding her face against his knees. He had, after all, found the weak spot in her armor. Well, it was good to know she had one; good to know that she could be human.

"Oh, daddy, why didn't you tell me before?" she cried.

Her sobs wrung his heart, and he tried to comfort her.

"Julie, my dear!"

"I'll be married at a registrar's—I won't have any new clothes, or any bridesmaids or reception. Oh, I'm so miserable!"

"There—there." He patted her head. "No need to go to the other extreme. If I give you the sum I mentioned ——"

"If I can't have a decent wedding, I won't have any at all. I'd much rather be married at a registrar's."

Harry Westburn sighed. In another moment she would be back at him with the argument that since Gavin's money would be paying for it anyway, what did it matter how much they spent.

"Think it over, Julie."

"Very well, daddy."

She rose to her feet and mopped her streaming eyes.

"I certainly am the unluckiest girl in the world," she added.

She emerged from the library just as the telephone rang in its niche in the hall.

Perhaps it was Gavin, who wasn't coming around this evening, ringing up to say he was sorry he had been so rude this afternoon.

But it wasn't Gavin; it was Hugh Conody.

CHAPTER 17

At the sound of Conody's voice, Juliet glanced apprehensively over her shoulder.

Nobody was about, for as the bell had ceased ringing Parker knew the telephone had been answered, and by the same token Harry Westburn knew if the call was for him it would have been switched on to the library. He was not likely to be curious, but nevertheless Juliet lowered her voice when she replied. She would have denied her identity, except for the fact that Conody had recognised her at once.

"I want to see you for a few moments," he said. His own voice was clear and abrupt. Nothing servile or cringing in it on this occasion.

"Can't be done," Juliet told him in a furious undertone. "I'm busy."

"When will you be free? Set your own time, but it must be soon."

"Never! I haven't the slightest intention of seeing you."

He went on as though her answer had been something quite different.

"I'm speaking from a tobacconist's in the King's Road, and I could be with you in five minutes. Shall I come to the house, or would you rather see me outside?"

"No—no—no! Don't you dare to come here!"

"Then you will meet me somewhere?"

"No, I tell you I won't see you at all—ever again."

Juliet spoke with as much vehemence as she could contrive, but she still kept her voice low.

"I don't want to see you ever again in this world," she repeated with emphasis. "Please understand that, once and for all. Everything that ever was is finished where you and I are concerned."

Rosemary, at the top of the first landing and on the point of descending the stairs, put her fingers to her ears and fled tiptoe back to the drawing-room. To Rosemary, that last impassioned speech could mean but one thing: that Juliet was breaking with Gavin. Oh, what could have happened to occasion anything so dreadful!

"I'm afraid you'll have to see me," Conody went on. "If I mayn't come to the house, what about a stroll on the Embankment?"

There was a short pause while Juliet considered this suggestion. The fact that she was considering it constituted a trick for Conody.

When she spoke again she had a certain command over herself.

"I'd be frightfully surprised to hear that your friend, Mr. Factor, has run short of money again." This was Juliet trying to show how sarcastic she could be.

"It has nothing to do with Mark Factor," Conody replied. "You needn't sneer at me, Julie. Will you meet me or not? I think it would be better if you did. I wouldn't have bothered you if it wasn't important."

In the end, Juliet succumbed. For one thing, she was full of fight just at this moment, and it would be a relief to take it out of somebody. Hugh Conody was exactly the right person to receive the full force of her ire. Gavin, daddy—yes, and even to some degree, Rosemary—had all done their share that day to key her up to the point where she was likely to go off with a bang.

"He'll wish he'd never been born," she told herself, as she flung a wrap over her light dress and prepared to sally forth.

It was a lovely moonlit night, and many people were taking advantage of its beauty to stroll on the Embankment. The trees cast lacy black shadows, and the swirling tide below the walls carried mystery on its flood. A night for lovers and their tender dreams.

In the old days Juliet had often stolen out at this hour to meet Hugh Conody, taking with her Rosemary's little dog for an excuse in case her absence was questioned. During that spring term, five years ago, when Rosemary was at boarding school, her dog received a lot of attention from her sister.

But now Juliet was not hastening to meet a lover. Hugh Conody had become her enemy, and her feet lagged. The moonlight had no charm for her; she did not even notice how beautiful its magic had made the world.

There had been no need for him to say definitely where they would meet. It had always been by the wall at the right of Chelsea Bridge. And there he was, of course, waiting for her as he had waited so often in the old days.

For a brief instant, when she caught sight of the familiar silhouette, time seemed to have vanished for Juliet. A curious trick of the mind threw her back five years, and almost she was looking around for Foxey to put him on the leash. She had always done that before they crossed the road. But there was no Foxey, now; he had vanished long ago, got himself lost forever on one of those very evenings when she and Hugh Conody had been so absorbed in each other. How poor Rosie had wept when the news was broken to her!

But this was not a moment for sentimentalising. Much water had flowed under the bridges since those days, and it was still at the business of getting swiftly to sea, where all the untidy flotsam somehow disappears.

"It's exactly like old times!" Hugh exclaimed when he met her at the kerb.

So he, too, had been affected by a revival of memory. Well, he needn't try any sob-stuff on her.

"I'm afraid it isn't," Juliet replied. If he thought he had the ghost of a chance of working on her feelings, he was mistaken. She was here to fight him to the death, if need be. Not another penny of blackmail would he get out of her. She would be disgraced, or even die, sooner than yield this time.

"Shall we walk along, or see if we can find an empty bench?" he asked, his voice tender with solicitude.

"We'd better walk," Juliet replied. "And you must be quick, whatever it is. I can't give you more than five minutes. That's the limit."

They did not walk far, however. Juliet found her strength threatening to desert her, and she made an excuse to stop, leaning her weight against the cold stone of the Embankment wall.

Hugh's story had a new twist this time, and she wasn't expecting that. She had thought it would be the old one, with the lawyer, Mark Factor, taking up yet once again the role of villain.

In some way Eileen, his wife, had found out about that clandestine, though exceedingly brief, sojourn at The Three Feathers, he said. No, Mark Factor hadn't broken his word. He was certain of that. Perhaps he himself was a little to blame through carelessness. Factor had nothing to do with it.

A few weeks ago he had been thoroughly wretched and worn out, and had gone down to Stoke Poges for a few days. The old inn had attracted him—lured him, possibly because of its associations. Yes, it was quite true he had seen Miss Westburn while he was there. He was sorry if he had been indiscreet. As a matter of fact, he couldn't quite remember what he did say to Miss Westburn, because he was so terribly upset. She had pounced on him and got him thoroughly rattled.

"Never mind all that," Juliet interrupted. "You made me look a pretty fool—but never mind, just get on with your story. So far it's not been very interesting."

"You're as hard as nails; I wonder I take so much trouble to protect you," Hugh said reproachfully. "Julie, have you forgotten everything? Don't you even like me any more?"

Juliet's laugh was a sufficient reply to these questions. She put all the scorn into it of which she was capable.

"Very well," Conody said in a resigned voice. "Since you want the bare facts, I'll give 'em to you. Eileen was always jealous of you, but, of course, she never had any real proof of how dearly I loved you. Only—well, a wife knows when she has lost her husband's love. This last time I went to The Three Feathers, she took it upon herself to sail down after me. And then she got hold of somebody—it might have been one of the servants—and discovered that you had been in the neighborhood that time. I told her I was through with her. She's been putting things together ever since. Now she's gone to Factor again and laid her case before him."

"So it is Factor who needs more money," said Juliet. "I thought so. I've been wondering when we would come to him."

"Not at all," Conody protested. "In fact, Factor has told Eileen she hasn't got a case. That's the friend he is. All the same, he knows she can do us a nasty turn if she insists on bringing the matter into court. You see, she's out for revenge. That's what it amounts to. Nothing will stop her now."

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JULIET clenched her hands.

"I don't believe a word of it! It's only another of your rotten tricks."

"I'm not asking you to believe me. I'm only warning you what to expect," Conody replied. He spoke in the patient manner of one explaining to a peculiarly stupid child.

"Expect?"

"That's what I said. You will probably get a summons—be cited as intervener in the suit of Conody versus Conody. They'll call witnesses from The Three Feathers, and, of course, they'll prove nothing beyond the fact that you were there when Factor brought the news about poor Sonny. But that might be enough for Eileen. She'd have flung mud and got her revenge, and that's really all she wants."

"I tell you, I don't believe you—not a word of it."

"When you're made to believe, perhaps you'll be gracious enough to thank me for letting you know beforehand," he said coldly. "That's all. May I walk home with you? It's getting rather late."

Juliet had forgotten all about the time limit she had set to this painful interview. Nearly an hour had elapsed.

"No thanks, I can see myself home quite safely."

"You want me to let you go on by yourself? Mayn't I come as far as the square?"

"No, please don't. I'll feel far happier by myself."

"Then, good-night, Julie. Good-night and good-bye."

She walked a few steps, thinking he would come after her; that surely he wasn't going to let the matter end without a demand for money. Queer that he hadn't mentioned money at all this time.

But no, not another word: he was letting her go.

Juliet hesitated. Space was widening between them. Should she go on, or turn back of her own accord? Was it just possible he had been sincere about this dreadful affair from the first?

Another few steps, and then she turned back casually, only to see that Hugh was walking away rapidly in the opposite direction. Now she ran after him, calling his name and caught him up breathless.

He seemed surprised; even startled. "Why, Julie, I didn't realise it was you!"

"Hugh, I forgot to ask you something," she panted. "I—I'm sorry if I seemed rude. Only you must see how queer it all looks to me. I can't help being suspicious."

"That's all right. I don't know that I blame you. You needn't apologise, my dear, I haven't behaved like a man, pestering you as I have done. It's humiliated me more than I can say. But I was in a cleft stick, Julie. A chap without money always is. I'll do my best with Eileen—if she'll consent to see me. And if nothing comes of it—well, there is always that." He made a sweeping gesture towards the river. It was the same old threat, but it did not fail to have an effect on Juliet. She didn't want any man's suicide to be laid at her door.

"Now you're trying to frighten me again!"

"I swear I am not."

"Isn't there anything you can do to convince Eileen that she's made a dreadful mistake?"

HE shrugged his shoulders. "You know what women are."

"But she can't be as cruel and wicked as all that. It would wreck my whole life, Hugh."

"She knows that even better than you do. She's out to wreck your life—merely to get even with me. I gave myself away; I let her know I was frightened, and that was fatal. Never let anybody see that they can frighten you."

And still he hadn't said anything about money. To Juliet's surprise she found herself mentioning it.

"Would there be any chance of buying her off?" she asked in a faltering voice.

"I shouldn't think so," Conody replied. "Not unless it was a stiffish sum. Even then I doubt it. I don't believe any amount would stop a woman whose whole motive is revenge."

"Could you find out? At least you might make the effort."

"I can try, but the whole thing seems hopeless to me."

"If—if Eileen consented to drop the matter—I mean, if she accepted something, could she be bound by any sort of legal document? Would it be absolutely final?"

"Oh, yes. She could give what they call an 'undertaking,' and she'd soon find herself in the soup if she violated it."

"How much, or little, do you think she would accept?"

But Conody was still not to be drawn.

"I tell you, I'm afraid she wouldn't consider such a proposition. It's only a bare chance that she might. She has some idea of going out to Canada—with her father and mother, she says. It's within the range of possibility that a lump sum would come in handy to her in that connection, but I am not in a position to say so. I simply do not know."

"You must find out," Juliet said.

CHAPTER 18

SHE walked back to the square in a far different mood from the one in which she had left home. Absorbed and miserable, the feeling came over her that she really did not much care if she lived or died. Certainly she could not live without her pride, and that looked like being dragged in the dust. There was Gavin's point of view to consider, too. A nice sort of honeymoon for him if his wife was being cited in a suit of that description.

Rosemary was lurking about when she came in, and Juliet noted with indifference that her sister appeared to have been weeping again. She had no idea how utterly worn and weary she looked herself.

Rosemary followed her into the drawing-room and began to poke up the fire with merciless energy.

"Time you were in bed, chicken, isn't it?" Juliet pretended to yawn.

"I thought you looked cold," Rosemary said. "You were out so long, Julie. I couldn't help worrying."

"I went for a walk on the Embankment," Juliet said. "Perhaps I did get a little chilled."

Rosemary looked at her pleadingly. If only Julie would confide in her. That scrap of telephone conversation she had inadvertently overheard had put Rosemary on the rack. What could have happened to make Juliet say such things to Gavin! The words still rang in Rosemary's ears, words she had not been meant to hear: "I don't want to see you ever again in this world. Please understand that once and for all."

And now as Rosemary knelt poking at the fire and Juliet was stalking about in a manner which betokened distraction, the telephone rang again.

"I'll go," Juliet said quickly. "It's probably Gavin."

She flew out leaving the door ajar behind her, thus offering a terrible temptation to her sister.

"If I shut the door I can't hear," thought Rosemary. But Juliet, herself, had left the door open. "If I put my fingers in my ears . . ." thought Rosemary. But she did not. She continued to kneel by the hearth with the poker in her hand, and she listened. It was impossible not to do so. Whatever the quarrel had been about, perhaps Juliet and Gavin would make it up, and if Rosemary knew they had made it up her conscience could rest a little easier. In some obscure way it seemed to her that she, herself, must have been the cause of their quarrel.

She gave a start, however, at the sound of Juliet's voice. It was gay, tender and really affectionate.

"Oh, Gavin, darling! I'm so glad you rang up. It's all right about our wedding. I would have rung up to tell you before, but wasn't sure were I'd find you. I didn't really understand until I had a talk with daddy after dinner. . . . What? . . . Oh, I'll tell you when I see you. I was rather hoping you'd come in this evening, after all . . . No, I haven't been doing a thing—just sitting here thinking about you, Gavin, and how happy we're going to be . . . Yes, I'm going to bed at once. Good-night, darling. I shall sleep ever so much better now that I've heard your cheery voice."

Rosemary sat back on the floor and let the poker drop. Out of the cloud of mystery one fact emerged: it wasn't Gavin who had stirred Julie to such a pitch of fury earlier in the evening. Somebody else, and instinct told Rosemary that it must have been a man. Juliet wouldn't have spoken in that way to one of her own sex.

Juliet did not return to the drawing-room; she merely called out that she was going upstairs to say good-night to mother, if mother was still awake. But now her voice was heavy again, and she took the stairs slowly as though laboring under a burden.

AT the breakfast table next morning Harry Westburn noted with alarm and also with a twinge of remorse, that his elder daughter appeared to be downright ill. Undoubtedly Juliet had lost weight during the past six weeks, and as she had been fashionably slender even before she began to fall off, the effect was not improving. There were little lines about her mouth that gave both age and falsity to her smile. Her eyes glittered too brightly, and her hands were noticeably unsteady. The resemblance between her and her aunt had become marked to a degree, and Auntie Lou was far from being a beauty.

To her father's eyes, this change had seemed to come about overnight, and could only mean one thing—that Juliet was worrying herself sick because she couldn't have the grand wedding she had planned. But it wasn't at all like her to keep her unhappiness to herself.

Harry Westburn was an indulgent father, and he often had to remind himself rather sternly that it was not in the best interests of his children to be given everything they wanted. It was a bitter blow to his pride that he himself had been caught in a financial crisis at the very worst moment it could have happened. If he had borrowed that money from anyone else but Gavin perhaps he would have made a sacrifice to give Juliet her heart's desire. It would have been just as wrong, of course, but he might have done it.

She was so decent about her disappointment, too. Just for one moment last night he thought she was going to begin all over again, but he must have misjudged her. No, Juliet was not entirely devoid of good feeling.

Her manner was quite sprightly when she told Francis and Rosemary that she was altering everything. (Mother, of course, was still breakfasting in her bedroom.) There was to be only one bridesmaid, and they would hold the reception at home. Perhaps they wouldn't even need an outside caterer—only a little extra help in the house. One can always cut one's coat according to the length of one's cloth, and, after all, a small wedding at home would probably be far less of a bother than a big one elsewhere.

Francis didn't care one way or another, and while Rosemary was relieved by her sister's amenability, she was still unhappy and mystified by Juliet's secret preoccupations.

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Daddy obviously thought poor little Julie was ill, but Rosemary saw it as something very different from a mere physical breakdown.

"I can't think why you imagine I'm going into a decline," Juliet said, nervously bright when her father questioned her. She smiled, and her face twitched, and when she set her cup in its saucer there was a tell-tale clatter.

"I wish you all wouldn't keep looking at me," she added. "It's enough to make anybody self-conscious. I'm tired, that's all; who wouldn't be at the prospect of all I've got ahead of me?"

Harry Westburn finished his breakfast somewhat abruptly and left the room. Francis finished his in a more leisurely fashion and left the house. Rosemary went up to her mother's room presently to confer about the housekeeping and Juliet made ready to go out.

The house maddened her this morning and she felt caged. She must get out—out, anywhere—and walk away from herself, and her disordered thoughts. They were killing her.

Subconsciously she knew she had made a great blunder last night in calling Hugh Conody back. What had he said? That if Eileen consented to accept a bribe it would be a "stiffish sum." Yet Juliet, herself, had been the one to suggest throwing a sop to Eileen. Hugh hadn't even hinted at it. She must have been mesmerised by her own fears.

And now the whole family were beginning to take note of her misery and would be on the look-out for new symptoms. When Daddy once started there was no saying where he would leave off. He had always been rather silly about any of them if they looked the least bit under the weather, and Mother's illness had made him worse in that respect. He'd harp on it now and keep after her until he drove her crazy.

"Must brighten up," she told herself, as she carefully reddened her lips and put a little rouge on her cheeks.

PARKER came to the door.

"Mr. Westburn wants to see you, miss," she announced.

Juliet nodded, raised her eyebrows at herself in the glass and snatched her gloves and handbag.

"I'm coming down at once," she replied.

So he hadn't left the house yet. In the ordinary way he would have departed some time ago.

When she entered the library he was sitting at his desk with his overcoat on and his hat in readiness. Apparently he had just written out the cheque he had promised, for now he handed it to her.

"I think, my dear, I can be a little more generous," he told her. "There's the five hundred, but if you can manage at home without a caterer, I'll stand that racket. I must say, my dear, that you're being rather sporting about it and I'm no end grateful."

"Daddy, you are kind. But I am quite willing ——"

"No, that's all right, Juliet. You might get too economical with the champagne if you had to pay for it yourself. I see you're just going out. Anything important?"

"There wasn't. I just wanted a breath of air. It's stuffy indoors and you seem so bothered about me, I thought I'd work up an appetite and then descend on Gavin to give me lunch somewhere. But first I'll trot off to the bank with this cheque. Daddy, you really are the kindest creature in the world, and I'll never forgive myself for being such a beast. I certainly wasn't very sporting at first."

"Don't worry about that. You didn't know. It was my fault for not telling you the facts sooner. Now I want you to come with me, Julie. I've rung up Jim Malcolm and made an appointment for him to see you at eleven o'clock. I'll drive you around there in a taxi."

"Whatever for?" Juliet asked, stricken with dismay.

"I want Jim to look you over. Because he happens to be an old friend doesn't mean he isn't a thoroughly competent medico. I have a lot of confidence in him."

Juliet cast down her eyes.

"There's nothing the matter with me at all," she muttered. Under her breath she added: "Nothing that Jim can help about."

"You don't actually object, do you?" Her father's voice was a trifle sharp. In another minute he might begin to suspect that she was hiding something, and that wouldn't do at all.

"No, I don't object, only it seems so silly."

"Jim will know whether it's silly or not. You don't want to be the skeleton at your own wedding feast, do you?"

"Very well. But I simply won't take cod liver oil, whatever Jim says. It always made me sick when I was a child, no matter how they disguised it."

"You can tell Jim that, and perhaps he'll be able to suggest a substitute," Harry Westburn said dryly.

Outwardly Juliet was meek enough, but she dreaded offering herself as a patient to Dr. Jim, and yet could think of no valid reason for her fears. Nor of any good excuse to refuse to go.

Her father gave her no chance for further objections, but bundled her into a cab at once.

"We haven't any too much time," he said.

CHAPTER 19

THIS was Juliet's first experience of calling upon James Malcolm at what might be termed his place of business, although in the days before Gavin arrived on the scene she had been fairly often at his flat in Whistler Mansions, which was only around the corner from the Westburn house.

James Malcolm, as a denizen of the medical profession's pre-empted corner of London, might be a very different sort of person from the shy but lovable Dr. Jim who had been such a jolly elder brother to them all. One might find him formidable. And those eyes of his. They were difficult enough to encounter as a friend, but professionally they might prove to be downright embarrassing.

Harry Westburn left his daughter on the doorstep and when she had rung the bell Juliet took note of the fact that in this stately edifice, which had once been a private mansion, James Malcolm's was but one amongst several imposing names on as many brass plates. How well-burnished were those brass plates!

A personage like a fatherly butler answered her ring and admitted her to a black and white marble hall. When she asked for Dr. Malcolm and gave her name, he said: "Oh, yes, miss—come this way, if you please."

There was no waiting, for Juliet was already nearly five minutes late, a fact which the personage's manner conveyed with a soupcon of reproach. Dr. Malcolm was not used to being kept waiting. It was safe to wager that Mrs. Amery never did such a thing.

"Miss Westburn, sir."

Yes, he was quite a different Dr. Jim from the one Juliet knew so well, and although she had been expecting it, she felt disconcerted. Rising from behind a neat flat-topped desk Dr. Malcolm told Miss Westburn it was rather a pleasant morning, and indicated the chair she was to take. How neat and prim and proper and altogether serious he looked.

Juliet laughed nervously. It was, in fact, a sort of hysterical giggle. She must break down his professional manner or go to pieces herself.

"Well, here I am," she said. "One of daddy's strange whims, and it saved argument to humor him. Will you be able to find out what's the matter with me? I'm blessed if I know, myself."

"There is something the matter with you," Dr. Jim said slowly. "I realised it that night after the theatre. I saw a change in you that's bothered me ever since."

"Too many cigarettes, you said."

He ignored this helpful suggestion, and took a sort of strap arrangement attached to a metal dial out of a drawer.

"I'll test your blood pressure first, if I may. That will be something for a start."

This little experiment proved to be exceedingly disagreeable, and Juliet bore it with ill grace. He also wanted a sample of blood, itself, and insisted upon pricking her finger to obtain it. Juliet writhed and then went suddenly limp and pale. Really, the ghastly things doctors thought of were enough to make anybody feel ill.

"I can't bear any more of that sort of thing!" she exclaimed. "Not the way I feel now. I tell you I can't bear anything at all. I'm—I'm tortured to death as it is. It's just nerves. As you're a specialist on those lines, I suppose you believe there are such things as nerves?"

"I'm inclined to think they exist," Dr. Jim admitted, "but lots of people make far too much of them. Have these attacks come on at odd times? Or are they what might be termed rhythmical?"

"What attacks?" Juliet was defensive. Why should he use a word like that?

"The little crises—when you feel more than ordinarily jumpy. I'm sure you have them."

"I don't think I know what you mean."

"I'll put it like this: Have you noticed that you are more distressed than usual after some specific mental strain?"

"I still don't know what you mean. I'm run down, that's all it is. What with one thing and another, everything's a strain. I get tired for nothing at all."

His eyes made her miserably uncomfortable, and yet he was regarding her with a kindness that was peculiarly tender.

"I can't help you very much unless you are frank with me," he said. "And I don't think you're being frank, Julie. Of course, I can prescribe a tonic and regimen as to diet and exercise, but if the root of the matter is a mental perplexity, I can do nothing to cure you until that is cleared away. The mind is getting a lot of serious attention from us in these days, Julie. Can you set a date when this jumpiness, or whatever you call it, began?"

Juliet pretended to consider. She knew well enough when the whole thing had started.

"About six weeks ago, I think. The day after Rosemary came home from Brussels." (Could she use Rosemary as a red herring?)

"I see. Something happened that day to upset you," Dr. Jim said. Apparently he disregarded the red herring, for he added: "Was it some bad news you had?"

"It was about some money I had to find," Julie admitted. She thought she might as well begin to enjoy this game. It was something like "Hide the Slipper."

"A debt? Money you owed?"

"N-not exactly. A sort of moral obligation. And I had one little worried moment wondering how I was going to meet it."

"But you were able to meet it?"

"Oh, yes. That wasn't anything very much to start with, only it got me into a row later with Auntie Lou. I sold a piece of jewellery she gave me, and she found out. I told her I'd lost it. I might have known she would find out. Trust Auntie Lou!"

"You said nothing about needing this money to anybody?"

"No, and you needn't mention it either."

Dr. Jim smiled. "Set your mind at rest on that score. Well, that started your nervous condition. At last we've got something to go on. Have you been brooding over it ever since?"

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Julie hesitated. "I may have," she admitted.

"Have you noticed a tendency to palpitation—or shall we continue to use the word 'jumpiness'?—when the telephone rings, for instance? That sometimes happens."

Juliet gave an involuntary demonstration of her complaint for Dr. Jim's benefit. "What makes you ask that?" she demanded. "How could you guess?"

"Because it seems to fit in with what I've heard so far. This 'moral obligation,' as you put it, still continues, doesn't it? It hasn't really been settled yet? From time to time it crops up again?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I will put it more plainly. The person for whose benefit you sold your piece of jewellery isn't satisfied with the sum you gave him—or her—and wants more. You are being blackmailed by somebody and naturally such a state of affairs has played havoc with your peace of mind. It isn't a very difficult problem, Julie, so if I were you, coming to a nerve doctor for advice, I'd either tell him all or nothing at all."

Juliet stared at him—her face and lips ashen.

Dr. Jim got up quickly and went to a cabinet, where he poured some liquid into a measuring glass and made her drink it.

"You'll feel better presently," he said. Then he looked at his watch. "I'm sorry, but I'm due at the hospital in 15 minutes. Pay attention to what I'm saying. I'm not going to dose you. And I'm not going to press you any further. Not just now, anyway. But let me give you some sound advice, Julie. No blackmailer has any power over you. It's a coward's game, and if you show fight he'll crumple up. If you tackle a bull of that description you'll find his horns are made of cardboard. Now I must send you off, but I'd like to see you again. Come on Friday morning at the same time. Meanwhile think over what I've said. You're not a coward—that I know."

CHAPTER 20

JULIET went out into the brilliant May morning trying to scoff at Dr. Jim. She told herself that he had the methods of a crystal-gazer. Easy enough for a person of that ilk to worm out one's miserable secrets. But she was pleased that he had said she was not a coward.

No tonics, no diets, and not even a conventional warning about cigarettes and cocktails. Yet, curiously enough, she felt braver for that little interview. In some way she had shared her troubles with Dr. Jim, even though she hadn't gone to the length of describing them in detail.

Strange that he had used the word "blackmailer." That was what had caused her endless perplexity where Hugh Conody was concerned.

Was Hugh a blackmailer, or himself a victim? But if the latter, then he was doubly a victim, first of this Mark Factor, and secondly of Eileen. It hardly seemed possible.

That rather brought it back to Hugh, yet, on the other hand, the whole thing might be straightforward, as he had claimed it was. If only she knew what was the main trouble. She was so in the dark about it all.

Why should Dr. Jim, after first giving her persecutor the benefit of an alternate sex, have settled in his own mind that it was a man? This sort of fortune-telling must be as easy as it was profitable, and, of course, it had the sanction of the law.

On Friday she was to see Dr. Jim again, and already she was looking forward to that next encounter. She would jeer at him a little and lead him horribly astray. Perhaps she would tell him that the real trouble was she feared she did not care as much for Gavin as she ought to care. That would perplex old Jim. A wrinkle appeared between her brows. What awful rot was this? If she wasn't careful she'd soon have to regard herself as a neurotic subject in grim earnest. Not care for Gavin, indeed! He was all she had in the world.

She went to her bank and paid in the cheque her father had given her, and then she rang up Gavin and invited him to take her out to lunch. He suggested, however, that she should ring up Rosemary, and both of them lunch with him in his rooms in the Albany.

He was able to take the afternoon off, he said, and after lunch they could motor to Bushey Park to see the chestnuts in full flower, or anywhere else that might suggest itself. They would have a real party.

Juliet agreed gladly. She felt free and happy—yes, and courageous. "That'll be splendid," she told Gavin. "Nothing would suit me better. I'd simply love a run into the country."

But when she got through on the telephone to her own home and Rosemary came to speak to her, the plan received a slight check. Rosemary did not want to fall in with it. She was busy at something or other and she didn't care to leave mother who wasn't feeling so well. She was quite sharp when Juliet insisted.

"Oh, well, it's obvious you don't want to come," Juliet said crossly. "The way you've avoided Gavin lately is pointed. He'll begin to notice it soon, if he hasn't already."

Rosemary, at her end of the telephone, was threatened with faintness.

"Very well," she replied. "If you feel like that, I'll come. What did you say? The Albany at one o'clock? I'll be there for lunch, but I don't think I'll go motoring afterwards. Oh, Julie—there's a message here for you. Parker took it down. I almost forgot."

"Yes?" Juliet's voice was crisp and alert.

"Wait a minute. Oh, here it is: 'Will Miss Juliet Westburn please ring up Fulham 6001?' That's all. It doesn't say who—just the number. Will you take it down?"

Juliet asked for the number to be repeated and scribbled it on the pad in the hotel call-box from which she was telephoning.

Fulham 6001 told her nothing, but allowed her to surmise as much as she pleased. She did not know anybody on that exchange who would be likely to ring her up and leave an anonymous message. She waited a moment, indecisive. What was it Dr. Jim had said about taking the bull by the horns? They were only made of cardboard! Grimly she fished some more pennies out of her bag and asked for the mysterious number.

WHEN the call went through it was a woman's voice which answered her, and this took Juliet a little by surprise. She had fully expected Hugh Conody to be at the other end of the wire, and did not quite know how to proceed.

"Er—is this Fulham 6001?" she asked.

"Yes, it is."

"Who is speaking?"

"Might I ask the same of you?" the voice inquired coldly.

"I'm sorry, but it is a little confusing. I received a message to ring up your number, but the person who sent it gave no name." Juliet was determined to be just as cautious as this other woman.

"I suppose you must be Miss Westburn," the voice said. "In that case you want to speak to Mr. Conody. Hold the wire, please."

Juliet held it and some of that courage Dr. Jim had commended began to desert her.

"Hello, Julie! I've been waiting and waiting——"

"Oh—it's you. What did you want?"

"I've got good news," Conody said briskly. "The best, in fact. By Jove, but we're in luck. I can hardly wait to tell you."

Her heart pounded furiously.

"Is it really all right?" she asked.

"Absolutely. But I can't very well explain over the 'phone. I'll have to see you. I can't very well talk here."

"Who was that woman who answered me?" Juliet asked.

"Woman? Oh, you mean my landlady. She answered the 'phone. Look here, Julie, meet me in half an hour at Genta's. Then I'll tell you all about it."

"That's impossible. I've got a luncheon engagement. Why should I meet you at all, if everything's all right?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to, because there are one or two small matters to be settled, and you can understand I don't want any eavesdropping. I'll be bound the old cat's got her ear to the keyhole this very moment. Surely you can break your luncheon engagement, just this once—for the last time. I'm so light-hearted I feel I'm walking on air. Just wait until you hear what I've got to tell you and you'll soar yourself! Oh, my dear, we are in luck!"

Juliet did some quick thinking. Allow under an hour at Genta's, and she could still be at Gavin's by two o'clock. Any story would serve where he and Rosemary were concerned, and she felt she would go mad if she had to wait any longer to have this uncertainty cleared away. Gavin was used to her being late for her appointments with him. She had him well trained in that respect.

Why on earth should Hugh keep up a mystery to the very end? It was too tiresome of him.

Yet he had said everything was all right . . . good news . . . they were "in luck." That could mean but one thing, so why was there still any mystery?

She could not trust herself to ring up Gavin again. It would be better to send him a telegram. She dashed it off at top speed: "Detained at dressmaker's. Don't wait lunch. With you two o'clock. So sorry, Love, Juliet." It would be received at the Albany about the same time as Rosemary and Gavin, himself, arrived.

SO great was her anxiety to get the meeting with Hugh over and done with that she took a taxi to Genta's, although it was only a few minute's walk from the hotel where she had telephoned, and so found herself at the familiar little restaurant well ahead of time. Hugh had said in half-an-hour, and, of course, it would take him as long as that to get to Soho from the Fulham district. Perhaps longer.

She waited impatiently in the tiny foyer, and declined Mr. Genta's invitation to have one of the famous "sunshine" cocktails. They were too sugary and she wondered how she could ever have been young enough to like them. She observed through the wide doorway into the restaurant that the head-waiter had tipped a chair against the table which Hugh and she always claimed for their own in the old days, and was bringing a larger and fresher vase of flowers to ornament it.

Mr. Genta saw that she noticed and beamed on her. "Mr. Conody telephoned and ordered a special lunch," he said. "Your birthday, perhaps? May I wish you many happy returns of the day?"

"No, just a little celebration," Juliet replied.

She would have to lunch here, after all, she supposed, and went in to seat herself at the festive table. She did not want to talk to the affable proprietor. If Mr. Genta knew who she was, if he had seen the illustrated papers and weeklies lately, he must wonder why she still kept up these furtive meetings with Hugh when she was soon to be married to Gavin Steed.

A little bustle attended the arrival of Hugh, and he came in jauntily, apologising since he seemed to be late, rubbing his hands in pleasurable anticipation of the sticky cocktail he was being offered, and making Juliet a cavalier's sweeping bow. It had been a long time since she had seen him look so gay.

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"Here's to us and confound crime!" he exclaimed, as he prepared to drain the glass. "Ah, that's something like! Genta can produce the goods if you give him warning. What have we here? It looks a tempting lay-out."

"The usual hors d'oeuvres, as far as I can see," Juliet said dryly. "Hugh, I can only stay a few minutes. I oughtn't to stop for lunch at all, as I really had another appointment."

"Now, that's all nonsense! Every time I see you, you say exactly the same thing It isn't very flattering, Julie. May I help you to some of these? I'm sure they're delicious."

"I'll help myself—I don't want very much. Hugh ——"

He made a significant gesture with his head, indicating the waiter, and she subsided into silence. Of course, they couldn't discuss the matter before the waiter.

So she would have to go through the ordeal of lunching with Hugh after all, and until this moment she had hoped to get out of it. Oh, it was maddening! Why couldn't he speak his little piece, whatever it was, and let her go? Every time she was with him she ran a risk, particularly since Gavin had shown such marked interest in this "old flame" of hers. Of course, there was no danger of Gavin bobbing up at Genta's—unlikely he had ever heard of the place—but the world had many pairs of eyes, and to-day the little restaurant was crowded. Some of these people—even one would be enough—might know her by sight, and pass on a tale that would get back to Gavin. It was most important that nothing should happen at this stage of her affairs to rouse Gavin's suspicions.

She caught herself glancing around nervously, and did little more than peck at her food. The one thing she wanted above all else was to get away.

"Hugh, over the telephone you said everything was all right," she began again as soon as the waiter left them. "You meant that Eileen is going to drop the matter, didn't you?"

CONODY emptied his wine glass and filled it up again before replying. A little furrow appeared between his brows and he laughed in a vexed fashion.

"In one way that's a bit of bad luck for me. She won't divorce me now. Yes, she's prepared to drop it; and for your sake I'm glad—truly am, my dear."

"Oh, Hugh, how kind of you! But, isn't there a chance that you and Eileen—you know what I mean. After all, she's your wife, and you have sort of kept together. Perhaps you'll make it up again."

He snapped his fingers. "Not an earthly! No, she's set on going out to Canada, as I told you, and, of course, now it will be easy for her. I believe it was only a question of money that was holding her back. Her people have enough for themselves, but not much more than enough."

And still Juliet was mystified.

"I don't think I understand," she said. "In what way is it going to be easy for Eileen, now? I wish you would speak more plainly. It all sounds so confusing."

Conody stared at her in a manner which suggested that as usual he found her lacking in common intelligence.

"But, my dear Julie, I told you! How many times must I repeat it?"

"You told me nothing except that I was in luck and everything was all right."

"You are—it is. Eileen has accepted your offer."

"My offer?" Juliet's lips and mouth felt suddenly dry, and she pushed her glass towards him, although she had refused any wine at first. "What on earth are you referring to?"

"Surely you haven't forgotten the proposition you made to me last night? You seem to have a short memory."

"N-no," Juliet admitted. "But from the way you spoke over the telephone——"

"Nothing seems to please you," Conody interrupted petulantly. "If you can't raise £500 to get yourself out of a stew of this sort, then I'm certain that your father, or this fellow Steed, with all his money, would be happy to oblige. Ask one of them for it."

Juliet half rose from her chair, but finding herself suddenly as limp as a rag, she subsided again.

"You must be mad!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "If I had that much money, I wouldn't give it to you—or to your wife." Just for a moment she forgot that she actually did possess the sum he had mentioned—the money that was to buy her wedding clothes.

"You could get it," Conody said stubbornly. "I've drawn up an undertaking which Eileen will sign before you at a notary's absolving you from any further indebtedness. It's within the law, my dear, so you needn't think there's anything crooked about it. A private agreement, you understand, instead of her taking the matter into the courts for 'alienation'—damages agreed upon at the sum of £500 I imagined you would think it was cheap at that price. Considering the pots of money that fellow Steed has, she might have asked for ten times as much."

What was it Dr. Jim had said? Take the bull by the horns! . . . A blackmailer is always a coward. But Juliet was something of a coward, too, despite Jim's flattery.

What was she to do? Dared she confide in her father? But he might not believe her story that she never had been anything to Hugh Conody not anything that really counted.

Would it be better to bargain with Hugh and see if he would take a smaller sum? By now Juliet had little doubt but that the scheme had been blackmail from the start, with this man Factor and perhaps Eileen both in it. Would it end after she was married to Gavin? As the wife of a very rich man, as Hugh had already as good as hinted, she would be an even more vulnerable target than she was now.

It seemed to her that she could bear no more.

"You'll have to give me a few days to think this over," she said, her voice shaking miserably. "I can't do anything at all now—I must have a little time."

"How long exactly?"

"Until—well, I'll let you know on Friday."

"You mean you'll bring the money on Friday? That's all I'm interested in."

"I'll see what I can do," she said.

Her tortured mind ran this way and that seeking some method of escape. The shame and horror of it. She almost wished she were dead.

Hugh had practically come out into the open with his demands, and there was scarcely any more pretence.

One word from him to Gavin, and the roof might well fall in.

CHAPTER 21

MEANWHILE, travelling by bus to Piccadilly, Rosemary Westburn was taking herself in hand very sternly. She would have to get "used to it" — meaning the discomfort of her love for Gavin; and the only way to get thoroughly well used to it was to behave, outwardly at least, as though it did not exist.

There were many, many people enduring constant physical pain who managed to show a smiling face to the world in spite of their suffering. She told herself that she must not let this thing which had come unbidden into her life sour or embitter her. That was the principal danger. It had been stupid to try to get out of accepting the invitation sprung on her over the telephone.

According to Juliet, Gavin would soon begin to notice an oddness in her manner towards him. That must be prevented at all costs, if it hadn't already happened. If was the only thing which really mattered.

She found her way to his address in the old bachelor stronghold, and arrived before her host or Juliet. A manservant admitted her to what were most obviously a man's rooms. It was like Gavin, who was so rich, to live unostentatiously with old, rather worn things to keep him company.

One new and feminine note had intruded, however—a charming studio portrait of Juliet. Rosemary had never seen it before, so it must be that it had been taken exclusively for Gavin. She stood before it for a moment studying her sister's flawless profile. Juliet was beautiful, but this photograph even flattered her a little.

The table was already laid for lunch, and Gavin's man offered the early guest a cocktail and cigarettes, both of which she declined. As yet Rosemary had acquired no easy young woman-of-the-world accomplishments, and in a way regretted her lack of experience. Juliet had said lately that she was only a stage removed from dolls. Juliet herself had never played with dolls. They had begun to be unfashionable in her childhood.

Rosemary thought: "I mustn't fidget; I mustn't worry about what I am going to say when Julie and Gavin come, or how I'm going to act." She sat primly, her hands folded in her lap, and did not know that sorrow looked out of her eyes and trembled at the corners of her mouth.

Gavin's step? She heard it even before he had reached the door and fitted his key in the lock. She heard him speaking to his man in the hall, and then there was a little pause, a silence.

Oh, if Juliet would only come quickly now! But Julie was always late. She might be as much as a quarter of an hour behind time. It hadn't occurred to Rosemary until this moment that she and Gavin might be alone together for some considerable time. Why hadn't she thought of that and arranged to be late herself?

Gavin came in, a telegram in his hand. He looked as constrained as Rosemary felt; in fact, it was more than constraint; one suspected vaguely that he was both annoyed and a little panic-stricken. He greeted Rosemary with scant ceremony, and gave her the telegram to read at once:—

"Detained at dressmaker's. Don't wait lunch. With you at two o'clock. So sorry. Love, Juliet."

Rosemary stared at it in blank dismay. "That's your sister all over!" he exclaimed. From the way Gavin spoke it might have been her fault.

"Oh, dear!" And now Rosemary, herself, was panic-stricken. "What shall I do? Had I better go?"

"Good lor' no!" Gavin laughed a little harshly. "We'll take her kind advice and have our lunch. And if she doesn't turn up at two o'clock—which she probably won't—we'll teach her a lesson and go off by ourselves . . . Cairns, serve lunch as soon as it's ready. Miss Westburn is detained and won't be able to get here."

The man said: "Very good, sir," and added that the meal was quite ready. Gavin drank two cocktails, and Cairns removed the extra cover which would not be needed. Rosemary wished he had left it there. Somehow then it would have seemed that Juliet, though absent in the body, was with them in spirit.

NOW she was more than ever conscious of that strange, new feeling which had sprung up between her and Gavin Steed. She thought she must be to blame, herself; she had been awkward in his presence, restrained in a manner which he would have found oddly mystifying. She tried so hard to be natural, but chatter did not come easily with her at any time, and this was an occasion which taxed her limited social capacity.

"I wonder if Julie will have had anything to eat?" she asked nervously.

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Gavin shrugged his shoulders. He, himself, was wondering if that tale of being kept at the dressmaker's was true. Juliet would have been surprised and hurt to know that he was suddenly suspicious. But was it really so sudden? Hadn't he entertained for some time an indefinite feeling of suspicion against her? And truly there were moments when he hated himself for it.

"If she hasn't lunched, Cairns will find something for her . . . . I'm sorry, but if you don't like sweetbreads——"

"Oh, I do!" Rosemary attacked the vol-a-vent she had been neglecting like an obedient nursery child.

Conversation dragged and at times fell completely dead. It seemed as though they had nothing whatever to talk about.

Gavin was restless and looked at his watch every few minutes.

"I ordered the car for two-thirty," he said. "But, of course, it can wait."

"I don't think I shall be able to go," Rosemary said.

"Why not?"

Heavens, how sharply he spoke. It was almost as though he had smacked her.

Her lips quivered and she turned her head aside so that he shouldn't see the quick tears. Poor Gavin, of course he was annoyed by Julie's inconsequent behaviour.

"I though I'd better get back to mother," she said. "She wasn't so well this morning, and one of us ought to be in the house."

"Why should it always be you?" Gavin demanded.

"Why, it isn't—not always! Daddy spends every spare minute he can——"

"I didn't mean your father. Naturally, he can't be at home all the time. Oh, I've noticed. Who could help it? You're too unselfish, Rosie. It's not good—for other people. They ought to share these responsibilities with you. I don't feel that it is right for you to shoulder them all."

He meant Juliet, of course; he was actually criticising Julie to her. Rosemary blushed hotly.

"I don't think you realise what a busy time this is for Julie," she said. "She's got about all she can do making ready for the wedding."

THEY finished lunch, and Cairns brought in the coffee. It was now after two.

It seemed strange to be here alone with Gavin. Quiet. You could scarcely believe that the heart of London was only a few yards away.

Gavin paced the floor in that same restless fashion he had done the afternoon they discussed the wedding plans in Juliet's sitting-room. Rosemary went to the window and looked out for the third or fourth time.

"I'm afraid I really must be going," she said. "I'm ever so sorry."

She got up, and then Gavin had his hand on her shoulder.

"Please don't," he pleaded. "I don't want you to go—ever. I mean—well, perhaps I don't know what I do mean."

"I must—I must!" Rosemary cried.

Something would give way if she didn't get out of here at once. Gavin so near; she felt his hand tremble as he pressed her shoulder, and with the other he lifted her chin so that unless she shut her eyes she would have to look at him. But if she let her eyelids droop he might guess the nature of the agitation that threatened her. She tried to look at him; tried to smile. Those words he had spoken—he didn't want her to go, "ever"! What could he have meant by saying a thing like that; and, by his own confession, he didn't know himself what had impelled such an expression? It must be that she was in some way to blame; that she had betrayed herself.

It was a terrible moment. If Gavin had guessed the truth he would pity and perhaps despise her a little. She felt a muscle in her neck twitching and reached up to ease it.

"Gavin, please——!"

Suddenly he released her and pressed his hands to his own face, but it was no more than a sweeping gesture. His shoulders straightened at the sound of Juliet's voice in the hall.

"It's all right, Cairns. I snatched a sandwich on the run. I don't want a thing," they heard her saying.

She burst into the room all apology and nervous enthusiasm.

"Now don't scold, either of you. It just couldn't be helped, and I'm sure you had a lovely time without me. I saw your car in Burlington Gardens, Gavin, and I'm simply dying for that breath of country air you promised us. But I'll have a liqueur brandy first, if you'll be so kind, and a cigarette. Well, chicken, what's the matter with you? You've got the longest face I ever saw. And you don't look any too bright, Gavin, darling. Don't tell me I've been missed!"

"I do think you might have managed to get here on time," Gavin said. "And why a telegram? Couldn't you have 'phoned?"

"But why not a telegram? Could I have been sure of catching you on the telephone?" She was all ready to be argumentative; all ready to fly into a temper, and Gavin was in no mood to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"I wonder if you wanted to!" he said.

Juliet's face darkened with that shrewish expression which had marred it so often of late.

They were going to quarrel again, and Rosemary seized the opportunity to duck out of it. It was bad enough when Gavin and Juliet were affectionate towards each other in her presence, but it was infinitely worse when they quarrelled.

This time Gavin made no more than a perfunctory effort to detain her; particularly since Juliet said: "I don't know that I fancy spending an afternoon with you when you're in this mood. You'd better take Rosemary. I daresay you'll control your bad temper with her. You admire her so much, don't you?"

Rosemary flew.

Her mother was not the excuse, however. She had a far better one.

CHAPTER 22

THE afternoon dragged on and no callers appeared for tea. Rosemary and her father had theirs with her mother in the latter's room.

Rosemary felt that by this time, surely, Gavin and Julie would have weathered the storm that had threatened them. What a lucky thing Julie had come in when she did!

"I would have made a fool of myself in about two seconds," Rosemary muttered furiously. Never again must she let herself be trapped into being alone with Gavin Steed.

But why this fear? Gavin didn't really know her miserable secret, no matter what he surmised. It wasn't knowledge. He must have thought her a supreme prig to-day.

Was there anything in his laying his hand on her shoulder and raising her face to look at him? Was there anything really in what he had said? A little shiver ran over her at the memory of that strange, breathless moment. And then the way he put his hands to his own face and seemed to sweep away something. After all, he must have guessed that she was in love with him. Well, it was up to her to convince him he was mistaken. She wasn't going to have Gavin Steed pitying or despising her; treading softly in her presence, as it were, because she was suffering from this erotic sickness.

AND then, quite unexpectedly, in the midst of the abysmal gloom which hung over Rosemary, the clouds parted to let in some sunshine. She was taken out of herself.

For some reason or other Francis had been able to get away early from his office that afternoon, and at half-past six he arrived home with a girl in tow, a great friend of Rosemary's boarding-school days. Her name was Nicola Evans, and she and Francis had discovered each other on the tennis courts in Temple Gardens. He announced that he had brought her home to dinner.

Nicola, Camilla. Perhaps Francis was attracted by women with pretty names. It must have been seven or eight years ago that Nicola had spent her holidays with the Westburns one Christmas when her parents were in India. At the age of sixteen, himself, Francis hadn't thought much of the lanky child who was now grown into a dimpled brunette beauty of nineteen or thereabouts. But now it would seem he had always liked and admired Nicola. The sprightly change in him was astonishing. He had shed his disillusioned, man-of-the-world airs and become just a youth again.

What had happened to Mrs. Amery? Rosemary wondered. It didn't much matter, however, if Francis really was caught in the toils of a new love.

He seemed very gay and excited, and Rosemary, herself, was so glad to see her friend that for a little while Gavin took a proper back seat in her mind.

On the heels of Francis and Nicola, came another little surprise. Dr. Jim walked in and asked if he, too, might stay to dinner. They hadn't seen him for a long time.

There was a breathless moment when Rosemary feared that Francis might be rude to Dr. Jim, but it passed safely. Then Juliet telephoned from some place in the suburbs to say she was bringing Gavin home to dinner, and Rosemary descended to the basement to break the news to Cook.

No time, now, for her to dwell on her own woes, and that was a good thing.

It was such a treat to see Francis behaving like his old self. It almost made up for every sorrow. Juliet had said it must be six months or more since he had deigned to look at anything in female form except Mrs. Amery. He had then conceived a loathing for flappers, and nothing under 40 was worth bothering about in his opinion.

But Nicola Evans was the flappiest young creature you could imagine. She even made Rosemary feel foolishly young. Soon she had them all, including Dr. Jim and Harry Westburn learning to tap dance—or at least taking a lesson in it. Francis proved the most apt of her pupils.

Nobody was going to dress for dinner, because Dr. Jim hadn't changed, and Nicola was in her tennis kit. What fun it all was to be young and giddy and inconsequent!

INTO the midst of this riot came Juliet and Gavin, and suddenly everybody felt foolishly self-conscious.

It was all too obvious to Rosemary's anxious eye that those two had prolonged their quarrel out of all conscience. Their entry proved to be a decided damper on frivolity, and one realised suddenly that the world was a serious and sometimes bitter place where almost everybody could be unhappy.

Juliet drew off her gloves with jerky movements and smiled acidly at Francis who read her mind. She was sneering at him for his apparent change of heart, and he could have slain her with pleasure. She glowered at Dr. Jim, because she be-

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lieved he had thrust himself in here to pry out a few more of her secrets; and perhaps divulge them to her father; and for some unknown reason she experienced a stab of envy at the sight of Rosemary's happy, flushed countenance.

"For heavens sake, don't stop this interesting performance just because we've turned up!" she exclaimed irritably.

Nevertheless the dancing-lesson came to an abrupt end.

Rosemary took Nicola to her room for a wash and brush-up, and Francis disappeared to his for the same purpose. Harry Westburn invited Dr. Jim to his study. It was as though they all slipped away by common consent.

"We seem to have scattered them," Juliet said coldly. "Perhaps they don't realise that we've had about enough of each other's society for one day."

She glanced anxiously towards the door. Would Jim ignore all the laws of professional etiquette? Perhaps she ought to mention casually to Gavin that daddy had taken her to Wimpole Street this morning for a consultation. But Gavin and she seemed to have reached a point where whatever they said to each other either met with misinterpretation or provoked an unsympathetic response.

"They are all such children—even daddy!" Juliet told herself, after dinner was over and the gramophone was started again.

SHE felt so old and out of it, with her burden of care.

Then Jim Malcolm beckoned to her and she rose wearily to follow him into the library. She had been expecting he would want to have a talk with her, and the prospect was anything but pleasing.

"Well?" he demanded, with an anxious smile. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Well—what?" she said sullenly. "I'd like to know first, what you've been saying to daddy."

"I told him what I hope is true," Dr. Jim replied. "That inside of a week I'll have you well straightened out."

Juliet laughed derisively. "You have a great opinion of yourself, haven't you, Jim? Oh, you're a wonder man, you are! I suppose to you it's all as easy as falling off a log."

"Please don't say anything like that—it hurts."

"Hurts! Really, Jim, you are absurd, but I never knew how much so until this moment."

"I know I am, but you see I love you so much, Julie."

"You—what are you saying?"

"But you must have known it for a long time. It hurts me to see you unhappy, my dear, but it can't harm you at all to know how much I care for you. It ought to help you."

"You're in love with that Mrs. Amery. At least you as good as told me you intended to marry her," Juliet protested.

"Come, come, I said nothing of the sort, and I'm not talking about love in connection with marriage. Mrs. Amery is a charming, good-natured creature, but we didn't want her to get a stranglehold on Francis, did we?"

"Oh, I see. You cut him out to show him how easy it was. You certainly do think you're clever. I didn't make any mistake about that."

Jim continued to smile at her, but there was something in his straightforward gaze that made her feel a little ashamed of herself.

"And now you are going to try to cut out Gavin?" Juliet asked defiantly.

"You mustn't take my declaration of passion too seriously. I do love you, Julie, in spite of the fact that I understand you all too well. Your unfortunate young man only loves an ideal he imagined was you. I'm afraid you're wrecking it."

"Oh," she gasped softly. "How dare you?"

"But I didn't drag you in here to 'press my own suit'—as they call it. I haven't got that kind of a suit, and I'm not trying to cut anybody out. Let us say, I'm so fond of you I'd break my neck to ensure you a humanly possible happiness. That's the sober truth. So long as you don't expect too much, you may achieve it . . . Julie, I want to ask you something, out of office hours. Has anything happened today to add to your troubles? You know what I mean."

SOMEHOW it seemed impossible not to be truthful with Dr. Jim.

"Yes," Juliet answered briefly. "Something terrible has happened. It's the absolute limit—the finish for me."

"I was afraid so, but don't let's be too down-hearted. Don't you think you'd better tell me?"

"Oh, Jim—I can't! You'd despise me so."

"How could I? Don't you know, or somehow guess, that everyone in this world—well, most people, anyway—have something in their lives they feel would appear thoroughly discreditable were it known? It may be something big, or something quite trivial, but the effect on one's own mind is exactly the same. When the burden gets too heavy, there's danger. You're in great danger at this moment, Julie, and I want to help you. Think of me as an old friend who only wants to do his best for you. There isn't anything I can't understand and I'm absolutely shock-proof."

Juliet straightened her shoulders and threw her head back with a defiant gesture.

"I can guarantee to shock you" she said in a hard voice. "What if I were to tell you there was once a man in my life—a married man—whom I loved desperately and planned to elope with. Doesn't that make you wince?"

"Once, you say? You're not in love with him, now?"

"I hate him, now." She gritted her teeth. "I'd like to—to poison him. If you really love me, Jim, give me a nice little dose of arsenic to put in his tea."

"So long as you don't care for him—it really isn't necessary to carry your feelings to such extremes—I don't see anything much to worry about. We've all been in love with the wrong person at some time or other."

"He's blackmailing me. He's making my life an absolute hell."

"That is obvious, of course. But in my opinion you're taking it far too seriously."

"You evidently have never been blackmailed," Juliet said with a mournful sort of pride.

"Every doctor takes care to protect himself against the possibility. Certain professions lend themselves to it. I think I would know what to do if anyone attacked me."

THE door opened and Gavin looked in. Juliet turned with a start, and a flush crept up her neck and did not stop until it had stained her cheeks a burning scarlet.

"Oh . . . Jim and I were having a little talk. Come in, Gavin."

Gavin was just a trifle haughty. There was nothing guilty in James Malcom's expression, but Juliet's led him to believe she had been discussing his shortcomings with her old friend. And Gavin, curiously enough, was acutely aware of his shortcomings at this moment. He had begun to realise that he was capable of failing Juliet, even as he suspected her of disloyalty to him.

"I'm sorry. Don't let me interrupt. I only wanted to say good night."

"So early?" Juliet asked lightly.

She went out into the hall with him while he put on his hat and coat.

"I think it must be my fault we had such a rotten afternoon," she said timidly. "Try to forgive me, Gavin."

"It was my fault as much as yours," he muttered, with as good a grace as he could achieve. On both sides it was a lame sort of apology, and they were mutually conscious of its insincere qualities.

From the drawing-room the sound of Rosemary's voice rang out in an excited laugh, and Gavin started quickly for the front door.

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

Juliet followed him into the vestibule and he rectified his forgetfulness, but it was a hurried, preoccupied kiss he gave her.

Dr. Jim was in the hall when she returned, and somewhat to her disappointment he, too, said he must be going.

"Look here, will you come to see me to-morrow morning instead of Friday?" he asked. "There's one appointment I can put off and another I'll alter. I simply can't leave you in the state you're in until Friday. I should feel as happy as a cat on hot bricks. I've got to help you tackle this gruesome business—whatever it is. With your permission, of course. But I think you'll let me."

"Oh, Jim—yes, I'd be so grateful!"

"Then promise me you'll put it out of your mind to-night, and get a decent rest?"

"I'll try," she said dubiously.

"Think of it in this way; that it's a heavy load you've been carrying, but now you've handed it over to me."

He offered her his hand in farewell, and impulsively Juliet grasped it in both of hers, bent her head, and kissed it.

"Don't do that, you idiot!"

He snatched his hand away as though her lips had scorched it, jammed his hat on furiously and strode forth into the night.

CHAPTER 23

AGAIN Juliet sat in James Malcolm's consulting-room, but this time he was not quite so professional in his manner. Last night he had broken through a barrier where Juliet was concerned, and she was not only ready but desperately anxious to unburden her unhappy soul to him.

There was so much that he wanted to tell her apart from offering level-headed advice, yet he was afraid to tell her these important things lest she draw a wrong inference from them. She might so easily think he was self-seeking, besides being a meddlesome busybody. As an onlooker, but a friend as well, Dr. Jim had seen perhaps more than he was meant to see. Considerably more than anybody—even those most vitally concerned—had seen. Yet how could he tell Juliet that her lover no longer cared for her? How could he tell her that by all the signs Gavin was struggling loyally to keep up a pretence of something which he could not feel? Further than that fact, James Malcolm scarcely dared to go. If the marriage came off it would wreck several lives, and one of those wrecked lives would be Juliet's.

If only he could help her—his poor little Juliet, the stormy petrel of the Westburn family. And it seemed that he could not help where Gavin was concerned, because he, himself, loved her too much. He understood Juliet, but did not want to give her a chance to misunderstand him.

"Now you're going to tell me all about this affair," he said, trying to preserve a manner of fatherly severity. "And don't garble it, Julie. Stick to the truth if you can. The whole truth and nothing but the truth, otherwise you will only delay matters and make it more difficult for us both."

He had a pencil in his hand and made little stabs at his clean blotting-pad. It was the only sign of uneasiness he betrayed.

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So she told him the whole sorry story of five years ago and did not spare herself. Indeed, she held the Juliet Westburn of The Three Feathers in such utter contempt that it was almost a pleasure to blackguard her.

"I knew he was married," she said, referring to Conody, "and it didn't seem to make the least bit of difference to me. I knew what I intended to do would break everybody's heart, and that I'd probably be an outcast for the rest of my life. I didn't care. It was only when that solicitor came down, and said Hugh's little boy was dreadfully ill, that I discovered a spark of decency in myself. It opened my eyes, too, in a way. Hugh loved this little boy. That was one good thing about him. We didn't think of ourselves, then—we thought only of Sonny. And it was all for nothing, because Sonny died."

"YET you didn't go back to Conody afterwards," Jim said, more as a statement than a question.

"Oh, no. I never even saw him again until recently, after he wrote and asked me to meet him at Genta's, as I told you."

"And why didn't you see him again—after the boy died? Did you stop caring for him at once?"

Juliet hung her head. "Not at once. It was a struggle for a while. But you see, I felt there was a warning in Sonny's death and that it was meant for me as well as for Hugh. I was young and impressionable, and somehow it seemed as though Hugh and I must be to blame. But after a while I discovered I didn't love him a bit and was glad he did as I asked and kept away from me. It was a little humiliating to make that discovery. I lost confidence in myself and it didn't seem to me that I could ever care for anybody—any man—for scarcely longer than it took me to get acquainted with him. Even when Gavin came along I wasn't sure at first."

"But you are sure about Gavin now?"

"Oh, I expect so. As sure as I can be about anybody."

Jim ceased torturing his blotting-pad and reached for the telephone book.

"What are you going to do?" Juliet asked.

"Look up the address of this fellow, Mark Factor. Here we are—222, Strand, The Outer Temple. And what was that telephone number where you called up Conody?"

Juliet gave it to him.

"You don't know the address, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't any idea. He spoke of his landlady, so it may be a boarding-house."

"Well, that will be easy to find when we want it. Now, Julie, first you and I are going to pay this Mr. Factor a surprise visit. I've managed to clear most of the day to devote to you, but even so we needn't waste time."

"Jim, I want to ask you something."

"Fire ahead, my dear."

"Do you think I ought to tell Gavin?"

He hesitated. It was a little awkward, this business of being Juliet's father confessor. Not a role Dr. Jim would have chosen for himself when it came to Gavin Steed.

"Because I'm afraid to," Juliet added almost under her breath. "Gavin would despise me so . . . Oh, Jim, he isn't like you! Or do you despise me?"

"Poor little Julie! What a world this would be if we were damned eternally for our follies. I think you are being unfair to Gavin. If he cares for you he'll forgive you pretty well anything."

"That's the point! Does he care? Enough, I mean."

"You ought to know."

"Then you think I should tell him?"

"It would be less risky if he knew. Then there wouldn't be a thing for you to worry about. But come on. You can decide that point later."

Juliet's courage was deserting her again by the time they had reached the building where Mark Factor had his offices. It was only that fact that she knew Jim would hold her by main force that prevented her from fleeing the place.

Mr. Factor was evidently a man of some consequence in legal circles, for his suite occupied an expensive amount of space.

"No, we have no appointment," James Malcolm said in reply to a half-grown boy's question. "However, just a moment." He took a card from his letter-case and scribbled a few words on it. "Give that to Mr. Factor. Perhaps he will be able to spare a little time for us."

The youth disappeared, but came back after a short interval with the information that Mr. Factor would give them an interview as soon as possible, if they would kindly wait.

"What did you write on your card?" Juliet whispered.

Jim smiled in a wry fashion. "Not very much," he said. "Just—'a case of blackmail. Urgent.'"

"But, Jim, that gives the show away!"

"I meant it to. We're going to lay our cards straight on the table. It saves such a lot of time, my dear."

CHAPTER 24

JULIET had no recollection of Mark Factor, that is to say of his personal appearance. She had only seen him for a brief moment when he descended upon her and Conody at The Three Feathers, and at that time she was much too agitated to pay much attention to how he looked.

He rose from behind his desk, sweeping her with a questioning glance in which there was no trace of recognition, either. He was a very tall man of the lumbering, awkward type; baldish, with what might be described as an old-fashioned moustache.

"This is Miss Juliet Westburn," said Dr. Jim.

"How do you do," said Mr. Factor. "And you are Dr. Malcolm? Please be seated . . . Blackmail, you say. I am a little pressed for time this morning, but if you will state the facts as briefly as possible it will be a help, and then I can give you a definite appointment later in the week."

"It concerns a client of yours," said Dr. Jim. "A man by the name of Hugh Conody."

"Conody—Conody?" he repeated. "I don't think I know him."

Mr. Factor looked like a perplexed walrus.

"Mrs. Conody, then," Jim prompted. "She is about to apply for a divorce, citing Miss Westburn in the case."

"I know nothing about it," said Mr. Factor. "Neither of the people you mention is a client of mine. Conody? Wait a minute. Now I come to think of it there was a man of that name some years ago came to me about taking charge of his affairs while he was abroad. I don't believe he went away, though. Yes, I remember, now. There were certain things—certain peculiar things about that case which I surmised, although they were never actually presented to me."

At this point Mr. Factor broke off and looked again at Juliet.

"But Conody has come to see you lately," Jim persisted. "You have accepted payments from him to suppress facts you knew concerning these divorce proceedings."

In effect, Mr. Factor rose up and hit the ceiling. Juliet was as much fascinated as terrified by the spectacle. She had never in her life witnessed such an exhibition of righteous indignation. From a mild-mannered, elderly gentleman, Mr. Mark Factor had turned into a howling dervish.

"All right—all right," said Jim, trying to soothe him down. "I believe you—You see, Julie, what a lot of worry you would have saved yourself if you had come straight here in the first instance. That's what I meant when I said take the bull by the horns. Oh, you poor, foolish child!"

It was obvious, indeed, that the eminently respectable solicitor had played no part in Conody's little game. Yet he insisted upon giving them chapter and verse, called in his head and junior clerks, and unfortunately it became plain that he did not intend to let the matter rest in the obscurity James Malcolm and Juliet desired for it.

He demanded Conody's address, and Jim—with a warning glance at Juliet—said they did not have it.

"But he is sure to communicate with Miss Westburn again. We will lay a trap for him. Blackmail, indeed! I'll get that fellow laid up where he'll have plenty of time to think better of it. You'll have nothing to worry about, Miss Westburn. I'll have to call you as a witness, of course, but you'll be known officially as Miss X."

"My people would have to know the truth," Juliet faltered. "And I haven't told them a thing. Oh, I simply couldn't face it!"

That did not impress Mr. Factor in the very least. He didn't care about Juliet's "people"; he was only out to vindicate his own good name, to which he considered quite a lot of damage had been done.

Of course he was quite right, in Dr. Jim's opinion. Conody deserved all that Mark Factor intended to see he got. If only Juliet could be persuaded to stand up to it. A man like Conody was a poisonous menace to society, and there was only one place for him, which was prison.

"Julie——?" Jim said in a coaxing voice. He wanted her permission to give Factor that telephone number.

But Juliet was being overcome rapidly with the thought of the position they were trying to force on her. With her it seemed a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Mr. Factor seemed to think she was willing to do what he wanted. He rubbed his hands together. "We'll lay a trap for him," he kept repeating. "Come to see me to-morrow, Dr. Malcolm. Meanwhile, if Conody gets in touch with you, Miss Westburn, you make a rendezvous with him. Pretend you have the money he has demanded. As a matter of fact, you must have a cheque for the sum he asked for, and you must give it to him. We'll catch him red-handed. That's the legal way to do it. We'll have detectives ready to pounce on him the moment he has your cheque in his possession."

A SHUDDER swept over Juliet. She scarcely heard what Mr. Factor was saying, although she nodded as though in agreement when he suggested that Genta's should be the scene of her rendezvous with Hugh. Genta's of all places, to stage such a scene!

Jim took her to lunch at a restaurant in the Strand, and she tried to eat what was set before her.

They said very little, but Juliet's mind ran riot in the most illogical fashion. She had once cared enough for Hugh to plan to elope with him. Yes, he had treated her abominably and used the name of Mr. Factor in the most outrageous way to further his schemes. Auntie Lou was right when she called him a "handsome scoundrel," even without apparent warrant. But what good would it do to punish him? (Mr. Factor would probably have an answer to that question.) How could they expect her, Juliet, to betray Hugh? That word "trap" had a sinster sound. A rat in a trap—that was what Hugh Conody would be, and the idea was not a pretty one.

"I can't do it," she said speaking one of her thoughts aloud.

Jim understood her.

"Then you must let me give Factor the telephone number," he replied, "and he can do what he likes about it."

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"Very well," she agreed reluctantly. "But take me home, now, Jim."

In the taxi she said: "My life is over. This is really the end. It's just as bad as it ever was."

Jim slipped his arm around her, and she laid her head on his shoulder and wept.

"You might be surprised to discover that your life is just beginning," he told her gravely.

She tried to laugh, but it ended in a sob.

"Where's that powder-puff of yours? Come, my dear, you've shed all the tears that are good for you."

He left her at the door of her home.

"I'll look in this evening," he said. "That is—if you think I'll be of any use to you."

"Oh, please do," Juliet replied.

She didn't want him to leave her, even now. Jim expected her to tell Gavin, and she supposed she would have to, but she thought she would let him break the horrid news to daddy himself. What a lot of trouble she was going to give them all.

She entered the hall, finding the house quite as it usually was at this hour of the afternoon. Mother would be lying down, and probably Rosemary was out. That was a relief, anyway. One would not be obliged to make light and cheerful conversations with anybody.

Listlessly, she glanced over some letters on the hall table and took possession of two that were for herself. Then, from force of habit, she looked at the pad on the telephone stand.

There it was, in Parker's carefully-formed handwriting, staring back at her like a challenge: "Will Miss Juliet Westburn please ring up Fulham 6001 before three-thirty?"

Her breath came quickly. Dare she?

Even now—or at least as soon as he got back to his office—Dr. Jim would be giving Mr. Factor this same telephone number, and probably the address, which he could obtain easily, through Exchange. Jim had been adamant about that.

Juliet's lips set and she approached the telephone with the gingerly feeling that it was an animate thing which could deal her a mortal wound.

Why should she feel any pity for Hugh Conody? But she didn't, really. Couldn't one at least be honest with oneself? She simply could not face what Mr. Factor was determined to put her through; and no matter what Jim said, she couldn't tell Gavin, or daddy, or anybody else. Telling Jim didn't seem to matter, but Gavin would despise her. He was too young to make allowances, and daddy had so many worries already that it would be sheer cruelty to burden him with this horrible affair.

"Fulham, 6001, please."

SHE waited: it seemed an interminable time before Hugh's voice came to her over the wire. Falsely gay, she noted with bitterness he hadn't the least suspicion of the rod that was in pickle for him.

"Hello—hello! Oh, is that you, Julie? How are you? I only wanted to remind you about Friday. Shall we meet for lunch again at Genta's?"

This was exactly what Mr. Factor had suggested, and it would seem that Hugh was setting his own trap.

"Hello—can't you hear me? Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes, I hear you perfectly," Juliet replied, "and everything's most beautifully right, Hugh."

"Well?" (in another second he would become impatient) "You're not going to welsh on me, are you? Because if you do——"

"You may call it that if you like," Juliet retorted. The little sneer that had crept into his voice fired her temper. Threaten her, would he!

"Don't try to tell me you can't get the money."

"Oh, the money!"

What a trifle that was, her contemptuous tone implied.

"I'VE got plenty of money. Daddy gave me a whopping cheque for my trousseau. It isn't the money that's bothering me except that I'd really like to keep it for myself, for a change. It doesn't seem to occur to you that I might have some use for it."

"Perhaps you'll be kind enough to tell me what is bothering you then?" he demanded, ignoring her sarcasm.

Juliet smiled with the determined zeal of a martyr on the rack. Let him have it, now, and see how he liked it.

"I'm going to be kind to you," she said between set teeth. "Not because you deserve it, but because the punishment you'd receive otherwise would react on me. For that reason only I'm going to give you a chance to save your miserable skin. I'll drop you a hint: I've been to see your friend Mr. Factor to-day, and he's very anxious to see you. I hesitated at first about giving him your telephone number, but thought better of it later, and by this time he has it. Judging from the mood I left him in, he won't handle you with kid gloves. I'm to be 'Miss X' in the case, and I understand that in these days they give really heavy sentences to blackmailers . . ." There was a tell-tale click at the other end, and Juliet said: "Hello—hello, are you still there?"

No answer.

She hung up the receiver and gave a wild look around, conscious for the first time that she had spoken rather loudly to cover her nervousness.

Nobody was anywhere about, but just to make sure, Juliet investigated. She went down to the servants' quarters and found them all three, Cook, Parker and the housemaid, at the long table wrinkling their brows over crossword puzzles.

Parker jumped to her feet.

"Oh, miss, I'm sorry. I didn't hear the bell."

"It's all right. I just wanted to know if Miss Rosemary is in," said Juliet.

"I think so," Parker replied. "They got back about half an hour ago—Mr. Steed came in with madam and Miss Rosemary."

Juliet remembered now that Gavin had said he would send his car to take mother for a drive. Apparently he had come, himself, and Rosemary had gone with them.

"Perhaps Mr. Steed and Miss Rosemary are in the little garden house," Parker suggested. "Would you like me to find out?"

"No, I'll have a look myself," Juliet replied. This was a narrow squeak. Suppose Gavin had been in the library or drawing-room while she was talking to Hugh? He might have heard every word of her conversation.

Afterwards Julie wondered why instead of walking on the crazy pavement path which would have given ample warning of her approach, she had chosen the grass.

The door of Wendy House was half open, so very likely Gavin and Rosemary were there, as Parker had surmised. Should she leave them where they were for a little self-construction? Was she really in a mood for Gavin at this moment? A word from him might so easily strike a jarring note; even if it were no more than a simple inquiry as to what she had been doing this morning.

And then, as Juliet hesitated, not quite decided whether to go forward or back, she heard Rosemary say: "We've just got to forget this ever happened. I'll go down to stay with Auntie Lou until after you and Julie are married. I'll think of some excuse—I don't know what, but something. I won't have her hurt, Gavin. I'd rather die than hurt Julie."

Julie stood frozen with astonishment. What on earth was Rosemary talking about? It sounded too utterably weird.

"Can't you understand?" that was Gavin speaking now, and his voice was vibrant with something that Juliet had never heard in it—"You and I cannot possibly forget what has happened. It will remain with us all our lives. Oh, I know everything you would say! But the fact remains that I love you, and you love me. If I married Julie, it would be nothing but a monstrous injustice to all three of us. In the old days, I suppose, they'd call it heroism, but thank heaven this generation is more enlightened. You don't seem to realise my darling, that Julie herself would deeply resent a sacrifice of that sort. She'd regard it as an insult."

Julie waited to hear no more. She was of this generation, and she had been enlightened. She ran back over the grass and upstairs as fast as she could to seek the haven of solitude.

CHAPTER 25

AND what, exactly, had happened between Gavin and Rosemary?

They spoke of it as a definite something, and yet it had been no more than a mere flash of knowledge revealing them to each other. At one moment they had been talking about mother, how much she had enjoyed her little outing; how it was quite certain that she would be really restored to health and strength in time for the wedding.

Then came the flash like lightning showing up everything in a dark world. Their eyes met and they knew.

Surprising that Rosemary, who had wept so much in secret, was now the embodiment of dry-eyed reason. Was it enough for her to know that Gavin Steed loved her although he was going to marry her sister? Was it enough for any girl, no matter how high-minded and loyal a nature she possessed? But stubbornness sometimes goes with a nature like that.

She told herself that she was to blame for this mutual confession of theirs. Gavin had asked her to show him Wendy House, which he had never really had a chance to inspect before, and she had raised no objection. But she felt that he was remembering that time he and Juliet had found her there enjoying the luxury of tears, and Rosemary, herself, could think of nothing else. It rendered her helplessly self-conscious. He did not try to kiss her; he only laid his hands on her shoulders and compelled her to look into his eyes. But that was more than enough. He could read her through and through, and the secret was her very own no longer.

Gavin loved her. Now she realised why he had behaved so oddly yesterday, and at other times. He loved her as much as she loved him, and a great deal more recklessly.

Still he had cared for Juliet first, and Rosemary was all heroic self-sacrifice in the mood of that generation to which she did not belong. She would not steal her sister's lover, and Gavin could not convince her that it was anything but stealing. She even painted a charming picture in the best Victorian manner of herself as a gentle, somewhat faded maiden aunt adored of Gavin's and Juliet's children. Not, however, a replica of Auntie Lou. That would be going a little bit too far.

Gavin laughed gently and a little sadly.

"I shall have to grow side-whiskers to live up to you," he said. "The picture wouldn't be complete without them."

"Gavin, if you jilt Julie—if you do anything so cruel—you needn't think I'd marry you." He was making her fierce by the easy way he appeared to take this catastrophe.

"'Jilt' is a silly word. Quite obsolete, I should think. It went out of use before you were born."

Yet, curiously enough, it was precisely because she could use a word like that and paint a picture of herself fading into

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resigned spinsterhood, that Gavin loved Rosemary. At least it was one of the reasons. She was like something that had been laid-by in lavender and was now being offered to him for a tender keepsake. She was absurdly behind her times, yet deliciously fresh and lovely.

"And if you think I'm going to lose you," he said, giving her a little shake, "you've made the mistake of your young life. I wonder if Julie has come home yet?"

Rosemary turned deathly white.

"You're not to tell her. I—I'll do something desperate if you ever breathe a word of it. I mean that. You have no right to discuss my feelings with anybody without my permission."

She had pulled him up a little.

"Very well. We'll see."

"But I want you to promise, Gavin. Even you cannot do as you please with my life. It is my own. I would never marry you if you told Julie."

It went for some time. Gavin didn't care to promise anything, but he was intimidated by her threat. If he "jilted" Juliet, Rosemary would never marry him, never see him again. He could be sure of that, she told him; and although Gavin wanted very much to doubt her determination, he was afraid to put it to the test. For all her seeming softness, Rosemary Westburn had a stubborn chin, and now she was living up to it.

It was Juliet who finally ended this stormy interlude.

She called to them first from the garden steps, and then loitered on the flagged path and called again, her voice resolute and gay.

"Gavin—Rosemary—where are you? Oh, there you are! I've looked everywhere. Tea's just coming up. Will you have yours with mother, Rosie? Daddy's not home yet."

JULIET appeared to be blind to the look of awful warning Rosemary cast upon Gavin as she left them alone together.

"Come in, darling," she said. "Just you and I, Gavin. I hope nobody calls. Shall I tell Parker to bring tea up to my sitting-room and say we're not at home to anybody?"

"I'm afraid I can't stay very long," Gavin discovered that he was considerably more upset than he had led Rosemary to believe. He looked at his watch and tried to think of some reasonable excuse to leave at once. He was much too shaken to face a tete-a-tete with Juliet at this moment, particularly since she was in such a friendly mood. The prospect of a quarrel would have made it easier.

Because he loved Rosemary, he was under no necessity to dislike Juliet, and he realised with a pang that he really was fond of her, and she and her sister had changed places in his affections.

She was looking at him so wistfully now; almost a hurt, bewildered look. Had she been crying? Her eyes were rather strained.

"Never mind. We'll have tea in the drawing-room, then. You'll stop long enough for a cup, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, of course." He cleared his throat and followed her with the self-consciousness of an awkward schoolboy. Wouldn't it be dreadful if telepathy were an everyday accomplishment! Yet, in a way, it would simplify matters if Juliet could read his thoughts.

Parker brought in the tray and left them.

"Been trying on frocks?" Gavin heard himself asking. (Heavens, he was getting as Victorian as young Rosie!) Julie gave him a wry smile.

"No. As a matter of fact, I've scarcely ordered a thing yet. I've spent most of the day so far with Jim Malcolm. We had lunch at Stimpsons, and Jim drove me back. He's coming in again after dinner. It's extraordinary what a soothing effect Jim has on me. I've been seeing quite a lot of him lately and learning all sorts of things about myself. It takes a man like Jim to make one understand one's silly self."

GAVIN looked inquiring, but he was very far from guessing what Juliet might be driving at.

She passed him a cup of tea and gave him that wry smile again.

"You know, Gavin, I feel about the meanest pig in this world. After all you've done for daddy, too! Really, it seems as if I'm duty bound to go through with it willy-nilly because of that alone."

"Go through with what—because of what?"

"Marry you, darling, because you've lent all that money to daddy."

"Rot! . . . But what do you mean? What are you trying to tell me?"

Was he really indignant, or was it just surprise that made him appear so?

Juliet tried again.

"Don't you think, Gavin, from the cat-and-dog way we've been behaving lately—hasn't it occurred to you—that we aren't as much in love with each other as we thought?"

He set down his cup and saucer.

"Yes, it has occurred to me," he replied.

"It isn't too late to reconsider," Juliet said. She slipped the ring from her finger. "Will you take this back, Gavin, and try to forgive me? I think as a friend I could love you very dearly, but you see . . . perhaps I'd better tell you the truth. I'm fond of Jim. I only found it out a little while ago. That accounts for my bad tempers and all the rest of it."

"I see," Gavin said.

He dropped the ring into his waistcoat pocket.

"Are you hurt—angry? Shall I try to explain?"

"No, Julie. No—it's all right. I—er—I'm glad you told me. It's what I would do myself were I in your place——if circumstances allowed."

She was biting her lips now and rolling her handkerchief into a ball.

If only he would say something, kind; tell her a lie to bolster up her pride; anything but this quiet acceptance. But wouldn't the lie have hurt more, considering what she knew?

"I'd . . . better be going. And about your father, Julie—please don't think of that again. I would have done it anyway. What I mean is, I would have done as much for any friend."

"I believe you would," Juliet said. "You're a thoroughly good sort, Gavin, and you'll probably never know how fond I am of you—in one way."

She offered him her hand, and then suddenly he put his arms around her, gave her a quick hug, and kissed her on the cheek.

"I hope you'll be happy, my dear," he said.

ROSEMARY'S name had not been mentioned. Juliet could not have trusted herself to introduce it, however casually, lest Gavin should suspect the truth. She did not want them to guess even remotely that she knew their secret. That would have spoiled everything, and stood in the way of Rosie's happiness.

Gavin and Rosemary—how strange it seemed. Would she ever get used to the idea? This pain in her heart. Would time ease it? And there was Jim whose name she had taken in vain, whom she meant to use shamelessly to give an atmosphere of truth to the jilting of Gavin. That pride of hers; she would have to humble it to the dust before Jim. Nothing was going to be easy.

And then she thought: "The only thing I can do is to go away and leave them to talk me over by themselves."

When should she go?—to-morrow? And where? To Auntie Lou, perhaps. For in spite of their recent differences, Juliet was fond of her aunt and knew she could count upon her for just the sort of sympathy she wanted. That is to say, it would scarcely be sympathy at all. Auntie Lou would probably pour sarcasm all over her.

But it would really be better to go at once and leave a little note behind for daddy, explaining that she had broken with Gavin and couldn't bear to face the family for a few days. They could take that meagre explanation as they pleased.

It didn't tell very much, but it was at least the plain, unvarnished truth. An hour later found her on the train to Stoke Poges, a telegram to Miss Westburn despatched and a small suitcase in the rack over her head. She hadn't mentioned Jim's name in the note to her father; perhaps it wouldn't be necessary after all to drag him into it.

Getting out of the house had been easy enough. Not even Parker had seen her go. But Rosemary had been the only one Juliet wanted particularly to avoid. By the time she and Rosemary met again, she expected to have herself well in hand.

In the train she tried to force her mind to consideration of other things, but found it difficult. It was all over; she was not going to marry Gavin Steed; she was not going around the world on her honeymoon and return to take up a position in society as the wife of a rich young man. Yes, she had thought quite a lot of that position. There were other gifts she must return to Gavin, if he would take them back. Auntie Lou's "embezzled" cheque worried her, too; and, of course, the cheque daddy had given her must ultimately find its way to Rosemary. Such a lot of little things to do before she could consider that her life was really on a straightforward basis. Anyway, she was now facing the future as a free woman—free at last from the eternal pricks of conscience.

Thank heaven she had nothing more to fear from Hugh Conody. How trivial that horrid experience seemed now!

The journey ended, finally, and even the long drive out to Miss Westburn's little house, where Juliet found her aunt on the doorstep anxiously awaiting her arrival. Not only had Auntie Lou received the telegram, but poor daddy—having found and read Juliet's pathetic little note—had rung up his sister and informed her what had happened.

"Was he angry?" Juliet asked.

"He was considerably upset," Miss Westburn said severely. "But, of course, we all know how unreliable you are, Juliet. I feel sorry for that young man of yours. He deserved a kinder fate."

Auntie Lou was beginning as no doubt she meant to go on.

"Yes, it's hard on Gavin," Juliet agreed, "but it would have been more unkind if I'd married him."

"I suppose you've got somebody else in mind," her aunt said suspiciously. "It isn't that fellow Conody again, is it? Because I'm not going to have that sort of nonsense all over again!"

Juliet shook her head. "No, it certainly isn't Hugh Conody. You were right about him, Auntie Lou. He is married—and a bit of a scoundrel, too."

How meek Juliet was; it seemed uncanny.

CHAPTER 26

MISS Westburn wanted to hear everything—so much more than Juliet was prepared to tell her, but she was unexpectedly gracious about that cheque. She didn't want it back.

They had supper in the low-ceilinged dining-room, with its bulging bay window filled with weird tropical plants, and Tim, the cat, and Peter, the aged spaniel, expectant on either side of Miss Westburn's chair. Sarah, the maid-of-all-work, who had been old as far back as Juliet could remember, and who had a mole on her

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strangely long upper lip, served them. Nothing ever changed at Auntie Lou's. One almost wondered at being grown up oneself.

Soon it would be bedtime, although the late spring twilight lingered.

Juliet went outside and walked about the garden. The Mill House, as it was called, lay in a sheltered sun trap, and the lilacs and Japanese plum trees and laburnums were in full bloom. A stream burbled along the front, and you had to cross a little bridge to reach the gate. There was a rumor that once trout could be caught in the mill stream.

Juliet forgot about bedtime, and twilight at last gave up the ghost in a white mist. The moon which had risen as a great golden orange had become just a flat plate in the sky. It was getting cold, and a chill crept over Juliet. She felt horribly alone and desolate.

Now that she had given him up she began to torment herself with backward thoughts of Gavin. Had she let him go too easily? Was there sufficient evidence that he and Rosemary had fallen in love? Was she herself suffering as much as she wanted to believe? Wasn't it only just because she was lonely and had nobody to love her that she felt so miserable?

But there was nothing conclusive in all this speculation, and it wasn't fair to keep Auntie Lou out of her bed so long.

Juliet was about to go back to the house when she heard the sound of a car coming down the lane. Could it possibly be Gavin? No, that wasn't the horn of Gavin's car, yet the shrill toot-toot was familiar. She went to the gate. Perhaps it was a car going somewhere else, although there were no other houses along this lane, so that seemed improbable.

The next moment it had drawn up, and Jim Malcolm was crossing the little bridge.

JULIET had never been so glad to see anybody in all her life. It seemed to her that she had really been waiting for Jim to come, really expecting him, and the sight of him drove away her desolation, although it raised a pretty big lump in her throat.

She tucked her arm through his without a word, and led him into the house. Auntie Lou had gone to bed, after all. Sarah informed her, and Juliet said:

"You needn't wait for me Sarah. I can lock up and put out the lights."

"You won't forget the chain on the front door, miss?"

"Rather not! . . . Come into the dining-room, Jim. There's a log fire and you must be chilled. Take off your coat. Oh, I am glad to see you! I suppose you've heard the news."

"Part of it," Dr. Jim admitted. "I came to hear the rest from you."

He was looking at her in a queer, breathless sort of way that made her uncomfortably self-conscious. "That's why I'm here," he added. "I couldn't seem to wait."

"Oh—I thought it might have been because of Hugh Conody."

"What about him?"

"I tipped him off, that's all. I doubt if Mr. Factor will be able to find Hugh now, even if you did give him that telephone number."

Jim cleared his throat. "As a matter of fact, I haven't given it to him, and I don't know that I shall, now. Conody has left that place. I looked up the address and went around to investigate for myself. It was a boarding-house, as you thought, and he was living there with his wife."

"With his wife!"

"Exactly. So it must have been a put-up job between them. They had cleared off about half an hour before I got there. So that's done with, Julie. Tell me about you and Gavin. I'm not very interested in anything else. What made you do it, Julie?"

"Because I found out we didn't love each other enough. Isn't that a good reason? Can you think of a better one? I know Gavin's enormously rich and I shouldn't allow sentiment to interfere with the prospect of such a suitable marriage, but there you are, Jim! I can't marry a man I don't love, and who—well, to put it rather plainly—who doesn't love me."

"Did you—— I mean, did you think he was getting fond of Rosemary?"

Juliet looked at him a little wildly.

"Oh, Jim—Jim! How did you guess that?"

"Poor Julie. I don't know how I guessed it, but I knew he was—they both were. And you still care for him?"

"Jim!" She burst into tears and pressed her face to his shoulder. "I told Gavin I'd discovered I was in love with you. Oh, it was wicked of me to drag you into it. I had no right. But I couldn't bear him to know that I'd found out about him and Rosemary. They must never know that."

"Of course they mustn't, my poor darling. I wish it were true that you did love me. I wish you would let me take care of you for the rest of your life. I have always believed I was the only man in the world you ought to marry because I understand you so well. Have you ever thought, Julie, that you generally come to me when you're in trouble? You were about 12 the first time."

"You're forgetting when I thought I was in love with Hugh," Juliet reminded him. "I didn't come to you then. And it troubled me a whole lot, I can tell you."

"But I was in America that year, my dear. Don't you remember, I was doing research work at the Rockefeller Institute?"

"Of course you were. Oh, Jim, I do believe if you'd been here it would never have happened! Hold me close; I feel so safe with you. Do you think you could take the risk? I don't believe I could let you down—I don't believe I'd ever want to. Anyway, I wouldn't have the pluck after all this. I'd be too utterly ashamed to let you down. But somehow, Jim—it's awfully funny—I've got an idea I'm going to care a great deal for you. I was wildly jealous when you were running around with Mrs Amery. I used to wonder why."

There was a shuffling sound in the hall, and the door opened cautiously, revealing the head of Auntie Lou shrouded in a lace cap which more or less concealed her curling pins.

"Oh, it's you," she said with a sniff. "I knew there was somebody she fancied herself in love with. Don't forget to put the chain on the door when you let him out, Juliet."

ROSEMARY sat curled up on a hassock beside her mother's chair in the drawing-room.

Nearly a month had gone by and Juliet was still at Auntie Lou's. At her own request, the family had left her alone, and now they were beginning to convalesce from the shock she had given them.

But Rosemary still had doubts and qualms and suspicions.

Why had Juliet discovered so suddenly, on that very day which was all important in Rosemary's own life, that she did not care for Gavin? That made it look very queer.

Gavin had written to Rosemary, and spoken to her several times on the telephone, but she had not seen him, and would not let him come to the house. She simply could not rid herself of the idea that Juliet had found out in some mysterious way, and had broken her engagement just to leave the road clear. It wasn't exactly like Julie to make a sacrifice of that nature, but she might have done it on the score of pride.

Rosemary wondered, now, if she ought to confide in her mother. She felt as though her love for Gavin had begun with a curse instead of the traditional blessing, and a lifetime of repentance would scarcely be long enough to wash it away.

Would mother agree with her?

They were all feeling so sorry for Gavin, and he didn't need their pity in the least. He was merely biding his time, as Rosemary well knew.

"Wasn't that the door-bell?" Mrs. Westburn asked. "I forgot to tell Parker I don't want to see anybody yet. Really, it seems as though there had been a death in the family."

"Poor mother! I'll see who it is."

Rosemary jumped up and ran to the door, but Parker was already at the front door.

"Oh, mother, it's Julie!" Rosemary cried. She dashed back, her face as white as paper.

The familiar laugh, the quick, gay step, and there was Juliet with the old-time sparkle in her eyes and the red-lipped smile that owed more to art than nature. No, she hadn't changed a bit, unless it was for the better. Not a sign of ripening about her.

"Rosie, my pet! And look at mother in the old chair that has missed her so long. Oh, darlings, I am glad to see you again! Will daddy be home soon, do you think?" Juliet usurped Rosemary's hassock, leaned her head against her mother's knee and stretched her silken legs.

THEY had sent her trunk after her to Auntie Lou's, and now Rosemary, anxious to tide over the awkwardness of this unheralded home-coming, asked where it was. Had Juliet despatched her luggage by a carrier?

"No, darling. I dropped it at Jim's place," said Juliet. She turned around to face her mother, and there was a gleam of mischief in those dark eyes. "Look at that," she said, holding up her left hand. "Just see what somebody gave your favorite daughter! Isn't she a lucky girl?"

Mrs. Westburn uttered a faint cry.

"Julie, you aren't—you can't be——!"

"Yes, I can, and I am, darling. Is there anything dreadful about it? Mrs. James Malcolm, at your service. You're not to blame Jim. It wasn't altogether his fault, and he hasn't quite got over the shock of it yet."

Mrs. Westburn tried to smile, but it was a resigned effort. Juliet's surprises were always too sharp to be appreciated.

"You see, it had to be done all quick and quiet like—after my throwing Gavin over. And I told Jim I wouldn't marry him at all unless we did it like that. It happened this morning, and I can't stay a minute, now, because I've got to meet Jim in half-an-hour at Victoria. H.'s snatching a week from his nervous wrecks, and we're going to have a makeshift honeymoon on the strength of it. Darling, aren't you glad I'm going to be so happy? I thought you wanted me to be happy."

"Of course I'm glad," her mother replied. "But I can't help feeling sorry for poor Gavin."

"I shouldn't worry too much about him if I were you," Juliet said, drawing on her gloves again. "He's young—he'll get over it sooner than you think. And now I really must rush if we're to catch that train. I wanted to get here earlier, but there was so much to do. I've been on the hop all day, but of course I couldn't go off without seeing you if only for a few moments. Kiss me, darling, and be sure to give Daddy and Francis my love. Oh, how is Francis getting on with Nicola—or has Mrs. Amery caught him again?"

"We see a great deal of Nicola," said Mrs. Westburn, "and we haven't heard anything of Mrs. Amery."

"That's splendid! Well, good-bye again. Where on earth has Rosie got to? Oh, I really must fly!"

Rosemary, in the niche in the hall, was speaking over the telephone.

"Julie's married to Dr. Jim . . . Yes, I do want to see you, Gavin . . . Yes, you may come in this evening after dinner."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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